

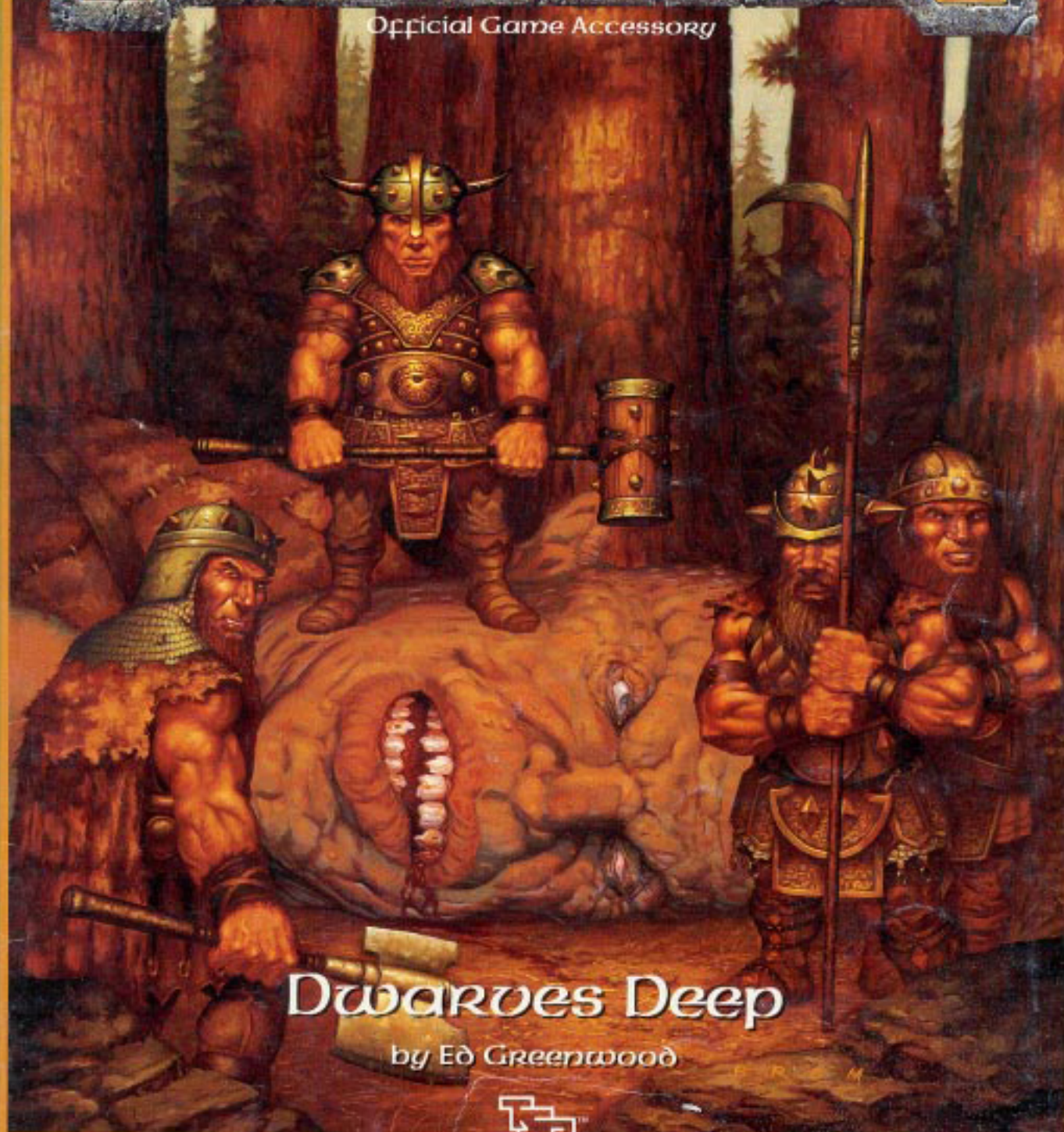
FR11
Accessory

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition

9300

FORGOTTEN REALMS™

Official Game Accessory



Dwarves Deep

by Ed Greenwood



TSR, Inc.
PRODUCTS OF YOUR IMAGINATION™

DWARVEN NAMES

Dwarves in the Realms bear only a first name (for example, "Dorn"), to which are attached qualifying names and phrases. Humans can find dwarven names both long and complicated, so a brief exploration of how they come about is both valuable and necessary.

A clanless or outlaw dwarf, or one ashamed of his clan or wishing to conceal its identity, commonly uses only the name of his kingdom to distinguish him from others with the same name. Surprisingly, the legitimate reasons for concealing one's clan, especially from nondwarves, are many. To a traveling dwarven merchant, for example, revealing his or her clan only affords competitors a chance for blackmail, deception, and time-wasting entreaties—false or hopeless—to others in the clan, attempting to use the merchant as a go-between, spokesdwarf, or agent.

If our Dorn was a traveling merchant, he might call himself "Dorn of the Deep Realm." The kingdom is commonly used only when the dwarf is not within it. Inside the kingdom, the dwarf must be more specific (e.g. "Dorn of the Firecaverns"). Use of a mythical or extinct kingdom may be either a matter of pride, or an attempt to deceive. Among nondwarves, some dwarves merely use the name of a known location ("Dorn of Amphail").

A dwarf deliberately concealing information (i.e. to a hostile questioner) will often say he is merely "of the dwarves," which to another dwarf is an insult. For example, "I am Dorn, of the dwarves," typically delivered in a flat tone that adds the unspoken, "Any problems with that?" or "Want to make something of it?"

Among dwarves, it is more common to use one's clan name ("Dorn Bladebite"); the kingdom name is necessary only when a clan is established in more than one realm—a very rare thing, today.

Dwarves are proud of their heritage; if a dwarf is descended from a dwarven hero, he or she will use the qualifier "son of" or "grandson of" ("Dorn, son of Tyrtaar"). Females sometimes use "son of" when trying to conceal their sex from nondwarves, but usually prefer "daul of" (dwarvish for "daughter of"); thus, "Dorna, daul of Tyrtaar."

If the descent is further removed than two generations, the phrase "blood of" is employed—but only in the case of the most famous heroes or rulers. Thus, "Dorn, blood of Gordrimm."

In all cases, a personal descriptive qualifier is added if two or more dwarves can be confused. This is a common situation in the ranks of a clan dwelling in one spot, where two dwarves with the same first name also share bloodlines, clan, and location. The qualifier may be something as simple as "The Younger," or "One-Eye," or may refer to a deed or interest ("Worldwalker" or "Wyrmhunter").

Some of the most common qualifiers are: the Bloodaxe; the Dauntless; Dragonhunter; Fardelver; Firebeard; Foeflayer; Forkbeard; Giantsbane; the Grim; Hammerhand; the Older; Orcslayer; Wildbeard, and the Younger.

One last wrinkle: some dwarven families use combined

names as an alternative—or even in addition—to qualifiers. The clumsiness that can arise from this practise has made it little practised today, but some dwarves still bear its results.

For example, in a large dwarven family, two or three of eight sons may be called "Dorn." As the father is probably also called Dorn, qualifiers such as "the Younger" are avoided; instead, the three sons each receive another dwarven name, tacked onto their "Dorn." The three brothers could be "Dornadar," "Dorndaggan," and "Dornidrin." An examination of the *Dwarven Name Tables* provided herein can turn up unwieldy or ludicrous examples fairly quickly; DMs are advised to use these only for comical NPCs, such as unscrupulous and colorful peddlers and others who want their names to travel far and acquire a reputation.

All of these name-phrases may of course be strung together (along with any titles the dwarf gains along the way). Looking back at our example, Dorn, we see that in full he could be "Dorn 'the Younger' Bladebite, son of Ahrdagh, blood of Gordrimm, of the Firecaverns of the Deep Realm."

This ensures that challenges, messages, and bills belonging to Dorn don't arrive at the door of his uncle, "Dorn 'the Old' Bladebite, blood of Gordrimm, of Glitterdelve in the Deep Realm."

Adventuring companions of dwarves usually find it easier to give a dwarf a nickname, to use commonly as a surname when among humans; thus, Dorn is "Dorn Firedrake" when on the trail with the Company of the Crown of Stars. If he wasn't so ashamed of the Company's ribald exploits, Dorn might call himself simply "Dorn Bladebite" when among them, but he doesn't want to anger or shame his clan.

Dwarves who wander the Realms or dwell exclusively in the company of humans, and who are outlaw or have no clan affiliations from birth, usually adopt human last names (see the section on Brotherhoods; most of their leaders are so named).

In short, the fragmentation of the dwarven kingdoms in the north allows players and DMs to adopt any name they choose for a dwarven character—the only names that need explanation are obviously elven names, or clan names used when the dwarf is not part of that clan (a dwarf of the right clan will always happen along or get wind of it, and there will be trouble; trouble that no dwarf would willingly bring about).

Literary and game sources have given us a wealth of names accepted as "dwarven." Every player will have favorites. For those looking for something less familiar, the *Dwarven Name Tables* in this sourcebook list some of the dwarven names in use in the Realms, concentrating on lesser-known ones, to give players and DMs alike a reference source of new character names (with a bit of twisting, these can be applied to gnomes, halflings, humans and other beings as well).

For ease of use in naming "innocent bystander" NPCs during play, the tables of dwarven names are provided here for DM reference.



DWARVES DEEP

by Ed Greenwood

Table of Contents

Introduction	2	Dwarven Magic: Magic Items	43
What It Is To Be A Dwarf	3	The Great Rift	46
Love And Marriage	6	The Deeps	48
Dwarven Races	7	The Lost Kingdoms	52
Dwarven Craft	10	Dwarves In The North Today	61
Dwarven Language	11	Current Clack	63
Clans	13	Dwarven Runes	Inside Cover
Brotherhoods	14	Dwarven Names & Dwarven Name Tables	Inside Cover
The Gods of the Dwarves	15	Quick Reference Guide to New Monster Entries:	
Priests of the Dwarves	27	Wild Dwarf	9
Dwarven Magic: Spells	37	Deepspawn	51

Credits

Editing: Timothy B. Brown
Cartography: Diesel
Keylining: Paul Hanchette
Typography: Gaye O'Keefe
Cover Art: Brom
Interior Art: Andy Price

Special thanks are due Roger E. Moore, Bob Salvatore, and Jim Lowder, for their foundation contributions to things dwarvish. Inspiration was also given, long ago, by John Dunn, the original "Battered Dwarf."

Dedication:

To Jenny, who puts up with all of this.

TSR, Inc
 POB 756
 Lake Geneva,
 WI 53147 USA



TSR Ltd.
 120 Church End, Cherry Hinton
 Cambridge CB1 3LB
 United Kingdom

ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS, AD&D, D&D, FORGOTTEN REALMS, PRODUCTS OF YOUR IMAGINATION, BATTLESYSTEM, SPELLJAMMER, and the TSR logo are trademarks owned by TSR, Inc.

Distributed to the book trade in the United States by Random House, Inc., and in Canada by Random House of Canada, Ltd. Distributed to the toy and hobby trade by regional distributors. Distributed in the United Kingdom by TSR Ltd.

This work is protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America. Any reproduction or unauthorized use of this material or artwork presented herein is prohibited without the express written consent of TSR, Inc.

©1990 TSR, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

9300
 ISBN 0-88038-880-3
 9300xxx1501



INTRODUCTION

"Greeting, unknown dwarf. I am Elminster of Shadowdale, friend to six clans, bloodbrother of the clans Rucklebar, Deepaxe, Gallowglar, Horn, and Worldthrone. I come in peace, no blood to spill save in answer. May your axe be ever bright. Reveal yourself to me, if you will."

It was with these words that Elminster recently greeted one of the Stout Folk, whom he encountered atop the Hill of Lost Souls. The dwarf, by the way, turned out to be Rallagar Blackbeard of the Wanderers, a clanless adventurer who recently explored lost Gauntulgrym.

This sourcebook begins to explore the present state of dwarves and dwarven society in the Realms. Elminster stresses that it cannot be all-encompassing. Much remains to be learned about the very private Stout Folk, sometimes also known as the Deep Folk of the Realms. They are definitely a race in decline, crippled by a low birthrate and many enemies. Much of their past greatness is now lost and mysterious even to the dwarves themselves.

Dwarves in The Realms

Despite their dwindling numbers, dwarves are an important and influential race, who have by and large forced other beings in the Realms to take them on their own terms. The works and inventions of dwarves are everywhere in the human societies of Faerun, and dwarves remain in the forefront of explorers and craftsmen in the Realms today.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of their gods to the dwarves. Much of the space herein is devoted to the deities and their priests, because the lives of dwarves are dominated by the deeds and directives of the gods, more than any other intelligent race of Faerun.

This work explores something of the magic and deeds of the dwarves, and



the nature of their societies. A dwarf reading this work would be enraged not only by the laying out of far too many of his Folk's secrets, the long and colorful past of the battling dwarven races on Faerun in The Lost Kingdoms chapter, and more practical information on spells, priests, magical items, and so on. Elminster knows this to be true: He had a dwarf of Faerun that he knows well read it. It's a good thing he dodges hurled axes and tankards quickly!

What's New FOR Dwarves

In these pages, a DM will find details of dwarven priests and gods, dwarven spells and magical items, current news and important dwarves, and background information on the dwarven realms. The emphasis here has been to provide rules and lore likely to be useful to a DM in running dwarves in a campaign set in the Realms.

If a DM is interested in running a

"dwarves-only" campaign, or adventures delving extensively into dwarven society and doings, he may easily do so. Much of the information in this Realms sourcebook can be combined with, or used alongside, the information in D&D® Gazetteer 6, *The Dwarves of Rockhome*, by Aaron Allston. This sourcebook is intended for Dungeon Masters, who can 'screen' the information in it, passing on to players only what fits the campaign or characters.

Dwarves—like humans, or any other race of intelligent beings—are far too big and complex a topic to ever fit entirely between the covers of any book. In these pages, I've tried to set down what is most useful in starting to use dwarves and their holds in play, gleaned what I could from the often spotty information Elminster has given me.

Fun and good times—even for dwarves—are what adventuring careers in the Realms are all about, or should be. Don't we agree?

Axe high, friend. I go.



WHAT IT IS TO BE A DWARF

"A grudging, suspicious race."

—Alaundo the Sage

Grim mystery, laced with sadness and pride—these are the images that come to mind when one thinks of dwarves. They are the images that should come to players' minds when dwarves come onstage during play in the Realms. In this chapter we'll look at some things that help bring a dwarf to life in play.

Dwarven Character

Dwarves are dour, proud, taciturn, and markedly inflexible. They hold grudges and lust after gold. Dwarves have a deep-seated, morbid dislike and mistrust of all strangers, nondwarves in particular: More than simply wanting to greedily amass all the wealth they can, which is the common human and halfling view of dwarves, the Deep Folk love worked beauty. They prefer beauty through skill, somehow improving on nature, rather than the beauty of nature "as is," the beauty prized by "lazy" elves.

Dwarves are also a devout folk, a race in decline that looks often to its gods who, in turn, serve their steadfast worshippers diligently. Dwarven traits such as grim defiance and greed are not implanted or forced upon the dwarves by their deities, but are things inherent in a dwarf that the gods recognize and play upon.

Dwarves are usually pessimists, as is revealed by their common sayings "every fair sky hides a lurking cloud" and "the gold you have yet to win gleams the brightest". As such they always prepare for the worst, preparing back-up weapons, food caches, escape routes, and 'booby traps' for potential enemies.

Some even see the hand of fate as a real, powerful force that acts upon their lives. Some dwarves have been known to feel their own deaths approach. Others have glimpsed tantalizing images of important scenes in their lives to come. These images are given, it is said, by the gods, to ensure that each dwarf knows when an encounter, decision, or deed is especially important to the Folk as a whole, so he might act accordingly. These fateful images make the dwarves respectful and

obedient to the gods, willing to obey their laws and rules.

Dwarves therefore tend to keep their word, whatever the cost. By way of example, the village of Maskyr's Eye, in the Vast, is named for a wizard who asked the dwarven king Tuir for land. The king, not wanting to give up any land to humans, but also not wanting to face the attacks of an angered wizard, said the land would be Maskyr's only if the wizard plucked out his right eye on the spot, and gave it to Tuir. Maskyr, to the astonishment of the court, did so, and Tuir then respectfully kept his end of the bargain.

The dwarves have always had close relations with gnomes, and workable relations with halflings. They have always harbored a special hatred for orcs and other goblin-kin, and they have never gotten along with their own deep-dwelling kin, the duergar.

Everyday Beliefs

The deep religious beliefs of the dwarves—that their gods are real beings who will aid them if they have performed acceptably, and who want them to do thus and so—are not dealt with in this chapter. For religious topics, see instead *The Gods of the Dwarves* and *The Priests of the Dwarves*. Rather, we look here at things that most dwarves believe to be true about life and Daerun, whether these beliefs are true or not. Player characters may, or may not, know the truth of these matters, or may learn them during their careers, at the DM's option.

All giants, orcs, and halflings are liars.

Humans and orcs both mate constantly, whenever they have opportunity and with any partner. That's why they are so numerous, where we are so few.

Elves secretly lust after beautiful things fashioned of metal as much as dwarves do. They only pretend they don't, so as to get the best price-or opportunity to steal—such things in their dealings with other races.

Elves can steal magic out of items simply by touching them.

Humans can tarnish some metals merely by touching them.

Drinking the blood of a dragon heals

wounds, banishes disease and poison, and may add a year or four to a dwarfs life. Hot dragon blood, freshly taken from the dragon, is best.

Somewhere deep beneath the earth is a river of pure, molten gold. Those dwarves who find the River of Gold can simply dip out all they can carry, but they must use stone containers, for the molten gold is so hot it will melt all other metals. The river is dangerous; it seems to take dwarven lives in payment if too much gold is taken. It will never be found in the same deep caverns twice, but must be hunted anew in the deepest and most remote delves and cracks.

Some dragons excrete gems, and these fall about the dragon's lair and the terrain under which the dragon flies. The gems can usually be found on mountain pinnacles.

Dwarven Manners In Brief

To call someone a 'longbeard' means that he or she is wise, experienced, a dependable veteran, and is a compliment. To call someone a 'no-beard' or 'shorthair' is an insult. All dwarves grow beards, male and female, but some dwarves, usually females, shave.

To call a dwarf 'little' or 'human' (or to combine the two, as in 'little man') is to issue a nasty insult. Conversely, 'standing tall,' as in 'You stand tall among us, Thorgar,' is a term of admiration and respect. Strangely, the actual height of a dwarf does not influence his or her treatment by, and relationships with, other dwarves in any way.

A dwarf may introduce himself to a stranger of another race, as 'Narnden, of the dwarves' If Narnden is his real name, this is only a subtle insult, reflecting that the dwarf doesn't trust the stranger well enough to give his clan (last) name. If the stranger is a dwarf, it is an unfriendly greeting. If the dwarf gives the name 'Narnden' falsely, it is meant as an insult.

Customs

Dwarves have many customs that appear strange to humans. Those immediately apparent to any visitor to dwarven



habitations is that dwarves prefer to live underground or, if aboveground, they prefer dark, massive stone structures that mimic conditions underground. Dwarves seem to hate and fear the sea.

Dwarves also speak as little as possible, and tend to be surly or sarcastic. Dwarves tend to like games even gambling, of all sorts. They enjoy rhythmic drumming in music, disliking flutes and other wind instruments. Dwarves enjoy dancing, either among themselves or watching others when in human-dominated communities.

Dwarven Nature

Dwarves are hardy by nature, resistant to magic and toxic substances, as described in the *ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS*,[®] 2nd Edition, *Player's Handbook*. However, there is at least one substance especially poisonous to dwarves and duergar: dwarfbane. Dwarfbane is a rare, gummy oil that is poisonous only to dwarves. Insinuating, it is commonly smeared on weapons. It does not dry out, but prolonged exposure to air lessens its potency; it is effective only for 26-31 (1d6 + 25) days. Upon contact, dwarfbane does 1-8 points of damage with a pain "like blazing skewers," and a further 1-6 points on each of the following three rounds. A successful saving throw will halve all damage suffered by a dwarf from dwarfbane.

The Doom of The Dwarves

The tragic 'secret' of the dwarves is their low birthrate. Fear of clan extinction sometimes drives dwarves to raid human settlements for mates, or even to deal with slavers. The dwarves are usually in search of human women, because the low dwarven birthrate is thought to be due to low fertility among dwarven women.

The offspring of a human and a dwarf is always dwarven enough to pass for a true dwarf (although it may be a foot taller than other dwarves). Any offspring it may in turn have with a dwarven mate will be fully dwarven, reverting to usual dwarven height. The taking of human mates is

"the secret salvation of the race" referred to by some dwarven elders.

Festivals and Moots

Moots are business meetings between dwarven clans or professions, or between dwarves and nondwarven traders. Current known moots in the Realms include periodic Tradesmoots near Baldur's Gate, the annual High Moot northeast of Waterdeep, and the Deep Moot in the Great Rift, held every ten years and open to every dwarf.

Dragonmoots are a proud but vanishing tradition, in which bands of adventuring dwarves are called together to fight specific dragons, and plunder their hoards. They were once something of a ritual of passage for young dwarves aspiring to be warriors.

Festivals are annual celebratory feasts which tend to involve lots of drinking and dancing. The most famous festivals include the Festival of the Forging (in honor of the great smithies), the Night of the Thirsty Axe (in honor of great warriors), and the Remembering (in honor of dead dwarven ancestors).

Professions

Dwarves have professions not unlike those of other races, so visitors from human or even elven communities will not be completely lost in the dwarven realms. However, several honored dwarven professions are unique to their culture. These include loremasters, diplomats, and smiths.

Loremasters are the Keepers of the High History of the Dwarves. Their task is to remember dwarven genealogies, history, and decisions down the ages. In the Deep Realm, the most sacred, central part of Underhome is the Vault of Mutterings, where old dwarves endlessly tell each other the lore they know, in a sort of endless chanting and drinking party.

Diplomats are also honored professionals among the dwarves. Skilled diplomats are either negotiators or messengers. The latter memorize messages exactly and can deliver them in precisely the voice and tone in which they were first enunciated. They can't deliver spells this way, but can

impart command words. Messengers are used throughout the Deep Realm as a matter of course, and on the surface when matters of import must be communicated (i.e. news of the death of a dwarf to his or her kin). Dwarven messengers carry small iron bucklers as badges of their office, and may also bear a circle-inside-a-circle tattoo at the base of their throat.

Far and away the most important profession among the dwarves is, of course, the smith. Smiths vary widely in skills and specialties, and not all of them can fashion magical items. These skills are not detailed in this sourcebook, because it is recommended that smiths not be player characters.

To advance in smith-craft, a dwarf cannot spare the time for adventuring. Nor would a smith voluntarily risk his skilled hands and other faculties to the dangers of battle—they are simply too valuable to the smith and to his people.

There is a dwarven saying: "Smiths die rich, but warriors die with only what they've managed to seize and hold onto." It vividly illustrates the relative lack of profit in being an adventurer, compared to the sure gains of being a dwarven smith.

Most human fighters in the Realms know the basics of forging weapons and armor; the favored and necessary metals, what tools are commonly used, and so on. They can tell when someone is trying to deceive them over the making of a blade, but would probably produce a brittle, unbalanced weapon unable to hold an edge if they tried to make a sword themselves.

Most dwarves can do a little better than that. They can tell you exactly what metals and tempering substances their local smiths used, and know when a forge or blade-in-progress is hot enough simply by its hue.

A player character dwarf may not be able to turn out a fine, tempered sword if he is not a smith. However, virtually any dwarf can, if given time and the right materials, produce a serviceable blade, of the proper weight, size and balance for a given user, that can be sharpened to a cutting edge. It may not, however, hold an edge or take the battering a good weapon could without shattering. The DM must



adjudicate such situations on a case-by-case basis.

Magical forging is also a matter for the dungeon master to rule on, to match conditions in a particular campaign. Dwarves are intensely secretive when it comes to smithy-work; no player character dwarf will be able to learn how to make and enchant a weapon from any dwarven tutor. A few hints may be picked up from crumbling texts, examination of magical items, and the last gasped words of dying dwarves indebted to the PC, but by and large PCs of any race wanting to learn the dwarven ways of creating magical things are going to have to experiment for themselves.

The player character must prepare a process, with ingredients and conditions, and submit it to the DM. The DM will rule on what occurs. While creating a magical item under such conditions is a thing to be proud of in itself, if properly run, eat up so much time and wealth that the character effectively retires from adventuring, even if only temporarily.

As the dwarven sage Holoengor of Earthheart has said, "Adventuring is one grand career and craftwork is another. It's a rare dwarf that's tall enough to manage both."

The Handsome Dwarf

Almost all dwarves are hirsute, covered with at least some hair all over their bodies. Jungle dwarves have the least hair, and shield dwarves the most. Dwarves of both sexes may shave, perfume, trim, and comb all their hair, or tattoo themselves. Their growth may be inhibited by treating areas of the body with a paste of secret ingredients, then searing the area in open flame. Tattoos also inhibit the growth of hair.

Many dwarves, particularly females, oil and shave their bodies regularly. A non-dwarf seeing a shaggy-bearded dwarf in heavy armor and furs that conceal the betraying lines of the female figure may have trouble determining the dwarf's sex.

Most dwarven females dress, walk and fight as males do, and have similar low-pitched, gruff, husky voices. Like males, they naturally grow beards, and only

some shave. Dwarves of both sexes may trim, perfume, or even hang their beards with gems or gold ornaments. The latter is particularly true in the south, among surface-dwellers near the Rift.

Metals Most Marvelous

Much of the wealth of dwarves, envied and sought by those of other races in Faerun, exists in the form of fine metals. Understanding the metallurgy of the dwarves would be absolutely enormous undertaking, taking a lifetime or more. The devising of alloys is one of the chief dwarven sciences, and it would take a book thrice the size of this one even to name and describe the various successful and failed amalgams and alloys tried by the dwarves. Interestingly, some sages believe the low fertility of dwarves is due to exposure to heat, bizarre alloys, and metal toxins.

Any good library can tell those interested the sources (and the differences between) copper, bronze, electrum, gold, and so on. A library in the Realms (Elminster has a good one, I've been led to believe) will yield lore about more than a dozen metals unique to the Realms—and alloys made from them, besides. Perhaps another day....

Here we note only a few bare basics:

Mithril: Mithril, a pure, silvery-blue, shining metal especially prized by dwarves, who call it "truemetal," is astonishingly resilient (durable and flexible under stress), and very resistant to corrosion. It is mined in various places throughout the Realms, in veins and pockets, and is always rare. Dwarves have become experts in smelting pure mithril from its glittering, soft silvery-black ore.

Mithril is combined with *steel* (to the dwarves to us, varying alloys of iron and carbon, which have always yielded the greatest strength and hardest edge in metal-work) to create an extremely hard and durable known as *adamantine*.

Adamantine: This alloy, a stable metal in its own right, is found (very rarely) in nature: in hard jet-black ferrous ore known as "adamantine," and occasionally (in hardened volcanic flows) in deposits of

purier metal, known as *adamant*. The god Hephaestus, in his volcanic mountain abode on the Outer Plane of Olympus, prefers to work with adamant.

The hardness of adamant is approached only by another alloy (whose precise make-up is—or perhaps was—a secret of the Ironstar dwarven clan): *darksteel*.

Hizagkuur: One other metal used by the dwarves is so important as to demand note: a rare white metal known as hizagkuur after its long-ago Gold Dwarf discoverer. It reflects back all magic cast at it (or items plated or sealed with it, such as the Gates of Underhome) 100 percent, and deals a 2d12 electrical damage per touch (or round of continued contact) to all beings touching it, once it is cast, worked, or forged, and has cooled and hardened.

Metal Saving Throw Bonuses: When items fashioned of these special metals must make saving throws, the DM should modify the "metal" scores needed according to the *Item Saving Throws* table by the following factors (to a minimum of 1):

Adamantine/Adamant: -4

Darksteel: -3

Mithril: -2 (-4 for "Crushing Blows and Falls" saves)

Hizagkuur: -1 (-6 for "Magical Fire," "Lighting Bolt" and "Electrical" saves)

Treatments

Dwarven smiths know many treatments for metals, chiefly concerned with inhibiting oxidation and other forms of corrosion, or in altering appearance (shine and hue). Two deserve mention here: the common *blueshine* treatment, used for all metals to resist acid (+1 bonus to saves) and rust (especially "blood-rust") and to give them a beautiful gleaming deep blue appearance, and the *everbright* treatment. This gives all metals an enduring, bright shine (like chromium) and absolutely prevents any tarnishing, discoloration, rusting (even by a rust monster), or corrosion of a blade, unless the blade is actually broken, or subjected to forge-fire, earth-fire (lava) or dragonfire.



LOVE AND MARRIAGE

Dwarven courtship is a mystery to most other races. Others see dwarves as a hard, grim, largely humorless race. To outsiders, dwarves never appear to show love, kindness, or caring if they can help it.

These misconceptions only substantiate how intensely dwarves value their privacy, and how well they guard it. Dwarves are slow to strong emotion, but their feelings run deep. When moved to anger, hatred, love, or friendship, they hold steadfast throughout their lives. In fact, their low birthrate and dwindling numbers makes dwarves pursue love more fiercely now than in elder days.

Changing Roles

Dwarves were once more carefree. Though they lived in danger, beset by enemies in the Deep Realm, they were far more numerous. No dwarf thought of his Folk as a people in decline, or that someday there might be no dwarves. Clan rule was stronger, and females were kept busy in the home, all the while guarded by males who mined and fought.

Some say the heat of the forges and the strange metals dwarves have experimented with over the years have made many of them barren. Others scoff at this notion. Whatever the truth, dwarven fertility has steadily declined.

The rule of clan elders over everyday dwarven lives has also waned, particularly in the north, where once-proud dwarven kingdoms are gone, the Folk scattered in lands now held by men.

Females, who from a cold-blooded view of breeding to preserve the race should now be guarded more than ever, have taken advantage of failing clan power to achieve equality with their malefolk. She-dwarves today fiercely hold roles as warriors and adventurers, often paying with their lives. As fertile mothers grow fewer, dwarven power continues to fade.

Today, male and female dwarves are identical in rights, except in the clergy. Strong personalities of either sex dominate family and clan life.

Courting

Courting, romance, and fertility are sacred to the goddess Sharindlar. Courtship begin with a time of living apart, exchanging

poems and gifts, the latter often battle-spoils or personally-crafted jewelry. This may last for years, as participants try to impress each other. If interest grows sufficient, the two live together for a time, often adventuring side-by-side or working together as artisans. This allows both to fully learn the personality of their chosen one. If deep love develops, marriage follows.

Marriage

Betrothal and married life are the province of the goddess Berronar. Lawful good dwarves follow her custom of exchanging rings with those for whom they feel deep, mutual trust and love. The rings are often of silver, matching Berronar's symbol, are treated by dwarven smiths to be everbright (never to tarnish), and are blessed by priests of Berronar. If one of the parties participates with deceit in his or her heart, Berronar's power makes one of the rings crumble during the blessing (both rings, if both are false!). Both participants must be lawful good, and the ceremony is never entered into lightly.

Rings are also ceremonially exchanged between betrothed royalty of different dwarven kingdoms, regardless of their alignments. Dwarves almost never exchange rings with nondwarves, although there have been cases, especially in the north, where human females and male dwarves have united in happiness, to further dwarven bloodlines and preserve what remains of crumbling dwarven clans and holdings.

Dwarven marriage need not involve a ring exchange. An older, more popular ritual, particularly among adventurers and wanderers, is blood-betrothal. The participants may be of any alignment, and require only a noble of any race as a witness. The witness should be a dwarf, and preferably a clan chief, elder, or priest, but could technically be any noble. The two mingle blood, while they kiss, and whisper their truenames to each other. They then solemnly declare themselves, by their full public names, as mates for the benefit of the witness. They are then considered married in the eyes of all dwarves. Divorce is unknown.

Adventurer-dwarves have always been the Folk of widest experience and tolerance, being most likely to meet and marry

dwarves of other clans and interests. Nonadventurers, especially in the past, tend to marry others of their own profession, which can prove to be a weakness; when sudden death comes to dwarven holds, a whole field of expertise could be irreclaimable with the loss of a single family. Marriage does not, these days, mean living together thereafter-many couples carry on separate careers, meeting only a few times a year.

Having Children

A pregnant wife is cared for by her husband, seeks clan midwives, or returns to a clan hold to live until the birth. This last practice is common when married dwarves live apart, and the male is a roving adventurer or otherwise difficult to get word to. Once the wife is safely in clan care, a messenger is sent to inform the husband. It is considered great good luck for the child if the father is present at the birth. In some clans, an axe or other item of his is brought to the birthing to represent a dead or absent father.

It is rare for dwarves to give birth to more than one baby at a time. About 70% of all births are males. Only about 55% of dwarves, of either sex, are fertile.

Halfbloods

Humans, gnomes, and halflings are cross-fertile with dwarves. Elminster says elves and dwarves can have issue as well. Common in Ardeep, Eaerlann, and Myth Drannor of old, this is unheard-of today.

Mates who respect dwarven customs and traditions are honored for their courage (in entering a strange society), loyalty (to the customs of dwarves) and aid (in preserving the Folk).

"Half-dwarves" are not a distinct race. Save for their height (a head taller than most dwarves) all offspring of unions between dwarves and other races look and act (and are treated in the rules) as pure-blood dwarves. Dwarven halfbreeds always have the stocky build and hirsute appearance of purebloods.

If halfbloods mate with pureblood dwarves, the offspring will be a pure-blood. If halfbloods mate with another halfblood or a nondwarf, the offspring will be a halfblood.



DWARVEN RACES

The dwarves of Faerun are of four distinct races, only two of which are widely known in the surface Realms. These are the Northern (Shield) Dwarves, the Southern (Gold) Dwarves, the duergar (Grey), and the Wild Dwarves.

Shield Dwarves

The Shield, or Northern Dwarves are of mountain dwarf stock. They are wanderers, their kingdoms lost long ago in endless struggles with successive orc hordes, which weakened both the dwarves and elves of the North so that they were unable to withstand the coming of men to the region. So weakened, they were forced into hiding, flight, or bloody defeat.

The surviving Shield Dwarves are of two types. The first type, known as "The Hidden," are isolationists who shun all other dwarves except in emergencies, and keep to the mountain heights. These are the classic "Mountain Dwarves" described in the *Monstrous Compendium Volume 2*, under "Dwarf." The second type are "The Wanderers."

The Wanderers are the most numerous dwarves in the Realms-but they never gather together or share the same interests for long. Friendly with gnomes, and tolerant of humans, halflings, and even elves by necessity, the Wanderers are self-reliant craftsmen, most often smiths, but sometimes merchants, guards, and adventurers. A player character Shield Dwarf is almost certain to be of this stock.

Attitudes: The Shield Dwarves of today are slow to trust and slow to forget slights, but they will ally with, and even fight alongside, anything up to an including elves and half-orcs. If clan elders or the pompous Gold Dwarves of the south are too stiff-necked to see how close the dwarves are to extinction, the youngest and most traveled of the Shield Dwarves are not nearly so blind. To the Wanderers, the urgency of the dwarven plight is as plain as an axe in hand. To them, the time for racial prejudices, clan bans, and hard-headedness is past; the Stout Folk must bend or perish.

Wanderers are generally dour and cynical, and tend to speak little when in the presence of large numbers of humans or other races. Those who really do live ad-

venturesome lives tend to be rugged and world-wise, experienced in living off the land and in fighting. They are practical and self-reliant folk of action.

Tolerance. It is clear, especially so to Wanderers, that the dwarves must have younglings—many younglings, and soon. They must hold high their traditions while at the same time plunging with energy and good will into the daily life of the human-dominated Realms, or dwarves will become but a memory. It has become common knowledge that dwarves are cross-fertile with other races, and that dwarven blood predominates to make the offspring wholly dwarvish in two generations. Many young Shield Dwarves regard it as their duty to find a mate of any race that will have them-not, as in the old days, a dwarven mate of the right age and family connections to please all the parents and clanmasters involved.

This new and sudden interest in survival is coupled in many young Wanderers with a heightened awareness of how godly balances and the lives of all creatures work in the lands. This ecological understanding, once very foreign to dwarves more comfortable with stone and metal and working with them to the exclusion of all else, has been fostered and furthered by the Harpers, particularly through the High Lady Alustriel of Silverymoon, who rules elves, humans, dwarves, and other races alike.

In turn, this companionship between many young adventuring Wanderer dwarves and other races has brought increased mutual tolerance and an increased easiness among the demi-human races. This is true among elves and humans, who have learned that cruel sarcasm is natural speech for most dwarves, not to be taken at face value as an insult.

There are dwarves who believe that this tolerance and peaceful interracial cohabitation in the north will soon bring a weakening and submergence of the dwarves, and hasten their extinction. However, as clan law and power loses its grip on the minds and actions of the young dwarves, so, too, do such opinions lose their weight, and more and more dwarves find themselves as friends, shield-companions, and even mates to folk of races their grandfathers would

have slain upon first meeting.

Appearance: A typical Wanderer dresses simply, is tall (for a dwarf; standing just over four-and-a-half feet in height), has white or suntanned skin, and brown to fair hair. The hair of Wanderers is prone to go grey and white early in life, unless they are of the rare red-haired sort. As Wanderers age, their skin tends to go grey in hue, until, after three hundred years or so, they match granite and blend in with it. In game terms, they become 75% undetectable to normal vision when standing motionless against granite and not wearing armor or brightly-colored clothing.

A typical adventuring Shield Dwarf wears furs and a horned helmet, and uses crude but well-made weapons.

By choice, most of today's dwarves would go into battle in full plate armor, but would otherwise generally dress as humans do. Just about every established dwarven smith or drover active in human cities has a hidden suit of plate armor and several good weapons, even if they are only modified human gear.

Dwarven females, especially if burly and bearded, tend to dress and act as males when outdoors in human cities. They tend to receive better treatment than they would if visibly female.

The active lives of most younger Shield Dwarves (200 years old or less) makes them hardened, fit, and experienced in dealing with danger. If the DM deems it appropriate to the campaign, a bonus of +1 to the initial hit points roll is suggested (do not apply this if the maximum possible hit points are rolled).

Gold Dwarves

The Gold, or Southern Dwarves are of Hill Dwarf stock, as described in the *Monstrous Compendium Volume 2*, under "Dwarf." They are powerful, proud, and xenophobic, shunning even other dwarves, and traveling little in the surface world. Southern Dwarves hold grudges longer than Northern Dwarves, and know (and care) much less about happenings in the world around them.

Gold Dwarves dwell in the Great Rift, the Deep Realm and the Deep Lands that fan out beneath the Shaar for many thousands of miles. They are seen little outside



these areas. Southern Dwarves delve deep in search of new gems and ores, and have loosed several fearsome monsters, as well as training other monsters to their service. Some of these are described later in the chapter *The Deeps*.

Appearance and Wealth: Their collective name comes from their habit of wearing lots of gold—bracers, gorgets, pectorals, belts, multiple rings on the fingers, toes, and ears, and all manner of other accoutrements—as everyday clothing. Such apparel is always intricately chased and fluted, and adorned with gems and inlays of other precious metals.

Almost all Gold Dwarves are rich beyond the wildest dreams of most humans, but one can't eat gold. Gold Dwarves of the Deeps have grown accustomed to many foods that cannot be grown below the surface (especially fruit), and spend money constantly on such produce.

A typical Southern Dwarf will have long, luxuriantly braided hair and beard, wear many rings, gold earrings and toe-rings. Their beards are hung with a net of dangling teardrop pearls or other gems, and they will wear gold armor enamelled with fantastic curlicued designs and a clan marking or personal totem.

Gold Dwarves are dusky-skinned and dark-haired—their hair is usually black. Some have mahogany-hued, brick-red or even deep-red skin instead of cinnamon-brown. They tend to be both shorter and more heavysset than Shield Dwarves, and most are fatter through good eating and a more indolent lifestyle.

Even their warhammers tend to be plated with gold, and both armor and weaponry tends to be upswept into curling horns at every corner or projection. These things a Northern Dwarf would regard as a waste of good gold. To this a Southern Dwarf would reply, "This? We pick our teeth with it!"

Dwindling Numbers. The low birthrate of the Gold Dwarves is even worse than that of their northern cousins, the Shield Dwarves. This is due in part to the unwillingness of Gold Dwarves to take anyone as a mate who is not also a Gold Dwarf, of the right clan, family, social position, and agreeable to both sets of parents and the clan elders—a collective gauntlet that makes happy marriages few.

Elminster and some other sages concerned with things dwarven believe that the birthrate may also be low because the fertility of the race may have been harmed by exposure to underground radiations. 'Glowstone' and 'hot-melt rifts' (lava flows) can both be found in the Deeps, and Elminster believes that both can have invisible but harmful effects on all races long exposed to them.

Most Gold Dwarves don't know this, wouldn't believe it if told, and wouldn't care even if they were somehow convinced that they were being told something that might 'lengthen their beards'.

Intolerance. Southern Dwarves are the most proud (no help needed, thank you) and inflexible (the dwarves' way or no way) of dwarves. Their elders, called the Loremasters, preserve the lore of the race in deep caverns, collectively known as the Vault of Muttering, continually instructing junior scribes as to the dwarven decrees—most importantly, who the dwarves are beholden to, and who they hate and will never aid or deal with. They see themselves as the oldest and wisest culture in the Realms, ages advanced beyond the barbaric humans, effete elves, weakling gnomes and halflings, and their degenerate northern dwarven cousins.

The Gold Dwarves are the proudest of dwarves. They are slow to forgive and unable to forget an offense against them. They treat all nondwarves except gnomes coldly, especially those of proud pretensions or manners, such as the men of Calimshan. Men, particularly proud men who rely overmuch on magic, are thought of as overblown, tasteless lackwits. Halflings and adventurers (who are, of course, all brigands or thieves) are regarded with suspicion. Even visitors of their poor-cousin race the Shield Dwarves are suspect—why come to the rich realms of the south, if not to steal?

Gnomes are the exception to this general contempt. Gold Dwarves regard gnomes as useful hirelings for dirty work, and well-meaning if inferior folk. A human analogy would be how some human nobles think of their trained war-dogs. Their usefulness earns them polite, if distant, treatment. Elminster reports dryly that the gnomes he's met all seem overjoyed by this.

Gold Dwarves generally live far safer lives than their northern cousins, and so live longer. However, careful scrutiny of dwarven records indicate that the race as a whole seems only a little more long-lived (425-475 years) than Shield Dwarves. Such a careful scrutiny is possible because Gold Dwarves are very concerned with social status, which is linked to personal wealth, influence, and birth. They keep careful genealogies that reach back thousands of years.

A typical Gold Dwarf knows the full name of his great-great-grandmother, and *her* social standing. If asked, he will also probably be able to tell you where his clan originated, in a hold now dust, some twenty thousand years ago! If annoyed, he will probably add, "When your ancestors were hairy things crawling in the mud!" If merely irritated, more subtly snide variants will be uttered.

Gold Dwarven names tend to be longer, more elaborate, and more of a touchy subject than those of other dwarves. Ralython Shaversham "The Elder" du Undergarr, blood of Alathann, blood of Murueen, of Upper Goldgate Caverns is a full head shorter than Dundold Battlehammer of Fireshear. However, Dundold might snort if you pronounced his name wrong, whereas Ralython would coldly correct you, challenge you over the insult if he thought it was deliberate, and place a careful mental black mark against you in any case, just to be sure. And that's if you're a dwarf!

As the Shield Dwarf Berinthar Deepdelve remarked wearily, after a recent diplomatic meeting in Eartheart with the haughty envoys of the Gold Dwarf Clan Ghalkin, "Those of us who live in the real world have less and less time for this sort of nonsense, know you."

Gray Dwarves

The duergar are not dealt with in these pages. Elminster warns that much more needs to be learned about the evil 'Gray Dwarves'; their aims and powers outstrip those generally known.

Wild Dwarves

The little-known "Jungle Dwarves" are described in this book in *Monstrous Compendium* format, on the next page.

Dwarf, Wild



CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Subterranean, tropical jungle
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	One family
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivorous
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11-12)
TREASURE:	K, L, M, Q or V
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful neutral

NO. APPEARING:	20-200
ARMOR CLASS:	8 (10)
MOVEMENT:	8

HIT DICE:	1+1
THACO:	20
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1

DAMAGE/ATTACK:	By weapon type
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below

MAGIC RESISTANCE:	See below
SIZE:	S (3')
MORALE:	Elite (13-14)
XP VALUE:	270

Wild Dwarves are a reclusive race of dwarves. Also known as "Jungle Dwarves," they are found only in remote, hot jungle areas in Chult and the nearby lands to the east.

Wild Dwarves are dark-skinned, short, and stout. Their bodies are covered with tattoos and grease which serves to keep off insects, and also makes them hard to hold (reflected in their armor class). They wear nothing except their long, woven hair which serves as adequate clothing, which they plaster with mud into crude armor when going to war.

Wild Dwarves forge weapons and tools from mined metals. In this and in infravision, 'underground skills,' and lifespan, they are like other dwarves. Sturdy (+1 to Con scores) and muscular, they distrust intruders and will avoid confrontations unless they are attacked or provoked. Wild Dwarves speak their own clicking, trilling tongue, a smattering of the common tongue, and the language spoken by most Wanderer dwarves. They use and understand Dethek runes.

Combat: Wild Dwarves are armed with blowguns that can fire 2 darts per round (ranges 1/3/5). Each dwarf carries 1d10 +6 barbed darts which do 1d3 (1d2 vs. large creatures) damage and has a sleep-inducing venom-save vs. poison or be slowed for 2 rounds, then fall asleep for 2-5 rounds; slapping does not awaken. Each dart can be used twice before venom is exhausted. All adult Wild Dwarves are specialists with their darts; at short range they gain an attack bonus of +2, whether using a blowgun or tossing it. They are immune to the effects of their venom. Each Wild Dwarf also carries a spear (1d6 damage) and a spiked throwing club (1d6) or hand axe (1d6).

Wild Dwarves like to use pits, snares, deadfalls, and other traps to defend their home caves. All of these are tailored from the jungle surroundings and are very effective, even against victims of high levels, especially those uninitiated to jungle combat. They prefer to attack in large groups, firing darts from behind cover until an angered target charges them—whereupon they attack from all sides.

Wild Dwarves have the same poison saving throw bonuses and magic-handling abilities as a normal dwarf. Centuries of battling poisonous snakes have given them a natural poison/venom resistance; they make all poison saving throws (against poisons and poisonous vapors) at an additional +1. They are less likely to suf-



fer from debilitating disease or parasite effects than those who aren't jungle dwellers (DM must adjudicate), and receive a bonus of -1 per die damage on insect swarm and heat-related attacks, even if magically induced.

Habitat/Society: Wild Dwarves dwell in jungle trees and caverns, calling themselves "dur Authalar" (the People). They are polygamous and do not form tribes or clans, but live in hunting bands with ever-shifting membership. Each group carries a large water-bladder and a 'talking drum,' to call other bands to a 'big kill' or 'great danger.'

A typical hunting band knows of three or four watering-holes, a bathing-place, a shaded eating area with a firepit and several lookouts, a sleeping-cavern and several sleeping-trees hung with nets of interwoven vines. They also know of at least five 'refuge-caverns' that run deep into the earth.

Wild Dwarves think of themselves as one big family, "dur Authalar." They follow their "talkers" (planners and tacticians, of both sexes, all ages, and all levels), "war leaders" (treat as 5th to 7th level warriors), "bloods" (experienced warriors of 2nd through 4th level), and "priests" (clerics of all levels up to and including 10th). All Wild Dwarves worship Thard Harr, but rarely make offerings to other dwarven deities.

Wild Dwarves wear carved bone earrings, bracelets, and necklaces for adornment, reserving mined metal only for use in weapon- and tool-making or barter.

Ecology: Wild Dwarves eat certain fruits, berries, roots, leaves, and saps, and all manner of insects, worms, jungle birds, reptiles, and animals. Some have been known to eat humans, but they are not cannibals and do not usually eat intelligent beings. They consider most snakes delicacies, and make fermented fruit-wines in earthenware jugs.

Wild Dwarves are cross-fertile with all demi-human races, and with humans. They mistrust folk of other races, though, and rarely leave the confines of their hot, shady jungles willingly.



DWARVEN CRAFT

Dwarves are famous throughout the Realms for their mastery of technology. Their gifted hands have shaped stone and metal to form elegant and sturdy monuments of engineering: elaborate pumps, sluices, elevators, taps, bridges, locks, and other feats of mechanical skill and handcraft. The dwarves are peerless experts at draining or pumping water into underground areas, and at providing fresh air and sunlight to their deep domains. Their forebears developed gigantic “engines” that still power enormous mechanical devices in use today, some constructed as much as two thousand years ago!

Feats of Dwarven Engineering

The great old dwarven engineering feats include the Chasmleap Bridge, the Wailing Dwarf (called by some “the battered dwarf”), and the Pumps of Pyrad-din.

The Chasmleap Bridge

This railless, smooth stone arch is over a thousand paces in length, but only six paces wide. It spans The Long Chasm, a great gorge in the Northdark, those subterranean realms that underlie the Sword Coast North. The Long Chasm runs for some sixty miles, roughly northeast to southwest, from west of Everlund to under the Woods of Turlang.

The Chasmleap Bridge is smooth to the touch, so cunningly finished that it appears to be fashioned of a single, solid piece of stone. Here and there along its deck are carved old and intricate runes, their meaning unknown to the dwarves of today. Legends hold that these runes mark the sites of gates to other worlds or planes, or the locations of storage cavities hidden in the bridge itself—cavities holding powerful magical weapons.

If these legends are true, the means of activating or entering these magical openings is forgotten. Still, some adventurers still vanish on the Chasmleap Bridge from time to time, and not all are found to have simply fallen the half mile down to their deaths. At the same time, their disappearances cannot all be attributed to the monsters that lurk on or fly near the bridge, waiting for dinner to come trudging up

towards them. Undoubtedly the Chasmleap Bridge holds other sinister secrets that have cost many their lives.

The Wailing Dwarf

On the eastern face of the Troll Mountains (north of Eshpurta, in eastern Amn) is the huge, crumbling stone statue of a helmed dwarf, holding an axe and looking east. Of great antiquity (the time and specifics of its making lost to the memory of the dwarves), this 4,000-foot wonder has been carved from the side of an entire mountain. It contains numberless chambers, staircases, and elevators, all now deadly, the shafts inhabited by spiders and flying things, cloak-ers and stirges of huge size. The Wailing Dwarf is in fact an entire abandoned dwarven city.

The male dwarf stares east towards Breakback Pass in the Giant’s Run Mountains, across Giant’s Plain. The massive statue is so carved that when the wind is from the east, gusts enter his ears and the pupil-holes of his eyeballs, and escape from his lips in a deep, eerie moaning—hence the statue’s name.

The statue’s nickname, ‘the battered dwarf,’ comes from its weather-torn, yet defiant, appearance. Some say that it looks towards a lost dwarven homeland, others that it marked a sentinel-post against orcs or other enemies who lived to the east—perhaps the long-vanished giants for whom the mountains and plain are named.

No dwarves live there today, but for many wanderers traveling to it their journey is a pilgrimage. Such a trek to the Wailing Dwarf is sometimes to be made with dwarven fellows or adventuring companions of other races when a dwarf’s apprenticeship is ended. In searching its empty rooms for lost secrets and treasure, they rid them of some of the present monstrous inhabitants. Among these, it is said, are the trolls for which the mountains in which the Dwarf stands in are named.

The Pumps of Pyrad-din

Located deep under Azulduth, the Lake of Salt, these gigantic, deafeningly noisy devices continually drain the welling springs that ring the lake. They then filter

the water through lakes of chalk and charcoal, settling basins and airjet bubble-rakes, and finally pump it down to the Deep Lands below, on the northeastern edge of the Deep Realm.

There, the water forms a river, Seldar, ‘the River of the Depths,’ and flows away southeast to eventually rise in Aerialpar Forest, Land of the Korred. The Pumps (named, it is said, for the long-ago chief engineer and supervisor of their making) introduce enough air into the descending waters that breezes constantly blow southwest through The Deep Realm, keeping its air fresh and moist.

Passive vent-shafts located in the mountain heights of Fuirgar, Land of the Stone Giants, far to the east, bring air down into the Deep Lands.

Dwarven engineers have also had spectacular failures, in which bridges have collapsed, aerial ships have crashed, etc. By and large, however, the evidence has survived the ages, testifying to dwarven ingenuity through the generations.

Individual Abilities

The mining “detection skills” given in the Player’s Handbook shared by dwarves of all races, the average Northern Dwarf of today can unerringly identify various ores, in their natural state.

The average Gold Dwarf of today can evaluate the fair market price of worked metals and gems, within 10%, and detect forgeries, flaws, and counterfeits with a 95% degree of success.

The average Wild Dwarf of today can, given sufficient light, unerringly find groundwater in jungle regions by following the water table. They also have tracking ability (-3 on proficiency checks outside jungle areas).

However, it should be noted that these racial feats do not mean that any dwarf is able to walk up to a strange lock and devise a foolproof lockpick on the spot. Nor can one fell the only two trees on a mountainside and make from them a safe, and roomy bridge capable of taking wagons across a wide chasm. Dwarves have inherent capabilities and traditional interests, but these do not bestow expert status upon every individual.



DWARVEN LANGUAGE (DWARVISH)

The dwarven language in use today is descended from the Elder tongue, a speech of great antiquity. The Elder tongue is thought by some to be the source of the word “Faerun,” derived from the word “runedar,” meaning home or familiar place. It has a long and complicated vocabulary—little used by any dwarf alive today, save for the record-keeping elders. The most commonly-heard words of present-day dwarvish are presented on the opposite page.

Some of the words given there are of use to humans deciphering dwarven place-names, some of which survive in present-day use. Those trying to interpret old treasure-verses or dwarven lore are in even greater need of an elder dwarven vocabulary.

Dwarven speech can be simulated in play by speaking as most Wanderers do these days: that is, they use human common-speech, studded with words of dwarvish.

RUNESTONES

Dwarves prefer to write on stone rather than on more perishable materials. Stone walls, pillars, cairns, and standing stones all over the Realms today bear the Dethek runes used by dwarves down the long ages since history in Faerun began. A few dwarven writings are in ‘dead tongues’ or in clan codes rather than Dethek runes, which, thankfully for the scholar, few clans use nowadays.

Most often, dwarves write on flat stones, known as ‘runestones.’ A typical runestone is flat and circular or diamond-shaped, about an inch thick, and of a hard, durable rock. One or both faces of the stone are inscribed with Dethek runes in a ring or spiral around the edge. Runestones are usually read from the outer edge to the center along the spiral. This spiral encircles an identifying rune or picture, such as a clan mark or personal rune. Occasionally, runestones have been made of metal, but only the finest metals of the most pure and perfect manufacture will do.

Runestones telling a legend or tale of heroism usually bear a picture of the climactic scene described in the script. Grave markers or histories usually repro-

duce the face or mark of the dwarf or dwarves described. The central symbol may also be a commonly-understood rune (e.g. a foot for a ‘safe trail’ marker, or an inverted helm to denote safe drinking water), or may be a simple decoration. Some runestones have pictures in relief, and are used as seals or pressed into wet mud to serve as temporary trail markers.

The Dethek runes are reproduced on the gatefold of this accessory for easy DM reference during play. They can readily be used to decipher the message on the “typical runestone” shown there. It reads: “This place is Dhurri’s Bridge. Here forty-two of the best warriors of (the House of Helmung) fell, to keep orcs from the Halls. We slew six hundred and eight. (Day) 218, (year since the founding of the House) 377.”

The central rune of a hammer identifies the writer as a warrior, the shield indicates he was of the House of Helmung, a house now thought to be extinct. The writer’s name, “Nain,” is written, as is the custom, above the shield. A dwarf of greater importance would use his personal rune instead.

No punctuation can be shown in Dethek, but sentences are customarily separated by lines crossing the script. Words are separated by spaces, and capital letters have a horizontal line over them. Numbers enclosed in boxes are dates, the day preceding the year by convention. Clan, kingdom, family, and individual runes are incorporated into Dethek script. If any runes are painted, the names of beings and places are commonly picked out in red, the rest colored black or left uncolored.

Runestones can serve as genealogies and family burial markers, portable tombstones, to which additions are added each time a new burial is made in a family crypt. They can also serve as inventories of the wealth of a clan, family, or brotherhood, as private messages, and as records of great events and deeds of valor.

One stone was found in a labyrinth of dwarven caverns, serving as a very plain warning—plain to those who knew the script, that is-of a pit trap just beyond. Another, somewhere in the same abandoned mountain dwarf-halls in Delzoun, is reputed to hold a clue to the where-

abouts of the *Hammer of Thunderbolts*, a terrific weapon once borne in the Battle of the Drowning of Lornak.

The runestones most eagerly sought by nondwarves are ‘treasure stones’ According to Elminster, these tend to give treasure directions “hidden in those cryptic verses that the Stout Folk write when they think they’re being clever”

Some rare stones are adorned with gems, or are themselves magical. Magical runestones may function as *arrows of direction*, as the *Book of Passing Years* in Elminster’s library tells us. Others might, as many folk tales and ballads of the North attest, speak messages by *magic mouth* when certain persons are near, or when certain words (sometimes nonsense words, carved on the stone) are said over it. Some of these magical stones chant warnings or poetry, but most utter treasure-verses. A few such verses are given on the gatefold of this accessory. As far as Elminster knows, the treasures these hint at all await an adventuring band that is strong and brave, of keen wits and good luck. (“That’s why,” he added dryly, “they haven’t been found yet.”)

DWARVISH WORDS

ae: gold

aelin: gold-work

agland: sword

alagh: battle-glory, valor

ar: to cut, slash, or lay open

arglar: to butcher; “a proper arglary” means a proper butchering, or a good fight, and is often used to describe vicious struggles with orcs

arau: great, huge, gigantic

arauglor: sea, ocean (literally, ‘great-lake’)

barak: backbone, strength, shield

bedorn: disbelief, lies, mistakes, exaggeration, distortion

beldarak: treachery (hence, “beldarakin” means treacherous beings)

burakrin: way through, passage

calass: thief, miscreant, untrustworthy one

caurak: cavern (large size, underground only)

corl: to kill

corlar: killer



daern: familiar, known (place, feature, or being)

dauble: treasure or valuable (plural "daubles")

deladar: to descend, to go down (hence, "deladaraugh" means to die in battle; literally, 'to go down to the death')

delvar: to dig (hence "delve" means a digging; mine, tunnel, or underhome)

donnar: metal ore

dunglor: underground lake

dunlur: underground river

endar: cave (surface world; one not linked to extensive underways)

faern: home

findar: good luck, good fortune, favorable chances

glor: lake

gordul: gods forfend! or gods, look at this! (an oath of amazement or despair)

glander: gems, including uncut natural stones

halaur: gift

hurnden: payment

ilith: deal, agreement, trust of one's word or honor

jargh: jokester, idiot (often applied to halflings)

kuldjargh: a berserker, or one who is reckless in any battle (literally, "axe-idiot")

kuld: axe

kuldar: warrior (literally, "axe-cutter")

levasst: passage linking surface and underground

lhar: gap, (mountain) pass

llargh: loose stone, bad to work or unsafe

lur: river, creek, stream

llur: large (wide) river

lurgh: marsh, fen

lurmurk: bog, muskeg (concealed waters)

morndin: peak, height (especially of mountains, but sometimes also used to speak of high ledges, ranks of individuals, or tall creatures)

mrin: to climb (hence "mriding" means climbing)

mur: to disagree (hence "murmel" means to argue, debate)

murmelings: arguments, criticism, words of dissention

norogh: monsters, evil or dangerous beings or forces (especially unknown or unidentified)

noror: enemies (known)

noroth: enemy land, area, or lair (plural is "norothin")

ol: magic, magical power or items ("olara" refers to natural magic, not used or influenced by beings)

olor: world, all lands, the entire territory of Toril seen by, and known to, the dwarves

parlyn: clothing, especially usual or expected (proper or fitting) adornment

raugh: death, an ending, it's over (especially feuds and love-affairs)

rrin: over, above

rorn: destruction, devastation, war (thus, "rorntyn" means battlefield)

rune: familiar, known

runedar: home, familiar place, haven

sabrak: crack, flaw

samman: trusted friend, shield-brother (battle companion)

samryn: trustworthy, honest, honorable, or favorable

sargh: disgusting thing or occurrence; filth; orcs or orc-work

sonn: good stone

splendarr: bright, shining, beautiful, hopeful

taerin: love (true love, 'deep' love)

thalorn: kindness, caring, good deed

tharn: love, lust (hence "aetharn" means gold-lust)

thord: bone ("thorden" means bones)

thork: death, excrement, decay, carrion

thuldul: fate, doom, ill luck, or (spoken in irony) everyday cheery tidings or good fortune

tindul: clumsiness, clumsy work (especially smithcraft)

tor: hill, knoll (especially if bare rock in places; smaller than a mountain or crag)

torst: adventure, fun, welcomed danger

tyn: field, open place (aboveground)

ultok: meeting-place, coming together, rendezvous

ultokrinlur: ford (literally 'meeting-place over river')

undiver: hope, future plan, strategy

veltet: romance, courtship, social games and manners

vallahir: mountain-meadow (high valley, especially a 'hanging valley' or alpine plateau)

vudd: wood, forest

vruden: wood (thus, "vrudenla" means wooden or of wood)

wurgym: ugliness, ugly thing or being

wurlur: current, racing water (danger)

wurn: water (especially useful or drinking water)

xoth: knowledge (especially dwarf-lore and secret or special knowledge)

xunder: secrets, dark deeds or treasure-talk

yaugh: a climb (thus: "yaughadar" means stairs or steps, "vauthlin" means rope, "yauthmair" means handholds or no clear way, and "yauthtil" means an elevator (if magical, it is a "olyauthil"))

zander: adventurer, rogue, foolish youth, happy-go-lucky or reckless being

DWARVEN CLAN NAMES

Northern Clans

Arnskull	Horn
Battlehammer	Jundeth
(see FR7)	Narlagh
Blackbanner	Orothiar (FR9)
Blackhammer	Quarrymaster
Bucklebar	Rockfist
Darkfell	Stoneshoulder
Deepaxe	Stoneshield
Deepdelve	Trueforger
Eagleleft	Watchever
Foehammer	Worldthrone
Gallowglar	Wyrmslayer
Hillsafar (see FR9)	Yund

Southern Clans

Belindorn	Malthin
Bladebite	Mastemyr
Breakadder	Sorndar
Crownshield	Talnoth
Gemscepter	Undurr
Ghalkin	Velm
Goldthumb	Zord
Gordrivver	



DWARVEN CLANS

The clan was once all-powerful in dwarven life in Faerun, but over the last thousand winters, the power and influence of all clans, particularly in the North, has dwindled. Many are now little more than drinking societies or clubs, with virtually no influence over their member dwarves' lives, though clans do not allow members to also belong to another clan. Many isolated dwarven communities, particularly in the North, are now clanless, or have only the weakest clan affiliations.

Clan Organization

All dwarven clans have chiefs. In the north, dwarven chieftains are sometimes known as "clanmasters" or "lairds." Their southern counterparts are often known as "ardukes." These ranks give us "the word of the laird shalt be the whole of the law," "for the arduke," "all honor to the chief," and other sayings. The term "house" refers to the ruling family in a clan, or the ruling clan of a land. This term is most used when there is no single monarch, the ruler uses a lesser title (such as Iron Duke), or when a king is elected rather than inheriting the title.

Almost all positions of clan leadership are obtained today by election from among, and by, the clan's elders. In olden days, dwarves had kings who could trace lineage through generations of previous hereditary rulers. A few kingships survive today, but all rely on the monarch's personal popularity and fitness to rule, not on an automatically-acknowledged blood-right to rule.

Every clan has its elders; dwarves of influence, wealth, and personal might—and almost always, distinguished age. Their thoughts and plans aim and shape the lives of clan members; their votes determine clan policy, laws, and justice. Clan elders once held the right to approve or deny marriages in a clan, renouncing the membership of any who married against their will, or married out of the clan. However, the dwindling birthrate of the Deep Folk has put a stop to such influence by the elders.

Most clans have clan champions, who offer themselves in tests of personal combat in the clan's name. They also maintain the clan's police-forces, gathered clan

warriors, often called "the fists of the clan," or "the hammers of the clan."

Outcast dwarves remain, however, outcast to this day. "The memory of a dwarf is long and strong," as the old saying goes.

Clan Law

Dwarves value law and order above all else; usually content with their place, they see an iron maintenance of the status quo as the best way to preserve the Folk. In the eyes of a dwarf, clan rules and law must prevail. The DM should devise local dwarven laws (often rigid and harsh) which are always built on the following principles:

A dwarf shall not speak falsely to another dwarf.

A dwarf shall not steal from another dwarf, nor keep from another dwarf that which is his or hers by right, whether through force or deceit.

A dwarf shall not conceal personal injury or illness from fellows of the same clan.

A dwarf shall never act against any other dwarf, of any clan, by aiding or using the aid of nondwarven creatures.

A dwarf shall not refuse to aid another dwarf of the clan, when the life or health of the needy dwarf is in danger.

Clan justice is done through trial by at least twelve dwarven elders, none of whom can have a blood-interest (direct relationship to either the accused or injured parties). Verdicts are limited to "innocent," "not proved" and "guilty." Obtaining "not proved" verdicts is far from an acquittal, however; they are a black mark against a dwarfs name—those who collect more than six such verdicts are cast out of a clan. Punishments for a "guilty" verdict range from service to injured families to death, and are at the whim of the elders—there are no set sentences for given crimes.

Clan Professions

Clans usually specialize in particular crafts or skills, but dwarves skilled in almost anything can be found in the ranks of every large clan. Specialties include

blacksmithing, silversmithing, goldsmithing, armor-making, weapon-making, gemcutting, soldiery, and diplomacy (negotiators and messengers).

The Known Clans of The Dwarves

There is no space here to list the specialties, current chiefs, and all important holds of clans. All clans practice vigilant patrolling of their territories against surprise orc-horde onslaughts that annihilated many clans in the past. Such patrols will do their utmost to ensure that intruders (such as player characters) never actually see or discover the location of important clan holds and settlements.

In the lists below, references to other Realms source material are given when clans have been mentioned elsewhere. The strongly-held privacy of dwarves forces any list of clans to be incomplete.

Most clan names resemble dwarven nicknames—many probably originated as the nickname of a famous dwarf who founded the clan.

Wild dwarves are polygamous and do not have clans. They see themselves as one big family, "dur Authalar," or, 'the People.'

The Ironstars

The Ironstar clan is believed to have become extinct when the Fallen Kingdom passed away (see the entries for Besilmer and Ironstar in the chapter on The Lost Kingdoms). Yet rumors persist that some few dwarves bearing the Ironstar name have a secret hold-caverns on Mintarn, perhaps, or beneath Mount Helimbrar, or even in Evereska, allied with the elves still in that misty, mysterious land-somewhere in the Realms. Ironstar dwarves, it is said, take other names when they go adventuring, to conceal the existence of their clan.

The Ironstar clan sign is (or was) a four-pointed white star gleaming atop a ritged black iron anvil. Ironstar maces are said to shatter armor at a blow.



BROTHERHOODS

Dwarven adventuring bands are known as “brotherhoods,” and have a long and colorful history in Faerun. Traditionally crossing clan boundaries and memberships they give other dwarves heroes to look up to and, occasionally, scapegoats. They are a source of news to talk over with tankard in hand, the crux of endless stories, rumors, and entertainment. Like sports teams, they have their fans and supporters, and some dwarves bet on their anticipated successes.

The term ‘brotherhood’ originated when young dwarven men began banding together to seek dangerous adventures in the world beyond dwarven lands. Their exploits were intended mainly to impress dwarven females during courtship. However, the fiery-spirited dwarven females saw no reason why their mates should have all the fun. They rapidly gained adventuring experience themselves, rescuing dwarven men who’d gotten into trouble while adventuring. Some founded their own bands, and have found great success as the increasingly rare dwarven women have gained power and influence to become equal partners to the menfolk in every way. There are now all-male bands, all-female bands, and mixed bands. Most bands tend to have several pairs of mated or courting dwarves in their ranks, as well as a few more unattached males.

It is understood that brotherhoods stand apart from clan law, and that their rights, earned by naked battle-might, include the right to temporary refuge and lodging in dwarven holds as guests. Brotherhoods who ‘break their honor’ by wantonly killing hosts or other dwarves, stealing from dwarves, or committing other crimes against dwarves are branded outlaw. However, other clans may continue to hold an outlaw brotherhood in high regard, such as in the case of northern brotherhoods raiding southern holds, and vice versa.

Famous Brotherhoods

The names of famous brotherhoods are many, especially those now dead and gone, part of the glorious dwarven past. These are a few brotherhoods currently active in the Realms.

The Blades of The Axe

This adventuring group is based in an old, half-ruined keep near Triel. The Blades of the Axe is active on the High Moor, into Amn, and throughout the Sword Coast North. Usually 16 to 20 in number, they explore subterranean ways, seeking old treasures—particularly in lost dwarven delves. Occasionally they take on a dragon for its hoard, or, when in need of cash, hire on as caravan guards and guides. They work throughout northern Amn and on the dangerous overland run from Amn or the east through Scornubel, or the coastal downs to Waterdeep and the cities of the North.

The general alignment of the Blades varies from chaotic good through lawful neutral. They are presently led by Snorogh Blackhelm (a CG dwarven male F9) and his lady Thriia Bressildan (a CG human female W8).

The Glittering Sword

Active in the Sword Coast and Dragonreach northlands, this band is famous for its daring exploits. They’ve accomplished much, from seizing the ships and loot of pirates in the Inner Sea to robbing Zhentilar pay-caravans bound for the Citadel of the Raven. Its wild and colorful adventurers are currently 14 in number, and use aerial steeds won in their adventures. They flit about the Stonelands and the Inner Sea, raiding evil merchants on the Zhentish overland routes and taking especial delight in tangling with wizards of Thay, orc slavers selling to them, and Calishite slavers operating into Westgate.

They include at least two halflings, a gnome, a half-elf, and three humans, and is led by Artham “Darksmite” Evercloak (a CN dwarven male F12).

The Holy Hammer

This band is not affiliated with any single deity, despite its name, and does not follow the dictates of any clergy. Rather, it is an ever-changing vigilante group, who rally at specific locations to work deeds outside the normal behavior of dwarves. For instance, they pillage human settlements, raid other dwarven holds, and ambush dwarven allies suspected of treachery.

Members of the Holy Hammer can be

dwarves of any age, class, and clan. The leaders of the Hammer are three: Muragh Thomador (a middle-aged, wary CN male F15), Aungaeril Whitehawk (a young and fierce-tempered CN female F11), and Sondaerl Thunador (a silent, cunning CN male T12). All are dedicated to the survival and improvement of the dwarven races and the lot of dwarves, at all costs.

Twice in the past the Holy Hammer has moved to slay merchants of Lantan who had begun to sell Lantanese inventions that threatened to compete with artifices of the dwarves. They have also on several occasions meted out harsh justice to satraps of Calimshan who thought dealing with the dwarves for gold was not enough, and secretly laid hands on dwarves to sell elsewhere as slaves.

The leaders of the Hammer travel quietly about the Realms from one dwarven settlement to another, gathering support for their latest causes. Rallying-points for the Hammer vary across the Realms: the Stone Bridge, the Halls of the Hunting Axe, and the Halls of the Hammer (abandoned dwarf-holds) in the Sword Coast North; the Hill of the Helm northeast of Triel (north of Scornubel in the Sword Coast midlands); a stone plateau at the foot of Needle Peak, which overlooks the eastern end of Breakback Pass, above the Lake of Snows (south of Teziir); the summit of Firesleap Pass (south of Innarlith, on the road linking it with the Shaar); the Council Hills in the Eastern Shaar; and a secret landing-place and cavern-network on the southern side of Cape Dragonsfang, northwest of Milvarune.

Any rallying-point of the Hammer can be identified by the upright, carved black stone (usually slate or obsidian) image of a warhammer. These are usually 7 feet or more in height. Rallying-points are also given away by encamped dwarves, whose sentinels usually attack nondwarven intruders without hesitation!

Members of the Holy Hammer engaged in actual missions (“blood-runs”) can be recognized by their upraised open-hand signals (“the Hammer”) and by the black or purple hoods they wear to conceal their identities.



THE GODS OF THE DWARVES

The gods of the dwarves are a pantheon of powerful beings whose line-up and powers vary slightly from clan to clan in the Realms. Their powers vary widely between the Realms and other fantasy worlds. Details of avatars and *manifestations* of the most important dwarven gods are given here, presented in rough order of importance to dwarves in the Realms.

The differences in dwarven pantheons from clan to clan and world to world allow a DM to easily change anything about the pantheon presented here, as desired. He may even introduce new dwarven gods (particularly demigods).

Dwarven gods tend to be concerned with the earth and its natural powers, smith-craft and other dwarven activities (such as warfare) and attributes. There are no dwarven deities known in the Realms concerned with the sea, air, stars, clouds, rain, plant and forest life, or animals. Lightning has been controlled on occasion by the greater dwarven deities, but never evoked by them. The DM can freely modify the minor powers of avatars used in play to explain spectacular magical effects, physical feats, powers, and so on.

Avatars

Avatars are earthly forms of the gods themselves; they *are* the gods, albeit with limited powers but all of the god's knowledge. If slain, the god's power in the Realms is temporarily lessened, but the 'true' body and essence of the deity survives on its otherplanar home.

All dwarven avatars have automatic *regeneration*, like a *vampiric ring of regeneration*, except that the hit points gained equal 100 percent of the hit points lost by a victim to the avatar's attack. Avatars also have their physical attacks and their magical abilities. An avatar may use any one of these three abilities (regeneration, physical attack, or magic) one at a time and one per round.

Magical abilities unique to an avatar are listed in the deity's avatar entry; abilities shared by all the dwarven avatars follow. These powers can be bestowed on any being by the touch of an avatar, for a single use; this is done only rarely, and only to dwarves (unless there is no dwarf at hand

when needed). Unless otherwise noted, all avatar magical powers are wielded as if by a 14th level spellcaster.

Avatar Abilities

Usable at will.

All divination spells
 All dwarven spells (introduced in this book)
 Automatic initiative
comprehend languages
continual light/darkness
cure light wounds
feather fall
geas
infravision
planar travel/survival
polymorph self
protection from evil/good, + 2, 20' radius
regeneration, 1 hp/2 rounds
remove curse/fear
teleport without error
tongues

Usable thrice per day.

flaming sphere
polymorph other
restoration
shatter (metal only)
wall of fire

Usable once per day.

command (two-round duration)
cure serious wounds
gate
heal
meteor swarm
polymorph any object
quest
resurrection
reverse gravity
time stop
true seeing
wish

The DM should note that no truename, *glyph*, or *symbol* spells or other magics have any effect on avatars (except to attract their attention). All avatars can hear any of their names spoken anywhere in Faerun, and the next nine words spoken by the speaker, along with the speaker's voice-likeness, distance, and direction. However, they usually ignore the ceaseless babble this creates in their minds.

Avatars can be slain, but unless *energy drain*, *wish*, or similar spells are employed to drain the avatars of their divine energy, magical safeguards prepared beforehand by most deities enable them to survive a 'death' that destroys their physical form. The scattering of their energies may, however, prevent them taking another avatar for 1-6 weeks or even longer.

The deities Moradin, Clangeddin, Sharindlar, and Gorm, upon the death of their avatar form, become entities akin to ghosts. Such ghost-like 'anima' forms cannot be turned, and can become *invisible* at will. They can work magic, have a ghost's attacks, and have half the avatar's hit points.

It is recommended that a DM use direct appearances by avatars in play sparingly, to preserve the awe they should evoke in true role-players.

Abbreviations. Abbreviations used in the avatar entries are as follows.

AL: Alignment. This indicates the deity's behavior, as per the *AD&D® Player's Handbook* and *Dungeon Master's Guide* for notes on the various alignments. A second listing in parentheses after the alignment indicates a deity's tendency to stray from the primary alignment.

Symbol: This is the sign by which the deity is known. An avatar may or may not choose to display it.

AC: Armor Class. This is the avatar's frontal armor class, taking into account dexterity, magical protections, and innate durability. The AC may be worse if the avatar is attacked from behind or from the flank.

MV: Movement. This is how fast the avatar moves, per round.

HP: Hit points. This is the number of hit points possessed by the deity's earthly avatar (usually less than the deity's full hit points).

THAC0: Acronym for 'to hit armor class 0': the score needed on a 20-sided die to hit an opponent who has an Armor Class of 0. The score needed to hit other Armor Classes is easily calculated from this number. Note that THAC0 does not take into account 'to hit' adjustments due to strength, skills, or magic.

#AT: Number of attacks. This is the number of physical attacks that the avatar can launch in a single round.



DMG: Damage. This is the hit points of damage inflicted by a single physical avatar attack.

MB: Magic Resistance. This is the percentage chance of a spell failing when used against the avatar.

SZ: Size. An avatar can cause its body to grow larger (or shrink smaller) by 50% of its normal size at will.

CL: Classes. This is deity's powers, expressed in character class form. These determine attack and saving throw tables to be consulted and define minor abilities.

Str, Dex, Con, Int, Wis, and Cha: These are the standard abilities.

SA: Special Attacks.

SD: Special Defenses.

Manifestations

Manifestations are signs or effects of a deity's power. They occur either as unusual magical or physical happenings, or as temporary aid infused in the body of a worshipper, or even into an item such as a warhammer. They usually occur as the result of fervent prayer or entreaty by a dwarf (who need not be a dwarven priest, although clergy are more likely to attract the attention of a deity). They might, however, occur spontaneously, through the ready will and attention of the deity, who is able to work through any being whose blood has mingled with that of a dwarf, or any object a dwarf has crafted, altered, or repaired.

Typical manifestations are accompanied by a white radiance, and sometimes by a deep, echoing clangor-somewhat like the sound of a great metal hammer falling upon an anvil far, far away.

Manifestations include:

- healing or raising one who is serving dwarven causes,
- temporary enchantment of a weapon, conferring a +3 bonus,
- conferring a temporary +3 *protection from good/evil* aura, as well as immunity from a specific attack form (e.g. fire) or spell,
- temporary *fly*, *feather fall*, *infravision*, or *invisibility* powers conferred
- magical mending of normal or magical items,
- the shattering of a barrier or prison

- *levitate* and/or *telekinesis* of objects, particularly holy objects of the dwarves,
- communicating the deity's wishes by actions or by writing actual messages.

Favored manifestations (those most commonly used by deities) are listed in the deity descriptions that follow.

The Dwarven Gods

Moradin

The Soul Forger, Dwarffather
Greater Power

The tallest and most powerful of dwarven deities, Moradin is the leader of the dwarven gods. He is said to have created all dwarves, forging them from metals and gems in the fires that lie at the "heart of the world," and breathing life—the first dwarven souls—into the cooling forms.

Moradin is said to inspire dwarven inventions, and to be constantly seeking to improve the race—increasing dwarven good nature, intelligence, and ability to exist in harmony with other living things. At the same time he battles the pride and isolationist tendencies that naturally occur within his elite creations.

Moradin seldom appears in the Realms, preferring to work through manifestations rather than avatars. His usual reason for an appearance (in either form) is to encourage dwarves to follow the correct paths or make the best decisions, at critical times. He will also appear to aid or inspire dwarves that he wants to survive to serve the race in the future, or as an example or encouragement to nondwarves who aid the dwarves.

Favored Manifestations: Moradin prefers to create a white radiance that surrounds a being to be healed or aided or an object that is animated. He projects his power by temporarily imbuing the individual, who is almost always a dwarf, with the ability to use one of Moradin's avatar spell abilities. Moradin will always choose a warhammer over all other objects for manifestations, if one is available. Animated objects serve as weapons, such as battering rams (to free imprisoned folk or reveal a hidden way), or guides floating along to show a route.

Avatar: Moradin appears as a 20-foot-tall dwarf, plainly-dressed and with a long white beard that reaches his knees. He wears furs and a smith's leather leggings and aprons, plus bracers of pure gold on his forearms. He exudes an aura of power that is visible as a faint white radiance, though he can cloak this if he wishes.

AL: Lawful good

Symbol: Hammer and anvil

AC: -4

MV: 12

HP: 144

THACO: 3

#AT: 2

DMG: d4 + 6 (warhammer) + 8

MR: 30%

SZ: H (20')

CLASSES: Fighter 18, Priest 12

STR 20 **DEX** 17 **CON** 20

INT 19 **WIS** 18 **CHA** 17 (23)

SP: all combat, creation, divination, healing, protection, sun, astral*, elemental (earth)*, necromantic*.

SA: Moradin wields a huge, glowing *warhammer* +5. If touched by any other being, it vanishes and returns to the god. If his avatar is slain, the hammer returns to Moradin's home—a great cavern beneath the mountains in Solania, in the Seven Heavens.

Twice per day, Moradin can work *imprisonment* on a being by touching him. By the same means, he can also *banish*, as the wizard spell, but effective on the Prime Material plane and not requiring any naming or components.

When Moradin himself leaves a plane or *teleports*, he can at will leave a *fire storm* (as the priest spell) behind him, centered on his last location. This effect does 2d8 + 15 damage.

SD: No forged weapons of any type or source can harm the avatar of Moradin.

Moradin wears magical armor of his own making. When encountered in the Realms he never bothers to carry his shield, and the power of his armor is lessened, giving him less than his usual AC of -9.

Any weapon striking his bracers will transmit an energy discharge causing 2d6 points of damage to the wielder. Any frontal attack roll that misses by 1-3 points is deemed to have been parried by Mora-



din's bracers. The bracers vanish if removed from Moradin, or if he is "killed."

Clanggedin Silverbeard

The Father of Battle
Intermediate Power

Patron of dwarven warriors and their exultant leader in war, Clanggedin is a resolute warrior who never backs down from danger and who refuses to surrender even when all seems lost. He is known for often snatching victory from the narrowest of margins in battle.

Clanggedin watches over the battle-related skills and the performances of dwarves from his mountain fortress in Arcadia. There, he is attended by his Host, the souls of the finest dwarven warriors. He encourages valor in battle, weapon-mastery and training, wisdom in war, and most often manifests his powers only to further these aims. The aptly-named Father of Battle especially hates giants, and has taught the dwarves-and the gnomes, through their gods-special ways of fighting giant-type creatures.

Clanggedin uses his magic only to influence events indirectly, never in battle. He will only resort to influencing a battle with his magic when the very existence of his avatar in the Realms is threatened. He always prefers force-of-arms to spells.

Favored Manifestations: Clanggedin's power is usually seen as a flickering amber, red, or white radiance around a dwarf or weapon that is temporarily imbued with the god's power. This power typically gives any or all of the following benefits:

- double damage, or triple against giant-type creatures;
- immunity to breakage or other damage, (automatic successful item saving throws). This power can give any or all of the following for one turn;
- first strike in any combat round;
- an increase in Armor Class of 8;
- a temporary level increase for warriors of 7 levels, with resultant saving throw and THACO changes. The warrior also receives 'temporary' hit points-all damage taken is subtracted from these points first;
- the immediate breaking of any *charms*

or other magical controls, recognizing them for what they are;

- the ability to stand upright and unmoving against any charge, force, magical effect, or blow-damage suffered, but falling or overbearing impossible;

Avatar: Clanggedin appears as a tall, burly dwarf, fierce and indomitable in his battered, bloodstained, and rusty chain mail. Bald and silver-bearded, he is always alert, his eyes darting here and there, his gaze as sharp as that of a hunting hawk.

He is merry in battle, roaring appreciation of shrewd strategies, bravery, and feats of skill even when directed against him. He often sings, both stirring battleballads and taunting little ditties to unnerve enemies, in the midst of a fight, and dwarves have learned to listen for hints, cues, and warnings in his lyrics. He is a master at turning the tables on enemy armies by anticipating their movements on the battlefield, and singing directions to dwarves fighting with him.

Like most dwarves, Clanggedin admires most those who help themselves. He typically appears at a battle only to right hopeless odds against dwarves, to balance treachery (and punish the treasonous), and to aid the weak of all races against evil, especially the acts of giants.

AL: Lawful neutral

Symbol: Two crossed battle axes

AC: -4

MV: 12

HP: 144

THACO: 3

#A7: 2

DMG: *d8* + 4 (*battleaxe*) + 10

MR: 5%

SZ: H (17')

CLASSES: Fighter 18, Bard 9

STR 22	DEX 16	CON 20
INT 16	WIS 17	CHA 14 (20)

SP: All, combat, guardian, protection, sun, charm*, creation*, divination*, elemental (earth)*, healing*, necromantic*.

SA: Clanggedin does double damage against giant-class creatures, and wields two mithral *battle axes* +4. He can throw these up to 100 yards, and both strike with full bonuses, as though he was swinging them directly.

His touch can, at will, *mend* any metal weapon or armor as though it had never

been broken, even restoring missing pieces. Any nonmagical weapon that he touches will strike at +9 to hit (normal damage) for seven rounds thereafter; this power is typically used to aid dwarves he is fighting alongside, or as a manifestation when Clanggedin does not choose to appear directly.

SD: Giant-class creatures attack Clanggedin at a -4 penalty to their attack rolls. He wears steel *chain mail* +5.

Sharindlar

Lady of Life
Intermediate Power

This dwarven lady is widely known as the goddess of healing and mercy. Dwarves wounded in battle are often healed in her name, and sick dwarves pray to her. However, kept secret from nondwarves as much as possible is her more important role in the eyes of today's dwarves: her patronage of love, courtship, and fertility.

When dwarves dance, they pray to Sharindlar to guide their feet, for she is said to be the greatest dancer the dwarves have ever known.

Favored Manifestations: Sharindlar rarely appears in avatar form in the Realms, but quite often aids dwarves by manifesting as an amber or rosy radiance and warmth. If healing herbs or plant antidotes are required and exist nearby, Sharindlar will illuminate them with her radiance, to mark them for searching dwarves. If a sick dwarf seeks shelter or water, Sharindlar's radiance will guide them. If dwarves are cold and lack shelter, Sharindlar's warmth and light can keep them comfortable while they rest, even on glaciers or rock ledges in blizzards. Her light is bright enough for wizards to study by, and for maps and books to be read.

At dances, moots, and other meetings when dwarves may be conceived, Sharindlar will often attempt to sway the thoughts and actions of dwarves by her warmth and radiance. Dwarven sages still argue over whether this is purely the result of her presence, serving as a hint and sign of her approval, or if she can manifest subtle aphrodisiac powers.



Avatar: Sharindlar appears as a slim, spirited, full-bearded and flame-haired dwarven maiden. She possesses arresting eyes that seem to change color often—different observers down the centuries have reported them as being of differing hues. To human observers, Sharindlar's beard may seem to vanish, or appear and reappear like a flickering flame.

She never wears armor, and is usually barefoot and clad in diaphanous gowns. Occasionally she will appear at parties wildly garbed in boots or high-heeled shoes, with rich gowns and ornate accoutrements.

If Sharindlar is attacked, flames rise around her body to armor her in flame. Her clothing always vanishes, reappearing unharmed as the flames die.

AL: Chaotic good

Symbol: A flame rising from a steel needle

AC: 4 (2)

MV: 12

HP: 120

THAC0: 5

#AT: 2

DMG: 1d6 + 3 (mace) + 3; 1d2 + 6 (whip) + 3

MR: 20%

SZ: H (13)

CLASSES: Priest 15

STR 18/20 DEX 19 CON 18
INT 18 WIS 17 CHA 19 (25)

SP: all, charm, creation, divination, guardian, healing, protection, sun, combat, elemental (earth)*, necromantic*, plant*.

SA: Sharindlar can, by touch, enact the effects of *forget*, *friends*, and *charm person* on other beings (all allowed saving throws are at -6 penalty). She may do this seven times each per day.

She fights with a *whip* + 6 that is studded with adamantine barbs and chaotic good-aligned, and a *mace* +2 that never makes any sound when it strikes. The mace forces ethereal and invisible creatures into full presence and visibility on the Prime Material Plane by touch, for at least two rounds.

SD: At will (and in addition to *regeneration*, magical, or physical attacks in the same round), Sharindlar can cloak her

body in flames. These affect flammable materials as normal flames do, deal 2d8 damage per round of contact to any creature entering them (such damage is gained by the goddess through her regenerative ability), and improve her Armor Class by 2.

Sharindlar cannot be *charmed* or fooled by magic that works on the mind or senses. Her touch is said to *neutralize poison*, which she can do thrice a day. Sharindlar herself is said to be immune to all known poisons.

Vergadain

God of Wealth and Luck
Intermediate Power

Vergadain is sometimes called 'the Trickster,' though not by dwarves who worship him, and even 'the Laughing Dwarf,' though a dwarf would never use such a term.

The patron of dwarven merchants (and most nonevil dwarven thieves), Vergadain is a schemer and a rogue. His home plane is that of Concordant Opposition, but he seems to spend little time there. He instead restlessly roams wildspace and the worlds that can be found in it. He concentrates his efforts wherever there are humans, giants, demi-humans, and humanoids to be bilked of their belongings by his tricks, and dwarves to appreciate his cleverness and daring—and to profit by it.

Vergadain delights in showing up at desperate dwarven settlements with exactly the unique, rare, or hard-to-find object or substances they are lacking. If the dwarves are not in dire straits, the treasure gained by Vergadain will also be hidden by him, and he will give the dwarves clues to its location—often hidden in the lyrics of a song or two, as he poses as a traveling minstrel.

Favored Manifestations: Vergadain likes to appear in avatar form in the Realms; he manifests only rarely, and always in one of four ways:

1. Vergadain may appear as an unseen dwarven singer or musician, whose song, drumming, or piping leads lost dwarves to safety, an escape route, or treasure.

2. He may appear more subtly, seizing

control of a singer, prophet, or sage for his own purposes. That person will utter, speak, or sing words to leave clues or directions to the whereabouts of great treasure. At times, Vergadain will signal his presence by animating a gold piece, his symbol, to orbit the head of the possessed being; he does this particularly when the being is not a dwarf, and he wants only dwarves to notice the message.

3. Vergadain can appear as an animated, endlessly-rolling gold coin that travels along the floor or ground. It can travel even uphill, or bounding up steps, to lead beings to treasure; the coin will settle only to mark a hiding-place or route onwards (a loose flagstone leading to a tunnel, for instance), and gives no warning of guardian monsters or traps.

4. Finally, he can appear as a long rope that comes to hand unexpectedly when a dwarf needs it most (e.g. to escape down a cliff or castle wall, or to rescue a fallen companion). The rope later vanishes.

Avatar: Vergadain appears as a tall dwarf clad in brown and yellow merchant's clothing, which is often tattered or dusty. Underneath these garments, he wears armor, and often carries musical instruments, disguises, and treasure (such as gems) in sacks. He guards these sacks by thrusting poisonous snakes and similar creatures into them with his valued belongings.

He has a great singing voice, is a master of disguise and mimicry. Vergadain smiles more than any other dwarf deity—or living dwarf! His eyes are actually seen to twinkle enigmatically more often than he shows his smile to the world.

Vergadain delights in con games, even simple tavern-tricks, and admires someone who bests him rather than punishing them or trying to get even. He is always looking for new techniques, and when he detects a 'con artist,' will often watch and follow for a time, to see what he can.

His footwear always contains concealed weapons (such as knives or garrotes), or hiding places (such as hollow heels), or both.



AL: Neutral (chaotic)

Symbol: Gold piece (always a circular coin)

AC: -5

MV: 18

HP: 218

THAC0: 5

#AT: 3/2 rounds

DMG: 2d4 + 4 (broadsword) + 3

MR: 20%

SZ: L (10')

CLASSES: Bard 16

STR 18/30 DEX 19

CON 17

INT 18 WIS 18

CHA 17 (23)

SP: all, charm, creation, divination, guardian, combat*, healing*, protection*, sun*.

SA: Vergadain can use *improved invisibility*, lasting for up to one turn, once per day. He can *mislead* once a day. He can also *see invisible creatures* at will, but only if they are living (not dead or undead) and within 20 feet.

Vergadain wields a *broad sword +4* that detects all treasures within 20 feet of his person when grasped. It has a normal, well-used appearance, and communicates the precise location and rough size of treasures telepathically. The weapon can be used by anyone, but Vergadain is very attached to it, and will seek to regain it from anyone who takes it from him.

SD: Vergadain wears a concealed suit of golden *chain mail +5*, and a necklace that allows any wearer to change his or her height at will between one foot and 15 feet. Vergadain can always tell where this necklace is, even several planes distant (he helped to enchant it, and it is linked to him) and can override the control of any other being wearing it when he is within a mile of the necklace. The necklace is of nondescript appearance, apparently limitless powers, and changes to fit the wearer with the change in body size. It cannot be made to power or enact any other magical effect, and does not alter the wearer's appearance or the size of any clothing or gear.

If someone stole the necklace, it might go something like this:

A human female thief who stole the necklace could shrink to a foot in height, but would probably be instantly entangled in her clothing, or even pinned un-



der her own falling dagger, belt, or boots. At that point, Vergadain would probably instantly force her to 15 feet in height, ruining the clothing as she shot up through it, attracting his and everyone else's attention to her exact location, and braining her (1d2 points of damage plus 1d2 rounds stunned) on any normal ceiling present.

If the thief was smart enough not to wear the necklace or allow it to touch her bare skin anywhere, only the necklace would change size. Attention-getting and harmful to any clothing concealing it, of course, Vergadain could still track her by the necklace, until she got rid of it.

Vergadain can *spider climb* at will. Nine times a day, he can by will create *silence* in any 20 foot-radius or smaller area, altering the size of the area at will. Such silence remains in effect for one turn (or less if dispelled by the avatar; it will resist all mortal *dispel magic* spells and abilities).

Dumathoin

Keeper of Secrets Under the Mountain
Intermediate Power

"The Silent Keeper" never speaks, although he may set subtle clues as to his purposes and the nature of the world beneath the surface, for those with keen eyes and wits to perceive them. Du-

mathoin is the protector of all mountain dwarves, and the keeper of all metals. His priests believe that he lays veins of iron, copper, gold, silver, and mithral where they will most benefit his followers, when found. He is said to hide the secrets of the earth until they are ready to be uncovered by the diligent and the deserving.

Dumathoin created a paradise under the mountains for the mountain dwarves, when Moradin named him their protector. He shaped natural caverns of great beauty, studded with rich and beautiful deposits of shining metals and glittering outcroppings of crystalline gems. He was angered when the dwarves began to mine the mountains, destroying the beauty he had created.

Dumathoin was pleased, flattered, and a little awed, however, when he saw the finely crafted items the dwarves produced from the ores they had mined. He no longer objects to tunneling, mining, or the keeping of treasures underground.

The Keeper frowns, however, on clumsy or crude rock-cutting, activity that does not smooth and follow the natural flows and highlight the natural features of the rock. Cutting that causes cavern collapses and floodings are even less to his liking, and he is openly angered by those who pillage. He will typically manifesting his displeasure in small earthquakes or dreaded 'rumblings in the deep: Pillagers, in Dumathoin's eyes, are



beings of all races who take the earth's riches away (i.e. to the surface) for unfair or selfish purposes, taking more than their share, and leaving rubble and other messes in their wake.

Miners of all races in the North (and dwarves south of the Sea of Fallen Stars) regard Dumathoin as their patron, and often carry a small diamond, agate, or other gemstone (of about 10 gp value) with them, to attract his favor. (Certain types of gemstones are not used for this purpose: see Berronar, below.)

Dumathoin is friendly with Hephaestus and other nondwarven gods of the earth and smithcraft. He supplies nondwarven gods of blacksmiths with adamantine ore, and sometimes does business with the other gods (through his and their priests) for metals and ores as well.

Although Dumathoin spends much of his time in his home plane of Concordant Opposition, he uses a unique power to keep underground and mountainous areas of several worlds under almost constant surveillance. This power is *stone seeing*, in effect a *wizard eye* usable from Dumathoin's own plane into any location on the Prime Material Plane, with unlimited range so long as it can extend through solid rock. Dumathoin can 'see' various veins and inclusions in solid rock, including moving xorn. However, he can only see as well as humans or dwarves do from a rock surface; i.e. from any cavern floor, wall, or ceiling.

Favored Manifestations: The Keeper of Secrets commonly manifests in two helpful ways and two harmful ways, treating dwarves and nondwarves equally.

Often when miners or other creatures are lost underground, particularly when their light sources are all gone, the power of Dumathoin will guide them to safety by causing rock crystals exposed in the stone walls to silently and suddenly sparkle or wink in sequence, beckoning and outlining a route. Where crystals are lacking, areas of bare rock may glow for a time.

Many miners pray to Dumathoin in thanks for another underearth phenomenon: the sudden, spontaneous shifting of wedged boulders or rubble blockages that have trapped miners or prevented their further exploration.

In the same way, they call rumblings and other earth tremors 'the warnings of Dumathoin,' and heed them when they occur as a cavern is first entered, or a rock-face first struck with pick or hammer. If warning tremors are ignored, or Dumathoin's anger is severe, a cave-in will occur above the offenders, typically a minor one doing 4d8 damage (a successful save vs. petrification reduces this damage to 2d8). Dumathoin also uses this technique to punish individuals who offend him by their actions. In such cases, the Keeper typically causes a "localized rockfall" (i.e. down on the head of one offending character), from either a rock ceiling overhead, or, if on the outside of a mountain, from a peak or ledge above. The damage is the same, but no saving throw to reduce it is allowed, and there is no chance of other characters being hit, or a further collapse occurring; Dumathoin's power is precise.

Avatar: Dumathoin appears as a tremendously powerful dwarf. His shoulders are as broad as most barn doors, and his arms are knotted and bulging with corded muscles. His skin is earth-brown, his hair and beard the hue of grey stone, and his eyes are of silver fire.

He gestures rather than speaking, and has never been known to do more than grunt in exertion or pain, or sigh, in the presence of mortals. The Keeper has a stolid patience and tolerance of nondwarves and hasty behavior lacking in most other dwarven deities, but he is just as patient and implacable an enemy, when angered. Most who offend Dumathoin and realize what they have done set at once to loudly and fervently pray for his forgiveness. They often offer to make amends by bringing back gems and metal treasures to the place where they offended him—immediately, if possible, or by a specified time, if not. If they keep this promise, Dumathoin is usually appeased. If they seem forgetful, they'd better not ever go near a mountain or cave again!

AL: Neutral (lawful)
Symbol: A cut, faceted gem inside a mountain (silhouette)
AC: -2
MV: 9

HP: 128
THAC0: 5
#AT: 2
DMG: 1d6 + 6 (mattock) + 7
MR: 20%
SZ: H (18')
CLASSES: Fighter 16, Thief 12
 STR 19 DEX 15 CON 20
 INT 18 WIS 19 CHA 13 (19)

SP: all, combat, creation, elemental (earth), protection, animal*, divination*, guardian*, healing*, necromantic*, plant*, sun*.

SA: If encountered underground, Dumathoin has the power to directly attack by "localized rockfall," the same way he manifests (see above). He can cause such a fall once per round by a simple gesture, unerringly doing 4d8 damage to all in a 20 foot-diameter area.

Once per day, the Keeper can instantly summon 3-18 earth elementals at will. They will fight for him to the death and will all have 16 hit dice.

The Keeper himself wields a great, two-handed mattock of solidified magma, a *mattock* + 5.

Dumathoin also has the power to use all earth-, stone-, and metal-related wizard spells as if he was a 30th level wizard, but can't use any other wizard spells.

SD: A magical weapon enchanted to +3 or better is required to hit Dumathoin.

AbbaThor

Great Master of Greed
 Intermediate Power

Although his home is a gold-lined cavern complex, the Glitterhell, deep in Oinos, the first gloom of Hades, this fell and evil dwarven god sometimes roams the Realms in search of more treasure. He is governed by his lust for treasure, and is treacherous in his dealings with dwarves. He will never help any nondwarven deity or being.

AbbaThor was once interested purely in the natural beauty of gems and metals, but became embittered when Moradin appointed Dumathoin the protector of mountain dwarves, a position AbbaThor felt should be his. From that day onward, AbbaThor has become ever more devious



and self-serving, in a continual effort to wreak revenge on the other gods by establishing greed, especially evil greed, as the driving force in all dwarven lives. He especially hates and works against both Dumathoin and Moradin.

Abbathor's greed governs him: should he see treasure worth more than 1,000 gp, or any magical item, he will attempt to steal it outright or slay the owner and then take it anyway. If frustrated in an attempt to steal an item, Abbathor will try to destroy it, so as not to be tortured by the memory of his failure.

Abbathor maintains an uneasy truce with the god Vergadain, and sometimes roams the Realms or other worlds (such as Oerth or even Krynn) in search of treasure.

Favored Manifestations: Abbathor manifests purely to work his own ends, typically in one of four ways:

1. He can create a sudden *treasure lust* for gold or gems, in dwarves, gnomes, humans, or halflings (to avoid, save vs. spell at a -2 penalty; -4 if dwarven). Affected beings will do anything Abbathor (i.e. the DM) wants for 6 rounds, provided it is in an attempt to seize known treasure and keep it, slaying all witnesses if that seems necessary. Combat with friends or loved ones allows repeated saves, each round, to break free of Abbathor's power.

2. Abbathor can cause any dwarf to be suddenly made aware of the precise location, nature, and value of hidden gems within 10 feet.

3. Abbathor can cause magical *silence*, *15' radius* and *darkness*, both lasting one turn, to aid the escape of a dwarf who has stolen something.

4. Finally, whenever a treasure chest is opened or a hoard-pile is disturbed while the god is watching, Abbathor will try to cause gems and/or coins to 'leap' of their own accord. He will make them fall and bounce or roll away into crevices or other hiding-places where the god may recover them later. Allow a 2 in 6 chance of this happening; if it occurs, roll 1d12 to determine how many valuables are affected, and allow PCs Dexterity checks to trap, catch, or retrieve them, according to how they act.

Sometimes, when Abbathor's avatar is present in the Realms, two other manifes-

tations will occur.

First, when Abbathor hears his name spoken (in the way all avatars can), a hand-like invisible force will snatch and clutch at the purse, pockets, worn jewelry or sacks of the speaker, by way of warning. If anything comes loose (apply item saving throws, and/or Strength and Dexterity checks, as the circumstances suggest), treat the objects as 'leaping into hiding' (as above), for Abbathor to claim later.

Second, when Abbathor's avatar or a being (almost always a dwarf) he is concentrating upon walks close to gems, cut or natural and still embedded in stone, they will 'sing' with a high-pitched, multi-toned chiming, rather like the sounds made by the glass and metal wind chimes popular in the South. This singing is audible to all, and serves to guide Abbathor or his chosen being to the gems.

Avatar: Abbathor is squat and hunched, despite his height, and seems to slither and sidle along as he walks, never making much noise, but often rubbing his hands together. If carrying gems or gold, he often caresses these in a continuous, unconscious, overwhelmingly sensuous manner. At times this has made many ignorant folk attack him, overcome by lust to gain the treasure he holds.

The Great Master is said to have burning yellow-green eyes (blazing yellow when eager for treasure or when pouncing upon it, hooded and green while scheming or when thwarted). He has a sharp hooked nose like a giant eagle's beak, and always dresses in leather armor and furs, both fashioned from the skins of creatures who have opposed him, and died to regret it.

He is said to have a harsh, husky, wheedling voice, a quick temper. He tends to hiss and spit when angry.

AL: Neutral evil
 Symbol: Jeweled dagger
 AC: 0
 MV: 12
 HP: 128
 THACO: 5
 #AT: 2
 DMG: 1d4 + 5 (dagger) + 6
 MR: 15%
 SZ: L (8')

CLASSES: Wizard 16, Thief 16
 STR 18 (00) DEX 18 CON 19
 INT 17 WIS 16 CHA 8 (14)

SP: all, charm, combat, divination, guardian, healing*, necromantic*, protection*, summoning*, sun*.

SA: Abbathor wields a diamond-bladed *dagger* +5 with jewels set into the hilt. It does 2d12 (base) points of damage, and can detect the presence (type and amount) of precious metals in a 20 foot radius. It repowers itself by draining life energy from all mortals who touch it: one experience level is lost at the first touch, and one per round or partial round thereafter if the blade continues to be held.

When expecting trouble, Abbathor also bears a shield that can cast a 30 foot-range *blindness* spell at any one creature, once per round. Targets must save at a penalty of -6 (-3 if continually facing away from the shield, which forces them to fight at with a penalty of -4 to their attack rolls and armor class.

SD: Abbathor often carries a pair of golden lions, *figurines of wondrous power*, concealed in a pocket. If hard-pressed, he will hurl these, commanding them to fight for him. If they're overpowered and the god must flee, he simply returns to steal them back, and slay their new owner, as soon as is convenient.

BERRONAR TRUESILVER

Mother of Safety, Ruth, and Home
 The Revered Mother
 Intermediate Power

Berronar is the bride of Moradin, and dwells with him at the Soul Forge beneath the mountains in Solania (fourth of the Seven Heavens, called "Khynduum" in the oldest dwarven writings). She is seen as the patroness of marriage and love (but not necessarily romance; courting dwarves usually pray and make their offerings to Sharindlar, instead). Berronar is the tireless foe of Abbathor; her name is often invoked in small home rituals, for protection against thieves and duplicity.

Although Berronar's avatar is rarely seen in the Realms, she works ceaselessly to preserve and protect dwarven culture and civilization. Her favorite techniques



are to manifest her powers in dwarven mortals on occasions crucial to the survival of a clan, people, or lore-records. She does so either to guide and empower them to protective feats of arms, or to lead them to the discovery of forgotten records, facts, and truths.

Certain gems, including octel, shandon, and sphene, are said by dwarves to be the hardened tears of Berronar. Also, rock crystal qualifies, but only when clear within, and found naturally smoothed by ice or water. These sorts of gems cannot be carried to attract the favor of Dumathoin (see above).

If a braid of Berronar's beard is cut off, it will regrow in a single day. At the end of that day, the lock that was cut off will turn to gold (worth 10,000-40,000 gp). This ability is shared by the goddess herself and her avatar form in the Realms.

Dwarves revere Berronar for her caring and loving service to all dwarves. On very rare occasions, when the most powerful priest of Berronar in a community makes humble supplication to the goddess, Berronar will give such locks of hair to mortal dwarves. This gold is given only to dwarven communities that are exceptionally poor or hard-pressed, and unable to otherwise recover economically.

Favored Manifestations: Berronar can, at a range of one mile or less, use *suggestion* on any intelligent creature. The saving throw is made at a penalty of -7 if the creature is of lawful good alignment, -5 if of another good alignment, -3 if of a neutral alignment, and at -1 if of an evil alignment. Berronar will employ this power to lead chosen dwarves to open certain chests, go to certain locations, and so on to uncover the secrets she wants known again. These secrets are usually about the past glories of the dwarven civilizations.

In more pressing conditions, Berronar can empower an individual dwarf with her favor, which appears as an aura or radiance of bright silver. While so imbued (a condition typically lasting 1 or 2 turns), a favored dwarf can gain three benefits. First, he has the armor class of Berronar's avatar, -4. Next, he is affected as if by a *haste* spell for which no aging occurs. Finally, he receives attack and damage bonuses of +2, but this 'brute force' aid is

done only in emergencies.

Berronar prefers to work through lawful good dwarven fighters, using *suggestion* to encourage appeals to her. If such a warrior appeals to the Revered Mother for aid for a particular purpose, and makes an appropriately large sacrifice, there is a 5% chance Berronar will imbue the warrior with power. The sacrifice should consist mainly of the dwarfs of wealth, which Berronar causes to vanish from her temple altars, and personally distributes to the poorest dwarves throughout the Realms. DMs might want to secretly raise this chance to around 45% for nonplayer characters. Only dwarves of exceptionally pure heart will be considered for this honor, and Berronar almost always grants it only once in every 10 years to the same individual.

Avatar: The Revered Mother appears as a huge dwarf, fearless of aspect but gentle in speech, whose brown beard is braided into four rows. She has the power to take the shape of an aged dwarf of either sex, or even a short, stooped human crone—and when in such a form, no god or mortal can detect anything of her divine nature or powers (although she retains full use of them). Berronar often uses this lesser form to watch and judge dwarves, walking among them to learn what treatment she will receive.

AL: Lawful good

Symbol: Two silver rings

AC: -4

MV: 12

HP: 144

THACO: 7

#AT: 2

DMG: 1d6 +4 (mace) +3

MR: 20%

SZ: H (19')

CLASSES: Fighter 14, Priest 12

STR 18 (01) **DEX** 16 **CON** 20

INT 19 **WIS** 19 **CHA** 18 (24)

SP: all, charm, creation, divination, guardian, healing, plant, protection, sun, animal*, astral*, combat*, elemental (earth)*, necromantic*.

SA: Berronar wields a *mace* +4 of steel chased with gold. The mace will slay all evil thieves and anyone currently engaged in killing for a living (e.g. mercenary warriors, hired murderers, and

priests or other officials knowingly on a mission that will involve their deliberately causing the death of another) on contact. This property will fail if the struck target saves vs. death magic with a penalty of -4; one successful save means that the being is immune to the mace's power.

SD: Berronar wears *everbright* silver *chain mail* +5 that cannot be harmed by fire. It protects its wearer from all fire, heat, and electrical (lightning) attacks.

She also wears two silver rings of great power; one prevents anyone from knowingly telling a falsehood within 100 feet of her. The other prevents the use of all thieving abilities by mortals within 100 feet of her. A thief may avoid this if he successfully saves vs. spell with a penalty of -2 in every round in which he attempts to use any thievery skill.

If either of these rings is removed from Berronar's possession, they will crumble into nothingness forever in 2-12 days. Their magic will become only 33% reliable in the last 2 days before they fall apart.

Marthammor Duin

Finder-of-Trails

The Watcher over Wanderers

Lesser Power

The Watcher over Wanderers is the protector of dwarves who make their lives in human society in the North, rather than keeping to mountain or deep-delve enclaves. He is the patron of adventurers and explorers, allowing them to find escape routes or leading them to victory in their travels. He also watches over dwarven craftsmen of any good alignment, keeping their homes and persons safe.

Marthammor is seldom at home in his Cavern of Rest, which is guarded by the souls of those dwarves who perished while traveling aboveground, and by boars and war-dogs trained by the god himself. The Cavern lies in the ever-shifting underways of Nidavellir, third layer of Gladsheim. Marthammor spends most of his time wandering the northern reaches of Faerun in his avatar form.

Favored Manifestations: The Finder



of Trails almost always manifests himself in one of four ways helpful to dwarves and to their companions and friends. He is far less xenophobic than most dwarves or their deities.

In the wilds, Marthammor will indicate to troubled dwarves the safest or best way to proceed by appearing as a glowing upright mace, floating in midair. His image is a bright, blue-white translucent mace which has no tangible existence, but which is not destroyed by being 'passed through.' It is unaffected by *dispel magic* or other magical attacks and effects. The *Mace of Marthammor* gives off enough light to read by, and floats along in front of dwarves, patiently guiding them along his chosen route.

In situations where precipices, pit-traps or other dangers lurk, or when a wrong choice of route has been made, Marthammor will manifest as a glowing, blue-white, disembodied hand. The hand will signal 'stop' by appearing fingers together and palm open in warning. It will point back or in other directions to outline traps or to indicate a better way. The hand can even trace clan symbols or dwarven runes to establish its identity or to communicate messages.

In the homes of dwarves, Marthammor manifests as a mace of pulsing light that strikes unseen surfaces in midair to make a ringing, crashing sound audible only to dwarves. This alarm warns of thieves or other intruders, and will strike one blow against an intruder (normal mace damage, automatic hit) before vanishing.

In cases of imminent invasion (i.e. by an orc horde) or other natural disaster that dwarven residents cannot hope to defeat, Marthammor can appear in the dreams of dwarves to warn them to move away in haste. If no dwarf is asleep, Marthammor manifests as a glowing *magic mouth* floating above the image of his symbol, and warns the residents directly. Any wizard who attempts to duplicate Marthammor's *magic mouth* symbol will invite an immediate personal attack by the god. If such an imposter has trap planned for the god, Marthammor will sense it and bring several other dwarven deities—such as his friends Clangedin and Gorm—with him.

Avatar: The Finder appears as a thin, raven-bearded dwarf dressed in leather

armor and furs, cloaked in natural colors (usually green). He may carry a walking stick of rough wood, and often leaves it behind "accidentally" after encountering dwarves.

Treat the walking-stick as a *quarterstaff* + 1. When in the hands of a dwarf, it will furnish one *limited wish* if that wish is spoken aloud as the stick is broken. The walking-stick will then crumble into dust as the wishing-magic is expended, accompanied by the ringing tone of a mace crashing against metal in the distance. A nondwarf who breaks one of Marthammor's staves will merely destroy its magic, ending up with two or more splintered pieces of wood.

AL: Chaotic good (neutral)

Symbol: An upright mace, over a single leather boot trimmed with fur, toe to the right

AC: -1

MV: 12

HP: 120

THAC0: 5

#AT: 1

DMG: 2d20 (mace) + 3

MR: 10%

SZ: L (12')

CLASSES: Ranger 15

STR 18/65 **DEX** 16 **CON** 17
INT 17 **WIS** 16 **CHA** 14 (20)

SP: all, combat, creation, divination, guardian, healing, protection, sun, animal*, charm*, elemental (earth)*, necromantic*, plant*, summoning*, weather control (lightning)*.

SA: The Finder wields a huge mace of steel, that glows and pulses as if still red-hot from the forge. It is not in fact hot, and does 2-20 base damage by its impact only, not through heat or flame. Marthammor can swing this weapon, or another, in a round, and also employ one of his magical powers every second round, without affecting his physical activity.

Marthammor can create one quarterstaff (see above) at the end of every 6 turns. The creation requires a physical staff be cut from a tree (a physical activity), and then enchanted (the Finder's magical activity for that round; it requires continual grasping of the staff and concentration, but does not preclude other

physical activity). Marthammor can use the staff himself, including its *limited wish*.

SD: Marthammor can *blink*, *dimension door*, *pass without trace* or *passwall* at will, one power per round. There must be a round of power inactivity on Marthammor's part between each round in which he does use magical powers.

Marthammor can cast *freedom* (the reverse of *imprisonment*) at will, by touching the ground. He is at all times himself immune to the effects of petrification and polymorph spells cast by others, as he is to *charm*, *entangle*, *maze* and *trap the soul* magics. In addition to his conscious powers, has continuous, natural *free action* (as the ring).

Gorm GulThyn

Fire-Eyes

Lesser Power

The guardian and protector of dwarvenkind the Realms over is a tireless defender of the Stout Folk. Although he nominally dwells in Watchkeep, his tower home in the blizzard-whipped mountains of Shurrock, he returns to it only when he needs the armory he has amassed there, or his magical *Seat of Healing*. The rest of the time, Gorm is in the Realms, *teleporting* from place to place to aid dwarves in withstanding armed attacks or powerful monsters.

Favored Manifestations: Gorm prefers to act directly (see below), husbanding his power for personal combat. He therefore manifests seldom, except to imbue dwarven individuals with temporary fighting powers. These powers are described above under *Manifestations*, at the beginning of this chapter.

On occasion, he will rouse sleeping dwarves or otherwise warn of intruders or impending attack by causing a disembodied metal gauntlet to appear. The gauntlet will strike any handy metal shield or breastplate. The struck metal will ring with a terrific rolling, gong-like noise, and will sport two burning eyes for the next turn. When the eyes fade, two eyeholes will have been burned in the metal. Dwarves treasure such damaged shields and armor, and always display



them as trophies, rather than melting them down to make a whole item again.

If Gorm must leave a battle (see below) knowing the dwarves there still face a grave challenge, he will manifest later as a glowing hand. His hand will break ropes, hurl back siege ladders, and strike blows (one a round, for 1-6 damage + 14). It operates with Gorm's full strength, and 'sees' by means of two burning eyes in its palm.

Avatar: Gorm appears as a dwarf clad in full plate armor of golden-brown hue, chased and decorated with red, crawling, ever-changing runes that allow it to act as a *ring of spell turning*. He says little, but has a stern, booming voice when he does speak.

Gorm's power is such that he can remain in one place for only a turn at most. He therefore acts only when dwarves are already engaged in combat, and need his aid. At such times he appears, engages in a frenzied, all-out attack, seeking to do the most damage to the enemies of the dwarves as he possibly can, and then vanishes again. He cannot return to a given place in avatar form twice in the same day (24-hour period), but can manifest himself in between his appearances, in a continuing battle.

AL: Lawful neutral (good)

Symbol: A shining bronze or brass metal mask with two eyeholes of flame

AC: -1

MV: 12

HP: 120

THACO: 5

#AT: 2

DMG: weapon + 7

MR: 15%

SZ: L (11')

CLASSES: Paladin 15

STR 19 DEX 16 CON 18
INT 16 WIS 16 CHA 15 (21)

SP: all, combat, divination, guardian, healing, protection, sun, animal*, charm*, creation*, elemental (earth)*, necromantic*, summoning*.

SA: Once every second round, Gorm can emit a short-duration fiery beam from his eyes. This thin beam can attack up to 2 opponents in a round, striking with Gorm's normal 'hand-to-hand'

THACO, and replacing Gorm's magical activity in the round. Gorm can use it in combination with physical attacks and ongoing magical effects. The beam reaches up to 90 feet away, and does 2d8 fiery damage to all creatures struck by it (1d8 if a save vs. spells is successful). Creatures immune to flame damage will be unharmed.

The beam acts as an instant ('searing' level) *heat metal* on all metal that it touches. A second beam striking the same piece or area of metal will *melt* the metal, unless it saves vs. lightning (magical items gain saving throw bonuses equal to any attack bonuses they possess). Note that an armored character struck by the beam would suffer both direct beam damage and the 'searing' damage as from a *heat metal* spell. If the beam strikes again, both types of damage would be suffered again, and the armor would collapse into liquid metal blobs, falling from its wearer's body!

SD: Gorm is protected by a permanent *protection from normal missiles* effect natural to his body. It cannot be affected by *dispel magic*, nor can it be temporarily negated, and operates constantly and independently of the god's magical activity.

Once per turn, Gorm can by silent act of will use *spell turning*. In Gorm's case, however, he can reflect back the effects of any spells, spell-like magical powers, or effects from magical items directed at him back up on the casters or wielders. *Spell turning* counts as Gorm's magical activity for the round, but cannot be stopped by physical restraints or attacks, operates instantaneously, and can deal with any number of attacks launched at the god, simultaneously.

Gorm's magical *Seat of Healing* at his home in Watchkeep can restore all lost hit points to the god or any being he allows to sit on it. The *Seat* also *regenerates* extensive damage, in 1d4 + 1 turns.

Haela Brightaxe

Lady of the Fray, Luckmaiden,
Battle-sister
Demipower

Dwarves who wander Faerun and who must face unknown dangers, particularly

in the north, often worship Haela "the Hard," whose specialty is luck in battle. She is the patron of those dwarves who love the fray, and aids those who battle monsters.

Haela dwells in a simple cave, hidden by everpresent mists in the depths of a forest. Her cave is guarded by seven high-level dwarven warriors. They wield normal weapons, and have *true seeing*. These guardians cannot be turned. If slain, they dissipate, only to re-form 1d4 + 1 days later. Haela's cave is on Brux, in the Happy Hunting Grounds, but she bothers none of the animals who dwell there, keeping to herself. She is usually to be found in Wildspace or on a world such as Toril, wherever dwarves are enjoying a battle but in need of aid.

Favored Manifestations: Haela manifests only rarely, preferring to appear directly instead. When she does manifest, it is either in cases where she will not be otherwise needed, or to help dwarves 'hold on' until she can deal with other matters and arrive to help.

Haela's manifestations always involve an aura of silvery flames, shot through with blue-white and amber sparks. These are images only, not true flames or sparks, and cannot ignite anything.

If Haela's aura surrounds a dwarf, her power *heals* the dwarf of all injuries, and allows the dwarf to strike at + 4 to hit for 1d4 + 1 rounds. This imbues the dwarf with power enough to consider any weapons wielded to be "silver" or "magical, +4," or both, for purposes of damage that can be inflicted by the empowered dwarf.

If Haela's power surrounds a weapon, it is rendered "supreme" for 1d4 + 1 rounds: any attacks made with it during this time cannot miss, and do full normal damage. If a weapon empowered by Haela is already magical, its magical properties are suspended by Haela's magic, and cannot operate (or be harmed or drained): the weapon will do only physical damage until Haela's power fades.

Avatar: Haela appears as a powerfully-muscled female dwarf, clad only in her long, flowing silver hair and beard. She dances and twirls about constantly, wielding a two-handed sword that cannot cut her. She often hurls it into the air and



catches it by the blade, vaults upwards to a high ledge or balcony with a hand upon its point, or slides down it exuberantly in play.

Haela usually appears in a spectacular blue-white burst of flames, which blossoms from nowhere, and does no fiery damage. Once present, she engages the fiercest foe of, or the creature offering the most pressing danger to, the dwarves that she can find. She will battle it for four rounds and, if it is slain, attack a second opponent of the dwarves for the remaining round or rounds. She will then empower a dwarf (see Manifestations, above) and/or a weapon, then disappear with a hand held high.

Haela's sword is encircled by tongues of spiraling flame while she fights; she can will these to vanish or reappear freely and they will do so instantly, but cannot reappear on the same round in which they vanish. The flames themselves are harmless. The weapon does 2d12 points of damage. Haela does 1d10 damage barehanded, and can parry just as well when weaponless.

Haela's presence causes such exultation in dwarves that they fight with a + 1 bonus on all attack rolls while they can see her. In cases where Haela aids beleaguered dwarves, she usually dances in front of their enemies, engaging and parrying rather than striking to do damage, allowing the dwarves time to regroup and drag their wounded to safety. Then she will heal 2d4 dwarves (see Manifestations, above), strike one blow in earnest, and vanish, hurrying on to the next conflict.

In such cases, consider Haela able to engage 1d8 creatures while parrying their attacks in her 'battle dance.' She cannot stop magical attacks, but automatically ruins all spellcasting, and lessens/thwarts physical attacks upon her or the dwarves she is protecting as follows:

If Haela faces one or two opponents, all attacks are automatically thwarted, and the creatures cannot advance against her.

If Haela faces three, four, or five opponents, all their attacks are made at a penalty of - 3 to hit, and - 1 on damage.

If Haela faces six, seven, or eight opponents, all their attacks are made at a penalty of - 1 to hit (no effect on damage).

Creatures in excess of eight are unaf-

ected by Haela's dance of battle: they get through to attack normally. Count flying creatures as two opponents when using these totals. If Haela deems it necessary to heal (once per round) while dancing, her healing action lessens her parrying ability by two opponents.

Any successful attacks on Haela while she is parrying do half damage whether she is armed or unarmed.

Haela is seldom in any one place for long, and almost never returns to the same fray or dwarven individuals twice in a day. However, she favors especially bold or valiant dwarves, and may, in the course of their lives, aid them repeatedly. It is said that she appears when her favorites die, to carry their souls away to become her Guardians, and to avenge their deaths by pursuing and slaying their killers, however long it takes and no matter how powerful they are. If such killers are subsequently raised, Haela takes no further action against them; their payment has been made.

AL: Chaotic good (neutral)

Symbol: A naked sword encircled by a flaming bolt (a two-ended spiral of flame)

AC: 0

MV: 24

HP: 112

THAC0: 7

#AT: 2

DMG: 2d6 (sword) + 3

MR: 10%

SZ: M (6')

CLASSES: Fighter 14

STR 18/01 DEX 19 CON 17

INT 16 WIS 15 CHA 16 (22)

SP: all, combat, guardian, healing, protection, creation*, necromantic*, sun*.

SA: Once per turn Haela can call into being her *Brightaxe*, a shining silver throwing axe as tall as a man. It appears in midair in one round, and flashes through the air in accordance to her will in the next round (preventing Haela from using any other magical powers for both rounds). The *Brightaxe* flies up to 140 feet distant within the second round, attacking at THAC0 1, and dealing any creature struck by it 3d12 points of damage (no save), and (if mortal) *stunning* them (no voluntary activities, including spellcast-

ing or magical activations of any kind) for the following round.

SD: Once per day Haela can call up *immunity to blades*, a power that lasts for nine continuous rounds. It allows all metal weapons to pass through her body as though through empty air, doing her no damage. Note that she cannot use, grasp or deflect such weapons during her immunity, except by use of a nonmetal club or other aid. She can by touch transfer this protection to another creature at any time.

Once per day, Haela can employ *resurrection* (as the priest spell) on any one being, without apparently suffering any aging effects. Creatures so restored to life automatically make successful survival saving throws. Haela customarily does this only to dwarves who died valiantly in battle, although if dwarves beg her to, she will use this power to aid nondwarven companions and allies of the dwarves.

Thard Harr

Lord of the Jungle Deeps, Disentangler
Lesser Power

This deity is revered only by the wild dwarves of the jungles of Faerun. Thard Harr appears seldom in the Realms, preferring to roam the Beastlands (the Happy Hunting Grounds), aiding his worshippers through his manifestations instead. He is said to have no permanent abode, but to wander all three layers of the Beastlands constantly, stalking, hunting, and frolicking with the beasts who dwell there, running as one of them rather than preying upon them.

Thard Harr is the protector of the Jungle Dwarves, aiding them against intruders and marauding beasts.

Favored Manifestations: Thard Harr's manifestations involve low, continuous thudding and snarling sounds that apparently emanate from the empowered beings. The sounds are unstoppable and have no special effects. Empowered beings begin to glow with a crawling, pulsing nimbus of cherry-red light, and they are imbued with power from the god for up to one turn.

Thard Harr empowers only one being at a time, either a Wild Dwarf or a jungle



beast. Beasts simply use their natural attacks and abilities to fight for the Wild Dwarves to the death. They are rendered immune to natural or magical *entanglement*, including snares, any form of *charm* or mental influences (including illusions), and become fearless, attacking despite fire, spells, or opponents of large size or demonstrated ferocity.

Empowered dwarves gain a temporary bonus of four levels (affecting THACO, all saving throws, and hit points). Temporary hit points gained in this way are lost with the withdrawal of Thard Harr's power, but all damage suffered by the dwarf is taken first from these.

Empowered dwarves also gain "the Claws of the God": their hands become rending talons, each doing 1d4 + 2 damage. Roll two attacks per round for dwarves with "the Claws." Empowered dwarves toss weapons aside, preferring to fight with their hands.

Thard Harr often manifests in one dwarf after another in the same conflict, so that intruders may face one empowered dwarf for a turn, another for the next turn, and so on. The god never aids

the same dwarves for more than six turns in a day, but may aid them in separate 'visits' (either actual, or in manifestations), to make up this total, if danger persists.

Avatar: Thard Harr appears as a dark-skinned, potbellied dwarf covered with tattoos and tufts of long, matted hair. He cannot be caught in any web, shrubbery, vines, jaws, or glues (of monsters or plants), and can *feather fall* any distance.

The Disentangler is naked, except for the thick growth of hair that covers his torso, his long beard, and the ornate copper helm he wears, that conceals his face at all times. It is fashioned in the shape of a crocodile's head, and is festooned with a fringe of dangling teeth, reportedly torn from creatures the god has slain.

Thard Harr wears scaled, adamantite gauntlets strapped to his forearms at the elbow (as high as they reach). These gauntlets end in jointed, razor-sharp claws that can rake or spear for 2d8 damage each, and are reputedly unbreakable. Wild Dwarves speak of opponents or natural forces so powerful and dangerous that they might well "blunt the claws of Harr himself," but never allude to the

breaking of any claw, or the defeat of their god in any fight.

Thard Harr seldom speaks, but has been known to purr, growl, snarl and roar like a great cat.

AL: Chaotic good (neutral)

Symbol: Two crossed, metal gauntlets of silvery-blue, luminous metal, ending in claws and covered with lapped scales

AC: 2

MV: 14

HP: 112

THACO: 7

#AT: 2

DMG: 2d8 (claws) +4

MR: 15%

SZ: M (6')

CLASSES: Ranger 14

STR 18/90

DEX 16

CON 18

INT 14

WIS 15

CHA 14 (20)

SP: all, combat, guardian, healing, plant, protection, animal*, creation*, necromantic*, sun*.

SA: Thard Harr can breathe out a spicy, greenish-blue gas once per day. The cloud is a cone 5 feet wide at its base and 20 feet wide at its furthest extent (20 feet away). All creatures in this cloud when it is released and on the round following must save vs. breath weapon or be unable to unleash or activate any spells or magic items for the next nine rounds. Ongoing or already-activated magic will continue to function, but cannot be altered in target, power level, or attitude, as the DM judges appropriate.

SD: Thard Harr is immune to *charms*, *holds*, illusions, and poisons of all sorts. He is fearless, oblivious to pain and all its effects, and can reattach severed limbs or torn body parts just as a troll does; his touch can empower any dwarf to do this (including *regeneration* of 1d4 + 1 hp per round) for three rounds.



PRIESTS OF THE DWARVES

The gods of the dwarves aid their dwindling, beleaguered worshippers more directly than the deities of any other race. This makes dwarven clerics at once more important and less prone to corruption than priests of other races. The dwarves and their priesthoods are explored here.

Divine Aid

Any cleric, of any level, can call on his or her deity for aid. Among the dwarves, however, they may expect, sometime in their careers, to be answered. How likely the coming of divine aid is depends on the situation. The identity of the dwarf entreats plays a part. Dwarven deities value faithful and diligent followers, and acquire favorites among their priests, who will get special attention. The major consideration, however, is how helpful the aid will be to the survival and betterment of the dwarves in the long run.

It is recommended that the DM personally decide on all cases of requested divine intervention. This is in order to make for the most exciting adventures possible, and to prevent abuse of this potential 'helping hand'. Such aid should be a last-ditch refuge, not a preemptive weapon. In general, dwarven clerics should be guided by the thought that dwarven gods are most pleased by worshippers who help themselves, not by followers who expect their gods to pull them out of every dangerous or merely uncomfortable situation.

It may be wise for the DM to pretend to roll dice to decide on all cases of requested divine intervention, and in some cases, a DM will undoubtedly want to randomly determine such aid. Roll percentile dice (results hidden from players), and allow a base 5% chance of aid, rolled whenever a plea is made. If the gods are called upon, there is a maximum of one roll per supplicant for each deity named. Such pleas should only be allowed at the height of the conflict.

If any percentile roll is successful, aid comes. Roll 1d20. Any result of 13 or less means the god will intervene with a *divine manifestation*. A result of 14 through 16 means multiple *manifestations* occur. A result of 17 through 20 means a direct appearance of the divinity's *avatar*. The

manifestations and avatars are detailed under the entry for each god; choose the god called upon, or the one with the most appropriate portfolio.

Some gods are prone to taking a direct hand. Others prefer to work through manifestations, appearing in person only rarely. The chances given here should be adjusted by as much as three or four points on the dice to reflect this.

As a general rule, deities avoid giving aid in cases of conflict between dwarves. None of the deities encourage such conflict, and dislike taking sides openly before their faithful. They will aid dwarves against duergar, however, by manifestation only. The exception to this is Abbathor, who, by manifestation only, will aid duergar against other dwarven races.

Who Worships Who

Throughout the Realms, a traveler may find oddities among worshippers: a dragon who worships the dwarven deity Dumathoin, for example, or a human who prays to the elven god Solonar Thelandira. There are exceptions to all generalizations as to the nature of worshippers in Toril, and, one suspects, on almost all worlds and planes. DMs should not, therefore, feel constrained to place the same limits on the classes, alignments, and races of NPC worshippers that game balance dictates must apply to player-character worshippers.

Generalizations are useful as a ready guide to rational and accepted worship for player characters, and to DMs for the quick creation of background for NPCs. Here, then, is a "worshipper list" for the dwarven gods of the Realms:

Moradin: All dwarves appease Moradin, even if they do not wholeheartedly support him. All lawful good dwarves support and work openly to serve the Soul Forger, even if they also worship another deity.

Clangedin Silverbeard: All dwarves who must fight, especially dwarves who are warriors by profession, worship Clangedin Silverbeard. The Father of Battle is especially the deity of choice among lawful neutral dwarven warriors.

Dumathoin: All dwarves who live in, or venture into, subterranean areas or

mountains, and who work directly with the riches of the earth worship the Silent Keeper. All dwarven miners and many nondwarven miners at least appease him, even if they do not fully support him.

Abbathor: Most evil dwarves and all dwarven thieves worship the Great Master of Greed. Many dwarves and even nondwarves consumed with treasure-lust and greed, or who seek to steal valuables make offerings to him.

Vergadain: Dwarves of all neutral alignments engaged in commerce and concerned with wealth, especially merchants and thieves, worship the Trickster.

Berronar Truesilver: Lawful good dwarves who value their families, clans, and the common strength and security of dwarven society worship the Revered Mother. All dwarves of any alignment who seek a safe refuge, or who want their loved ones or relatives kept safe offer her appeasement, as well.

Sharindlar: All dwarven healers, midwives, physics, and lovers pray to the Lady of Life. In appeasement, dwarves of ail alignments and races who are courting and those who must sentence others in the cause of justice make offerings to her, as well.

Marthammor Duin: All dwarven craftsmen of any good alignment, and dwarven adventurers and explorers, particularly those of chaotic or neutral good alignment, are devout followers of the Finder-of-Trails. For good fortune, respect is given Marthammor by all Wanderers.

Gorm Gulthyn: All dwarves who serve as guardians worship Fire-eyes. Also, in appeasement, those who require protection or armed aid pay tribute to the protector of dwarvenkind. Lawful neutral and lawful good dwarves in particular turn to Gorm.

Haela Brightaxe: Dwarves of any alignment who love battle, who wander the surface lands (especially in the North), and who must battle monsters turn to the Lady of the Fray. Love of battle or berserker tendencies and chaotic or neutral good alignment in particular lead dwarves to embrace active worship of Haela.

Thard Harr: Jungle or Wild dwarves of all alignments beat their drums for Thard



Harr. Some hunters of all races and alignments operating in jungle areas look to the Disentangler for guidance, as well.

Priests

Dwarven priests are individuals who feel a special affinity for a particular god, usually from birth. They must want to further the aims of the god, feel a love and kinship for the god, and will often hear the god speak, feel the god's emotions, or (by vision) see the god act, in their minds.

There is a particular 'look' about the eyes and face of a dwarven priest, that is readily discernible (in good light, and within 20 feet) to another dwarf of the same race, but never to strangers or nondwarves. This is a subtle look of devotion, not a flashing sign that proclaims a priest's level and deity.

dwarven priests try to hide their class from nondwarves. When they must cast spells, they do so from hiding or from a distance. They have generally succeeded in keeping understanding of their spells or even recognition of their existence secret from most nondwarves in Faerun. This is particularly true in the north, where dwarves walk more softly, and more often live among nondwarves.

The rarely-identified dwarven clerics generally function (in terms of spell use, level advancement, and the like) as clerics of all other races do. They do, however, differ in behavior from most human priests. Dwarven clerics may dress and act as nonclerical dwarves do, and often try to keep worship and rituals hidden from nondwarven eyes. Only male dwarves may become clerics of the male dwarven deities, and only female dwarves may become the clerics of the female dwarven deities.

Dwarven clerics are allowed the use of any armor and all bludgeoning weapons. The exceptions are clerics of Abbathor, Clangedin, Haela and Thard Harr, who are allowed the use of all sorts of weapons. The dwarven clerics are allowed to use all magical items not specifically denied to clerics, the usual chances for malfunctions (as described in the *Monstrous Compendium, Volume 2* entry for Dwarf) apply.

No dwarven deity has a sacred or totem animal. Most dwarven clerics cannot turn or dispel undead, but in direct battle with undead creatures, dwarven clerics strike at + 2 on all attack and damage rolls.

Dwarven priests of seventh level and higher are known as "High Old Ones," and gain some special powers, including the ability to turn undead. They are the 'specialty priests' of the dwarves, and often function as direct servants and speakers of the deities, Dwarves of all races and faiths respect High Old Ones, and (unless mentally controlled or unable to identify such a dwarf) will never willingly attack a High Old One, whatever the situation.

The powers of High Old Ones are described after the priesthood details that follow.

Clergies of The Dwarven Gods

Moradin

Portfolio: The dwarven race, its survival, renewal, and advancement.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Creation, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Astral, Elemental (earth only), Necromantic.

Clerical Raiment: Any, though ceremonial garb includes flowing, shining robes of woven wire of electrum, treated with *blueshine*.

Holy Days: At decree of a High Old One (usually to celebrate something), and at the time of the full moon.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Offerings of common or precious metals, especially those already worked by dwarven hands into items of beauty, experimentation, or practical use, such as tools or ornamented hardware.

Ethos and Current Aims: To restore the dwarven races to strong numbers and a position of influence in Faerun, by founding new dwarven kingdoms and increasing the status of dwarves within the wider human-dominated society prevalent in the Realms today.

The center of any shrine to the most powerful of dwarven gods is always a hearth and forge. Temples have ever-burning hearths and forges of the finest workmanship, and are always under-

ground, carved out of solid rock. Sacrifices of common or precious metals are melted down at the forge and reformed into shapes usable by the clergy. Rituals involve chanting, kneeling, and reaching bare-handed into the flames of the forge (Moradin prevents harm to the truly faithful), to handle red- and white-hot objects directly.

Priests entering a temple of Moradin must bow to the forge and surrender all weapons. If they are priests of another faith, they cannot advance beyond the "wall of fire," a knee-high, permanent magical effect, without permission of a High Old One or the avatar of Moradin. Priests of Moradin always strike an anvil standing by the entry once with their hammers, before surrendering them to everpresent dwarven warriors faithful to Moradin: there are always at least four present, and usually seven at any shrine.

Priests of Moradin engage in humble, verbal prayer and in open, earnest discussion of current dwarven problems and issues, more so than any other priesthood. Such discussion is considered to be between equals (even if nondwarves participate), save that the ranking priest of Moradin has the sole authority to open and close discussion on a particular topic.

Worship usually ends with a rising, quickening, fervent chanting in unison of "the dwarves shall prevail, the dwarves shall endure, the dwarves shall grow!" This is repeated ever more loudly, until the plain, massive, battered smith's hammer on the largest anvil of the forge rises up off the anvil of its own volition (moved by the power of the listening god). The hammer may or may not move about or glow to denote the god's will, marked pleasure, or agreement. It always descends gently to the anvil, although when it comes to rest, it makes a thunderous ringing sound, as if brought down on the metal with all of a powerful dwarf's strength.

Clangedin Silverbeard

Portfolio: War and battle.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Guardian, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Charm, Creation, Divination, Elemental (earth), Healing, Necromantic.



Clerical Raiment: Silver chain mail armor, always worn with a war helm. Priests of Clanggedin seldom take off their helms, although there is no prohibition against doing so. Priests of Clanggedin never like to fight with shields, but will do so to protect other dwarves.

Holy Days: Before battle.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: On holy days or during battle, always on a known (past, present, or immediately pending) battlefield. Priests of Clanggedin chant, pray, and break weapons, which they have anointed with a single drop of their own blood. The god often manifests as a glowing radiance to consume the weapons, and this radiance may be extended to worshippers as a temporary protective aura in battle. Offered weapons not consumed by the god will either be twisted and shattered (whereupon they must be melted down, and used for other things), or left untouched (whereupon they may be used again, with the god's approval).

Ethos and Current Aims: To ensure dwarven victory in every open fray. In that light, priests of Clanggedin try to further the weapons-training, tactical training, and battle-skills of every living dwarf who will listen to them. Weapons-crafting and training is a requirement for all worshippers of the god, and priests of the god pass on their battle-knowledge at an almost frantic rate, to all dwarves who will listen. Such dwarves know that the highest service a priest of Clanggedin can do is to sacrifice himself for the cause, on the field of battle.

The god sometimes consumes such dwarves in a bright radiance; dwarves believe that the dying servant is restored by Clanggedin, and taken to serve the god as a guardian. Such guardians sometimes appear again briefly in the Realms as "Ghost Dwarves" to guide lost or defend weak dwarves in the wilds. Such ghosts are easily recognized by those who knew them in life.

Death on the field of battle is never welcomed; a priest of Clanggedin may be personally foolhardy, but his aim is always to protect as many other dwarves as possible, and to go down fighting only when necessary for victory. He will never throw his life away foolishly.

The Father of Battle is often wor-

shipped by frantic prayers in the midst of the fray. At such times, the god answers best those who fight on, fearlessly. When time permits, however, either on the evening before an anticipated battle, or at the burial of a great dwarven warrior, the rituals of worship include a procession of faithful onto the battlefield or gravesite. This procession is led in a mournful dirge, a wordless rising and falling chant, conducted by the priests. The dirge rises slowly into an exultant roaring, and ends in a single, high, clear singing note—an odd, eerie contrast to the rough-voiced 'bloodsong' that has preceded it.

The slow-marching procession is always accompanied by slow, steady drumbeats (the drums carried by lesser priests), and consists of dwarves wearing their most battered armor (freshly used, if possible). These faithful are led and followed by chain mail-armored priests, who may echo the drumbeat by crashing weapons against shields. When the procession reaches its goal, the priests cast down their shields, hold their weapons high, and begin to whisper the god's name.

They then close their eyes and continue whispering, concentrating on whatever image each one has of Clanggedin, which is always the appearance of the avatar or manifestation, if the dwarf has witnessed the direct acts of the god. The priests begin to move towards wherever they feel the god's presence is strongest, and so blindly draw together, until they collide. At that spot, they make the weapon sacrifice, speak the names of the valiant fallen that they wish the god to remember and hold in esteem, and kneel to await a sign from the god. And an answer is often given, from a roll of thunder to a shield speaking a blessing, command, or answer. With this the priests conclude the ritual. If the ritual was a burial, it is concluded with the burial and a solemn march away. If, instead, it was a preparation for a battle, it is concluded with a war-chant and a 'wild run,' waving weapons and emitting whoops and war-cries.

Priests of Clanggedin seek to make the dwarves ever stronger on the battlefield, and are always alert for new tactics, traps, and weapons. For instance, they took great interest in such as those de-

vised by the Lantanna and other worshippers of the human god Gond.

Sharindlar

Portfolio: Healing, mercy, love and fertility.

Major Spheres: All, Charm, Creation, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Combat, Elemental (earth only), Necromantic, Plant.

Clerical Raiment: Any clothing (armor if necessary), accompanied by a blue scarf tied around brow, upper arm, wrist, or ankle. In ceremonial functions, red robes with a blue girdle and scarf are worn. The head is left bare except for scarf.

Holy Days: When the moon begins to wax (the night after the new moon), at Greengrass and at Midsummer Night, and whenever the moon is full

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Gold mixed with the blood of dwarves (see below).

Ethos and Current Aims: The increase of dwarven numbers and health all over the Realms.

The worship of Sharindlar has been kept as secret as possible from non-dwarves in the Realms, especially with respect to her control over fertility. Dwarves in general refer to her as "the Lady of Mercy" whenever they know nondwarves to be listening. Dwarven priests of all faiths who are caring for the wounded or sick, or who are about to cast a healing spell, will often pray briefly for Sharindlar's favor.

The more secret rituals of Sharindlar take place in hidden caverns, wherever there is a pool of water.

Gold is heated until molten, and dwarves let blood from their own forearms into the mixture, which is then poured into the water, as Sharindlar's name is chanted and the dwarves dance about the pool in a frenzy. During their crazed dance, their armor and weapons are kept near at hand but not worn or carried.

In The Deep Realm, these rituals take place around the "Lake of Gold," a lake whose rocky bottom is streaked with gleaming veins of gold. The dwarves never take gold from the lake, whose bottom is now carpeted with the sparkling gold dust of long ages of worship, all from



rituals performed in an effort to raise the low birthrate of the race. Couples, married or not, let blood together over braziers of melting gold, their arms entwined as they ask Sharindlar's blessing.

Rituals in honor of Sharindlar's fertility aspect celebrated here always end with splendid feasts, and courting chases through the underways of the Deeps.

Rituals invoking Sharindlar's healing strength enacted by two or more priestesses of the goddess involve their gathering over injured or sick beings. They sprinkle the ill with drops of their own (the priestesses') freshly-let blood (usually drops from their palms), and with a vial of water from The Lake of Gold, while whispering secret names and descriptions of the goddess.

This ritual has a 20 percent chance per priest taking part of aiding healing, increased by a further 10 percent if water from the Lake of Gold is used, and another 20 percent if the injured being is favored by Sharindlar. For the latter, the DM must decide secretly; Sharindlar has been known to favor nondwarves, pack animals, and even monsters. The healing aid consists of increasing the potency of healing spells and potions to the maximum possible effect, doubling the "at rest" healing rate to two hp/day, and halting the spread or effect of parasites (including rot grubs), diseases, and poisons completely for 1d4 + 1 days.

The DM should decide on beneficial effects of this ritual according to the circumstances. Sharindlar's name, whispered or repeated silently in the mind, has a calming effect on upset or pain-wracked dwarves of all faiths, allowing them to sleep.

Vergadain

Portfolio: Wealth, luck, and entrepreneurial skills such as suspicion, trickery, and deal-making.

Major Spheres: All, Charm, Creation, Divination, Guardian.

Minor Spheres: Combat, Healing, Protection, Sun.

Clerical Raiment: Any, always adorned with a string of linked coins. If armored, chain mail is preferred, always with a helm, and with a gorget bearing the god's symbol. Armor and clerical

robes are always of obvious cost, with ornate trim, gold-leaf work and gem-studded fabrics. A gold color or plating for robes and armor is preferred, especially by priests of higher ranks.

Holy Days: The days before and after a full moon, Greengrass, and all days proclaimed holy by a High Old One of the faith are all considered "coin festivals."

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Monthly offerings of gold are made to Vergadain, at the altars of the god. These altars are huge stone cauldrons, over which hang the symbol of the god: huge gold coins fully five feet across. These coins are actually guardian "anators," which emit *lightning bolts* and *magic missiles* at unauthorized beings taking things from the altar. One of the correct alignment can avoid this magical wrath by whispering the anator's password.

The priests of Vergadain spend or trade this gold shrewdly, to better the lot of dwarven merchants. They use it to bail them out of debt where possible, place bribes to help dwarven trade and commerce with other lands and races of Faerun, and so on.

Ethos and Current Aims: Vergadain's priests are dedicated to further the success of dwarven merchant commerce with other races, especially humans. They are intent on increasing general dwarven influence and prosperity, and on enabling the dwarves to further their craft-work, weapons-mastery, and inventions. Through these means the priests of Vergadain hope to increase dwarven importance in the Realms.

Priests of Vergadain work tirelessly to support and promote dwarven merchants and craftsmen throughout Faerun. Whenever they render aid or handle material wealth of any sort, they mutter Vergadain's name in homage. Most of Vergadain's faithful also do so, and this makes up the bulk of Vergadain's daily worship. It is said that Vergadain can see into the minds of all creatures within ten feet of wherever his name is uttered, and sometimes warns a dwarf of treachery in dealings by presenting visions or a preventative manifestation.

The proper rituals of worship to the god consist of meeting in windowless rooms or underground, around torches,

braziers, or other flames. The rituals call for dancing in slow, stately shiftings around the flame, wearing and displaying gold and other objects of worth. Every dwarf who worships the god must throw at least one gold piece into the flame as the dance continues. The flame always consumes valuables placed in it utterly, sometimes dying away to reveal a map, clue, scroll, potion, or other sending from the god. These sendings are rare, and although always helpful, they are rarely powerful, and even more rarely weapons. Perhaps the most common sending of Vergadain is a duplicate key to a strong-chest, vault, or barrier which prevents dwarves from reaching wealth rightfully belonging to them, or stolen by cheating them over a period of time.

The dance ends when the flame flares up, signifying the god's attention and thanks. The priests then light candles or conjure up light, and discuss business, usually current ways of furthering dwarven wealth. Transfers of necessary fees, bribes, aid, or other funds from one dwarf to another occurs next, usually from priests to the faithful they have called to worship. Then the ranking priest present passes his hand through the flame, which will slowly diminish. As it does so, all dwarves present kiss a gold coin in farewell, and then depart.

DumaThoin

Portfolio: Keeper of metals and other buried wealth ("secrets"), the earth's riches, and protector of mountain dwarves.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Creation, Elemental (earth only), Protection.

Minor Spheres: Animal, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Necromantic, Plant, Sun.

Clerical Raiment: Leather garments, either armor or mining gear, with bare heads and brown cloaks and over-robes.

Holy Days: Nights of new moons and the days either side of each such night are considered holy days. Also, holy days can be decreed by a High Old One of the faith, usually when dwarves discover a major new lode, lost subterranean treasure-cache or delve, or something of the sort.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Gems and jewelry are sacrificed each month, on holy



days, to Dumathoin. These are offered up on altars dedicated to the god. Such altars are always stone blocks or natural boulders, in the deepest and best-hidden natural caverns underground. Note that dwarves may dig to open up or improve a natural cavern, without disqualifying it for use as a temple.

Ethos and Current Aims: The priests of Dumathoin seek always to uncover the buried wealth of the earth, without marring the beauty of the ways beneath the surface. They work to clean up the rubble of mining, grow and put in place luminous fungi and edible deep-mosses, and direct water through the earth to best serve the underlife which includes, of course, the dwarves.

Priests of this faith are always hunting for new veins and lodes of ore, new sources and species of useful fungi, and new delves or underways never explored before. They try to identify encountered dangers, and determine strategies to best deal with these menaces of the deep places.

Gems sacrificed to the god are pulverized and mixed with certain herbs and fungal secretions to derive a paste. The paste serves to make rock porous, make plant material adhere to it, and provide nourishment for plant materials in contact with it. With buckets of this acrid, purple-and-green fibrous paste, priests of Dumathoin creep about the underways, 'painting and planting' fungi and other plant life to best improve the underground environment. They can use it to conceal stone dwarven doors, redirect watercourses to turn water-wheels and fill reservoirs, and so on.

A priest of Dumathoin is always learning the tiniest details of conditions and life underground. Most priests are therefore invaluable in leading companions through the underways in darkness. Among their specialties are finding water, veins of ore, and cracks or fissures that provide a way out or can be mined to yield a way from one cavern to another.

Abbathor

Portfolio: Greed, evil among dwarves, thieving.

Major Spheres: All, Charm, Combat, Divination, Guardian.

Minor Spheres: Healing, Necromantic, Protection, Summoning, Sun

Clerical Raiment: Priests of Abbathor always dress in red—a brilliant scarlet, worn as underclothing for everyday use, and as over-ropes for ceremonial occasions. Over this they wear leather armor, with leather caps (never helms). If this armor must be discarded, dark crimson robes are worn to echo-and yet conceal-the scarlet underclothing.

Clergy of Abbathor never wear wealth openly, following the god's saying: "The best is always hidden."

Holy Days: Solar eclipses and days when volcanic eruptions or other causes bring darkness during daytime are always considered holy days.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Once a year, priests of Abbathor sacrifice a creature on an altar. It must be an evil enemy of dwarves, but can be anything from an elf to a boar. Orcs, trolls, and giants are the most favored sacrifices. The faithful of Abbathor then bring gems in offering to the god, and these are placed upon the body; they must touch the blood of the sacrifice. The value of the sacrifice is said to determine the amount of Abbathor's favor that will benefit the offerer in the year to come. Even the priests refer to this practice as "buying grace." The sacrifice is then burnt to ashes, gems, and all. If magic or especially valuable gems are sacrificed, these sometimes disappear before the body is consumed, taken by Abbathor to be his own (pocketed by the priests for their own use, some say).

Abbathor's favor is said to include minor things like causing guards to sleep or become distracted, shaping shadows and moon-cloaking clouds to hide the features or exact position of a fleeing dwarven thief, and allowing a trapped thief an occasional battle-aid (in the form of an initiative roll bonus).

Dwarves in need of Abbathor's immediate favor may make offerings at other times throughout the year. It is also customary to make an offering when one first worships at a particular temple. Temples of The Great Master of Greed are always in underground caverns or secret, windowless rooms. Sacrificial altars are massive, plain blocks of stone, blackened by the many fires laid and burnt upon

them. Note that nondwarves tend to panic when priests of Abbathor light fires indoors and the smoke begins to billow!

Ethos and Current Aims: Like their deity, priests of Abbathor strive to enrich themselves, taking personal advantage of their positions and influence to steal or deal themselves some personal wealth. Such funds are typically cached in remote, fiendishly-well-trapped hideavvays. Amassing enough loot to retire in luxury is a game and a driving motivation among priests of this god.

There is one strict rule, however: no priest of Abbathor will steal from any other dwarf, nor help or influence events to cause harm to come to the person or wealth of any rival priest of Abbathor. This is the infamous Abbathor's Commandment that dwarven thieves are often reminded of. Priests of Abbathor don't like to remember so readily that it was uttered purely in order to preserve some followers of the god, after angry fellow dwarves had slaughtered thief after thief in the robes of Abbathor's clergy.

The wider aims of the priesthood are to enrich all dwarves, working with the priesthods of Vergadain and Dumathoin where possible.

Across the Realms, priests of Abbathor are always looking for a chance for common dwarven profit, and their own personal gain, through underhanded and shady arrangements. The underground ways known to dwarves make them ideal smugglers, and there is many a border literally undercut by a dwarven tunnel that avoids duties and restrictions from one land to another. Dwarves are prevented from dominating the smuggling trade purely by their aversion to water and the resulting lack of dwarven shipborne activity.

Priests of Abbathor will trade (on the sly) with anyone, including duergar, drow, illithids, Zhentarim, orcs, giants, and other undesirable creatures or traditional enemies of the dwarves. Dwarves have been slain by axes sold to orcs by priests of Abbathor on more than one occasion. This contrariness, however, is an essential part of the nature of dwarves, as is the 'goldlust' that drives many dwarves on occasion; times when they are said to be "under the spell of Abbathor" or "in



Abbathor's thrall" Priests of Abbathor can be considered to be permanently in this condition, but to have learnt subtlety and devious cunning in its pursuit, rather than simple, crude acquisitiveness.

Beings who need something underhanded done can always contact priests of Abbathor, if they know where to find them. Usually only dwarves know how to do so. A known worshipper of Abbathor will often arrange a meeting between an outsider (such as a human) and a priest of Abbathor, for a fee. The priest and the worshipper will both work to arrange the meeting so that the priest is in little danger of attack, kidnapping, or arrest.

Berronar Truesilver

Portfolio: Safety, truth, and dwarven home life.

Major Spheres: All, Charm, Creation, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Plant, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Animal, Astral, Combat, Elemental (earth), Necromantic.

Clerical Raiment: Silver chain mail with a silvered (*everbright*) helm is common. Ceremonial garb includes white underrobes with cloth-of-silver overtunics, with the priest remaining bareheaded.

Holy Days: Midwinter day and Midsummer night are Berronar's holy days.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Annual offerings of silver are made to Berronar in the form of coins, jewelry, drinking vessels, or trade-bars. White flowers sometimes adorn the offerings, in token of dwarven love and affection for the Mother Goddess.

Incidentally, "merchant trade-bars" were originally devised by the dwarves of Faerun.

Ethos and Current Aims: The clergy of Berronar exists to further the good health and good character of all dwarves. They heal the sick and injured, attempt to treat, eradicate, and stop the spread of disease, develop antidotes to dwarfsbane and other poisons that can affect dwarves, and encourage truthfulness, obedience to law, peaceful order and harmony, and governance of greed and goldlust.

No dwarf in need of aid can be ignored by a priestess of Berronar. All must be helped to the best of a priest's abilities; if

an individual priestess lacks any more healing spells, he or she must find someone who can heal, or provide all the non-magical care possible. The duty of a priestess of Berronar is to keep dwarves alive, whatever the cost.

Priestesses of Berronar worship the Mother Goddess by kneeling, closing their eyes, picturing the goddess, and whispering prayers that begin and end with her name. They typically do this whenever asking for her guidance or when about to heal in her name. Her guidance is often given by an inner feeling or decision.

More elaborate rituals to Berronar take place aboveground on Midsummer night only, and underground the rest of the time. A temple to Berronar aboveground consists of a circle of stones, usually in a wooded area, in which small fires are kindled in a random pattern, and gems and metal sculptures are set up among them on metal poles, to sparkle and reflect back the firelight during worship. Actual 'sparkler' fireworks are used on the two big holy days, to mark the ending of each prayer, chanted in unison.

An underground temple to Berronar is a cavern in which the priestesses have carefully arranged mosses, lichens, fungi, and the like brought by the hands of faithful. They keep these watered and nourished to form a lush carpet all over the floor and climbing the walls as high as possible. Luminescent fungi are favored, to give the cavern as much natural light as possible. Magical items with the power to create *dancing lights* are valued by priestesses of this faith, and nondwarven wielders of such items are sometimes even hired to illuminate such a temple by this means.

Such 'lighters' must come to the temple naked and blindfolded, but are treated with the utmost care and courtesy, and are taken safely back to the surface and guarded, in such a way that their dignity is maintained, but the location of and way to the temple remains hidden from them.

Rituals honoring Berronar typically begin with a chanted prayer, and continue with an address from the High Old Ones, which ends in a responsive prayer led by a High Old One or chosen priestess. This is followed by a report of the good works and successes of the priesthood, and an

identification of failures and problems still to be dealt with. Another responsive prayer follows, and is followed by a rising, spirit-lifting unison prayer.

If a very sick dwarf or dwarves are present, unison healing then takes place. The entire assembled clergy lays hands on the afflicted ones and call on Berronar. Healing does not always occur, although the deadening of pain (for 1d4 + 1 days) always will—the assembled priestesses take the pain upon themselves. If healing does take place, it is a manifestation of the goddess, and not a cast spell. Berronar's Touch, as this is known, has in the past cured blindness, insanity, lycanthropy, poisonings, life energy loss, bodily transformations due to parasitic or symbiotic plant life, tissue corrosion, and the like, in addition to more simple wounds.

Marthammor Duin

Portfolio: Guide and protector to adventurers, explorers, and Wanderer dwarves.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Creation, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Animal, Charm, Elemental (earth only), Necromantic, Plant, Summoning, Weather (lightning control only).

Clerical Raiment: Grey or mottled green, brown, and grey cloaks, over any sort of armor. For ceremonial purposes, the priests go bareheaded, in grey robes, with a maroon overtunic emblazoned with a watchful eye front and back, the symbol of Marthammor.

Holy Days: All festival days in the Calendar of Harptos, and nine days after each festival day. On years when the Shieldmeet occurs, the holy day follows it nine days after; there aren't two adjacent days, one following Midsummer and one the Shieldmeet.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Used ironwork and footwear (which must be of dwarven make), burned on altars. This must be done once a year per worshipper.

Ethos and Current Aims: The safe guidance and guardianship of Wanderer dwarves, and all dwarves who must wander the wilds, particularly aboveground.

Priests of Marthammor make marked trails in the wilderness northlands of the



Realms, from Uttersea to the Great Ice Sea. They also establish way-caches of food and supplies (spare boots, clothing, weapons, drinking-water, bandages and splints, firemaking supplies, and the like) along these trails.

Priests of Marthammor patrol these ways, healing and guiding dwarves they meet, providing a warm fire, a warm meal, and companionship to exhausted, lonely, lost, or hurt dwarves of any faith or race. "Help however you can, give all that is needful!" runs the temple creed.

Priests of Marthammor will work with healers and priests of all races to help dwarves, allies, and companions of dwarves. While they do not accompany adventurers, they are in a sense adventurers themselves, often fighting monsters, discovering ruins, and facing the same perils that adventurers do. Travelers in the north—especially the Sword Coast North—often encounter small bands of 3d4 dwarven priests of Marthammor. Such bands will not reveal their clerical status unless they are dealing with dwarves or those known to be dwarven allies or companions.

Marthammor is worshipped on the bare heights of stony tors on moonless nights, or, on holy days and for important rituals, in underground caverns. The caverns must always be natural, unaltered by the hands of intelligent beings.

Underground or on top, an altar to Marthammor is always a simple stone cairn or wooden tripod, supporting a stone hammer, upright and head uppermost. Priests of Marthammor stand looking at the hammer, praying to their god for guidance as to where they are needed and what they have done wrong, or poorly. The god places visions in their minds, choosing which priests will guard temples, which will explore particular areas, and so on.

The ghosts of diligent servants of Marthammor are said to haunt certain trails, old abandoned delves, and mountain passes. When dwarves or dwarven allies or companions are lost in such places, particularly in blizzards or storms, the phantom priests appear, gesturing silently, and guide the travelers along a safe route to refuge or their destination.

Gorm Gulthyn

Portfolio: Guardian and protector of all dwarves.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Divination, Guardian, Healing, Protection, Sun.

Minor Spheres: Animal, Charm, Creation, Elemental (earth only), Necromantic, Summoning.

Clerical Raiment: Red and black cloaks and helms, worn over armor of the finest metal and type available. Priests of Gorm never remove all their armor or lay aside all their weapons unless sorely wounded and in need of care.

Holy Days: Every festival in the Calendar of Harptos (as in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set).

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Blood, sweat, tears, and weapons.

Ethos and Current Aims: Priests of Gorm serve as protectors and bodyguards for all dwarves, especially the young, and child-rearing parents of both sexes. They instruct dwarven warriors fulfilling such roles in the arts of alertness, blindfighting, and weapons-skills (i.e., in campaigns using proficiencies, the priests of Gorm can tutor dwarves in all proficiencies useful to guardians).

The foremost aim of any lesser priest of Gorm is to protect the dwarves assigned to him. Veteran priests of higher rank may choose who they protect. If this involves sacrificing one's own life, so be it; that is "Gorm's Greatest Price:" as every priest of Gorm knows.

Priests of Gorm who are serving as guardians are never "surprised," and are able to interpret noises, half-seen movements, and other symptoms of approach and movement correctly with an accuracy of 10% per level. For instance, a priest of Gorm might hear a faint scuffling, and identify it as studded leather worn by a crawling man, against a particular stone the priest noticed earlier.

A priest of Gorm will always check around his feet and overhead often, and always takes care to know the distance and exact direction of features in his surroundings. The guardian-priest described above, for instance, would know exactly where, and how far away, the unseen intruder in studded leather was—and just where to throw an axe in order to hit him.

These carefully-developed skills give guardian-priests of Gorm an attack bonus of +5 with missiles of any sort, against any target within 60 feet of their guardpost. If they've not had time to examine the surroundings, this bonus drops to +2. In addition, guardian-priests of Gorm always win initiative rolls, even when they are charged by multiple opponents coming out of the darkness.

Guardian-priests guard most clan-hold entries, the Gates on the borders of The Deep Realm, and temples of Gorm.

Temples of Gorm are always plain, unadorned stone caverns or rooms quarried from solid rock. The altar is a stone bench in front of a closed, locked door of massive construction, representing a location that a dwarf might have to guard. Instead of a stone bench, a temple might use an old tomb casket; if occupied, it must be by a fallen, not undead, priest of Gorm.

Offerings to Gorm are of weapons used, even broken, in the service of guardianship, anointed with tears, sweat, and drops of blood of the dwarf making the offering. Rituals involve silent vigils, muttered prayers, and answering visions from the god.

On holy days, guardians of Gorm gather for a salute, a ritual involving the rhythmic grounding of weapons and a responsively-chanted prayer. At the height of a salute, the door behind the altar sometimes opens by the power of the god, and through it may come instructive phantom images, scrolls or potions, weapons, pieces of armor, or even maps—small aids from the god, to help his faithful fulfill their duties. When this happens, increase the morale of a worshipper of Gorm who is wearing, carrying, or using any gift from the god by a bonus of +4.

Haela Brightaxe

Portfolio: Luck in battle, patron of dwarves who love to fight, and who fight monsters.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Guardian, Healing, Protection.

Minor Spheres: Creation, Necromantic, Sun.

Clerical Raiment: Armor of any sort can be worn, but chain mail preferred. A helm is always worn. For ceremonial purposes, armor or plain robes of steel-grey



are worn, with an overcloak of scarlet, with crimson footwear.

Holy Days: Greengrass, the Feast of the Moon, and Midsummer.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: The blood of the worshipper and that of enemies of the dwarves is commonly offered to Haela.

Ethos and Current Aims: Priestesses of Haela wander throughout the Realms, aiding dwarves in battle. They wander because no priestess knows where or when she will be needed—they rely upon Haela's guiding hand to position them as necessary.

Priestesses of Haela aid beleaguered dwarves (and known allies and companions of dwarves) against creatures of all sorts, by healing, casting spells, and fighting alongside them. Their objectives are to achieve victory for the dwarvish side and to allow the maximum possible number of dwarves to survive. The priestesses wish also to make all dwarves comfortable with their own skills in combat—to Haela's worshippers, battle-skills are needed to guide the hands of all dwarves if the Deep Folk are to survive.

Priests of Haela are always heavily armed, and are often skilled at weapon and armor repair. They freely give away the weapons they carry to dwarves in need, always keeping at least one weapon for themselves, although it may be well hidden. They practice throwing weapons in a variety of ways, such as onto ledges,

to cut ropes, and to land upright, points buried in turf, beside those needing them. Priestesses of Haela who attempt to deliver a weapon in such a manner gain a +3 bonus to their Dexterity checks.

The senior priestesses of Haela teach their juniors much concerning tactics, secrets and hints for fighting specific monsters, and knowledge of their habits, lairs, and weaknesses. A DM can impart detailed Monstrous Compendium information to PCs who ask a priestess of Haela the right questions.

All individuals or groups aided by a priestess of Haela are expected to pay for the aid with a spare weapon that the priestess can give to some other needy band. Failing that, a shield, pair of gauntlets, or other armor or useful gear can be substituted. It is considered bad form to give the priestess back a weapon she just gave you.

One interesting example of this is among the halflings of Secomber. When Ardeep was crumbling as the Fallen Kingdom fell apart around them, the halflings continually repaid priestesses of Haela with bags of caltrops—typically three at a time. It is now both a joke and an affectionate tradition for both sides, and priestesses of Haela are forever toting large sacks of caltrops around, hoping to get a chance to use them. (Treat a caltrop that is hurled in battle as a hand axe for range and damage.)

Temples of Haela are caves or underground rooms, sometimes in old, abandoned holds or in the cellars of human ruins. They are also typically storehouses of food, small smithies, and armories crammed with odd weapons and armor. Her temples are never guarded by fewer than a dozen priestesses (more often, 1d4 +16 are in residence). There is always an explosive trap set somewhere in such a temple: if the dwarves are slain or forced out, no enemy of the dwarves will get the store of weapons without taking heavy losses.

One famous temple of Haela, overrun by orcs near Amphail, proved to have a trap of six separate *blade barriers*. These came into being one after another, using the cached weapons of the temple as the whirling weapons.

Thard Harr

Portfolio: Protector of Wild Dwarves.

Major Spheres: All, Combat, Guardian, Healing, Plant, Protection.

Minor Spheres: Animal, Creation, Necromantic, Sun.

Clerical Raiment: The skull of a large jungle beast, such as a rhinoceros, great cat, or giant crocodile, is worn as a helm. For ceremonial purposes, the pelts or skins of jungle monsters are worn as robes.

Holy Days: New moon and full moon nights.

Sacrifice/Propitiation: Blood sacrifices of beasts and/or intruders are commonly made to Thard Harr. At least one creature is offered each full moon.

Ethos and Current Aims: Priests of Thard Harr represent the god, protecting their dwarves with powers given them by the god, leading them on prosperous hunts and careful explorations. Persistent intruders (unless dwarven) must be eliminated, and the priests must lead the attack, as fearlessly and diligently as Thard Harr himself.

If the foe is too strong, the priest will try to mentally call Thard Harr himself to the scene. Jungle Dwarves speak of opponents or natural forces so powerful and dangerous that they might well "blunt the claws of Harr himself," but never allude to the breaking of any claw, or the defeat of their god in any fight.



Thard Harr's wisdom teaches that one can best defeat an enemy that one knows well. Seasoned Wild Dwarves always try to capture at least one intruder alive for questioning, before sacrificial use. If sparing the intruder seems to bring possible future benefits to the dwarves, they will do so. The Wild Dwarves are interested in trade, metal and glass objects and tools, in return for pelts, meat, or even live beasts. They conduct trade so long as they can conduct it on territory of their choosing, to set up traps and ambushes to guard against treachery under the direction of the priests of Thard Harr.

Priests of Thard Harr are the leaders and generals of, and speakers for, their people. Priests of Thard Harr always bear the god's crossed-gauntlets sign as a tattoo, usually on one shoulder or on the scalp, overgrown by their hair. Priests of Thard Harr must never cut their beards, but instead braid them into ropes that they tie around their waists or shoulders. If an enemy or beast cuts a priest's beard, there is no penalty; if it is done by the priest himself, it is a sign that he is turning away from Thard Harr's service, and can no longer expect aid from the god.

High Old Ones

Dwarven priests of 7th or greater level are known as "High Old Ones" They gain special powers from the dwarven gods. Of course, such powers can be suspended, denied, or removed if a High Old One displeases his or her god. The High Old Ones are the most respected elders of the Folk, especially in the north, where clan power and the pride and prosperity of young dwarves is weakest.

High Old Ones can identify themselves as members or friends of particular clans by the use of secret hand-signs. In rare cases, some trusted nondwarves (such as Elminster of Shadowdale and Mirt of Waterdeep) have been taught these signs for use when among dwarves.

High Old Ones gain the power to affect undead as other clerics do, turning as a 3rd level cleric when they are 7th level, a 4th level cleric when they are 8th, and so on.

High Old Ones gain special spells from their gods (detailed fully in their own section of this sourcebook). These spells are as follows, by priesthood:

Moradin: *stonefire*
 Clangedin: *rockburst*
 Sharindlar: *floustone*
 Vergadain: *stone trap*
 Dumathoin: *stonefall*
 Abbathor: *maskstone*
 Berronar: *guardian hammer*
 Marthammor: *glowglory*
 Gorm: *fire eyes*
 Haela: *hurl rock*
 Thard Harr: *lesser guardian hammer*

High Old Ones also gain a detection power, different for each priesthood. This magical ability always operates properly, and requires no spellcasting. It does, however, require concentration (prohibiting spellcasting or even reading in the same round) and is not continuous and automatic in its effects.

Moradin: *true seeing*, as the priest spell, reverse not granted.

Clangedin: *detect magic*, range as priest spell, holy symbol not required.

Sharindlar: *detect dwarves*, range and blockages as a priest's *detect magic* spell—detects living dwarves, dead dwarves, duergar, spilled dwarven blood, invisible dwarves, *shape changed* dwarves, dwarves concealed by illusions, and so on.

Dumathoin: *identify*, as the wizard spell, but needs no material component; the ability works as if the High Old One was a wizard of the same level.

Vergadain: *enemy location*, as the wand; the High Old One feels a compulsion to face each enemy in range; he need not do so, but unerringly knows who and where such enemies are.

Abbathor: *detect illusion*, up to normal sight limits, the High Old One knows all illusions for what they are, seeing them as rainbow-hued, translucent images superimposed over the real creature or object. The High Old One can concentrate on either the illusion or reality to see it as normal, and examine it in detail; whenever this is not done, the double images will be seen.

Berronar: *detect wound*, the High Old One must touch the creature. Even if it is an unfamiliar monster, this ability tells the dwarf if the creature is suffering from any internal or external physical damage—and its approximate severity. The ability identifies the presence of poison, magical charms, curses, diseases,

mental damage, and other abnormal conditions, but does not heal in any way.

Marthammor: *find the path*, as the priest spell.

Gorm: *know alignment*, like the priest spell, but unerring, overriding even the strongest magical concealments and misdirections. The High Old One can scan only one person per round, and cannot cast spells during that time, but need not remain stationary, and can even participate in strenuous, acrobatic combat.

Haela: *detect weapons*, range and blockages as a detect magic priest spell; detects concealed, invisible, and improvised weapons that have been used to harm or are carried with intent to harm. Broken weapons are detected only if still usable. In some old ruins, this ability is rendered useless by the sheer number of abandoned weapons.

Thard Harr: *detect snares & pits*, as the first level priest spell, but needs no holy symbol. Using this detection ability precludes spellcasting while it is maintained.

Most High Old Ones pray directly to their god or goddess, and enjoy a good chance of being heard. While a deity may not show up instantly when aid is requested, such prayers do serve as a valuable source of information to the gods, and are encouraged. A priest who warns a deity of six hostile adventurers, by name, class, and description, may ensure that the deity warns dwarves in the adventurers' route—and will certainly affect the deity's reaction if its avatar ever meets the adventurers.

Dwarven Cults

Some dwarves who blame the gods for the present decline of the race, or who feel that the old gods are simply too weak or too out-of-touch with the wider world in which the dwarves must live to aid their Folk successfully in the ages to come. Many dwarves have dabbled in new beliefs, including ones which advocate mastery of wizardry as the key to the race's survival, one which promotes interbreeding with men and gnomes coupled with secretive diplomacy, so as to dominate and eventually absorb these more fecund races, and so on. Most of these new beliefs have tended to come and go as



passing fads, embraced for a time by each successive generation of young dwarves.

Details of such cults, down the long history of the dwarves, could fill a work many times the size of this one. DMs are urged to devise their own cults, particularly for use as the sources of relics found in old, abandoned dwarf-holds, and as active religions in isolated dwarven communities.

Only two long-established or recurring cults are briefly described here. These have been successful enough that some divine power has come to support their pleas and deeds, giving their clerics spells, for instance.

The Wyrms Cult: This cult can be found in isolated dwarven communities anywhere, but seems more common in the north than in areas south of the Inner Sea lands. Its clerics are few and secretive, employing dwarven sympathizers as spies, and rewarding them for their aid by allowing them recreation or revenge opportunities in beast-form.

The Wyrms Cult worships various beasts, especially dragons and other powerful creatures that dwarves treat with respect. The cult seeks to further the power and wealth of its adherents by using the powers of beasts to slay and confound enemies.

The priests of this cult gain the power to *shape change* into beast form, as the 9th level wizard spell, but requiring no material component. This ability can be used up to three times a day, for a period of one turn. Favorite shapes assumed include snakes, wyverns, dragons, boars, bears, and various large cats (tigers, panthers, mountain lions, and so on). The DM should consult various volumes of the *Monstrous Compendium* for creature abilities.

Wyrms Cult priests can only take the shape of creatures and other living things that they've seen personally. Currently in need of both wealth and power, they have taken to attacking all nondwarven adventurers who wander within their reach, throughout the wilderlands of the north. They seek power through increased influence and worshippers and through the acquisition of magical items and controlled territories. Consider most Wyrms Cult priests to be chaotic neutral to evil in alignment, consumed by a burning anger

against all types of creatures who have oppressed or slain dwarves in the past.

The Living Axe: Because magic seems to go awry in their hands, and they can never control real power like human wizards, dwarves have always been fascinated by magic. They are most intrigued by the capturing of magical powers within an item that a dwarf has created and can wield.

Down the ages there have been over a thousand thousand dwarven smiths of skill in working with magic. They have always been among the wealthiest, more powerful, and most respected dwarves. Some dwarves have gone further than that, looking beyond dwarven skill to the inspiration that guided them, and seeing in it a divine presence—a presence that, they believe, lives in the magical items themselves.

Dwarves of the Living Axe worship and obey sentient magical weapons (many of which are controlled by malevolent or insane spirits imprisoned within them), and have gone to war to extend the rule of these sacred items over other dwarves and even over small communities of humans, halflings, and gnomes. Living Axe priests are always armed with multiple throwing axes and a variety of other weapons, they wear high, spired, and spiked helms of fantastic design.

Devout "Axe Dwarves" also seek to create more magical weapons, and have fashioned many specimens of two particular types, in imitation of ancient, still operable items found in the ruins of fallen Myth Drannor: *guardian blades* and *watch axes*. One or both of these will be found accompanying any group of Axe Dwarves. They are typically used in pairs or threes to guard doors, gates, crawl tunnels, and the like around major Axe Dwarf settlements or temples.

Guardian Blades: These are two-handed bastard swords of the finest make and metals. They do 2d4 points of damage when striking, attack twice per round (first strike and last), and fly about (MV 15, Class A). They cannot be *held* or grounded by anti-magic spells or effects. Guardian blades attack all nondwarves, unless otherwise instructed by a helmed Axe Dwarf priest. They operate with *true sight*.

If grasped, guardian blades will struggle to break free, dragging the holder along with them. In such instances, roll a d20 each round, and if the roll is higher than the wielder's Strength, the blade breaks free. A blade that is held for five continuous rounds will burst into shards at the end of the fifth round, self-destructing in a lightning discharge that does 7d6 damage to all creatures within 10 feet (no saving throw allowed beings holding it).

Watch Axes: These weapons are also permanently-animated and behave just as a *guardian blade* does. They move more slowly (14), but do more damage (1d10). If forced to self-destruct, they explode, the blast and shards doing 4d10 damage to all within 10 feet, 3d8 damage to those from 10 to 20 feet away, and 2d4 damage to those from 20 to 30 feet away. Saving throws for half damage are allowed for all beings except those in direct contact with the axe when it explodes.

There are some *guardian blades* and *watch axes* in the Realms still, lurking in forgotten tombs and mines, that have no connection to the Axe Dwarves, and are controlled by no one. Elminster once tried to establish magical control over one blade "as an exercise," and still winces and rubs his ribs at the memory of his failure.

These sorts of weapons self-destruct when held or pinned. If struck in combat and broken, they self-destruct only 20 percent of the time. The rest of the time, they merely disintegrate harmlessly.

The most fearsome *watch axe* is the *Living Axe* itself. It is said to be an animated, double-bladed *battle axe* of great size, fashioned of bronzed adamantine. It is probably neutral evil in alignment, and delights in killing, periodically flying amok among orcs or whatever creatures it chances upon. It does 2d6 damage per strike, attacks twice a round, flying at MV 18 (A), and is known to be immune to all *enchantment/charm* spells. Its origin and precise powers are unknown, but it is said to be very old, and has been known to hunt beings across the Realms. It might capriciously spare some who openly defy it, or butcher others whom it surprises before they even realize what is happening.



DWARVEN MAGIC: SPELLS

This section details the more common priest spells unique to the dwarves. Elminster warns there are others, although he knows of no dwarven wizards, and believes the inherent magic resistance of 'trueblood' dwarves makes their mastery of wizardry impossible. Strangely, this applies to learned, memorized spells, not to spell-like natural powers. Such powers are possessed by all duergar and High Old Ones (high-level dwarven priests), and, apparently at random, by a few dwarves of other classes and sub-races.

Dwarven priests cast spells as clerics of other races do, with one important difference: spell energies are always channelled through a stone holy symbol worn next to the skin or grasped by the cleric. Without this stabilizing spell focus, dwarven clerical spells are 40 percent likely to go 'wild' when cast. This instability is also the reason most dwarven clerical spells involve material components, fragments of the prime material plane not subject to any innate magical resistance.

Wild Spells

To determine the effect of wild spell energies, the DM should consult the *wand of wonder* effects, using the table of suggested results given in the *DMG* and devising new ones. It is not unheard of for a wild spell to duplicate the effects of *chain lightning*, *reverse gravity*, *Mordenkainen's disjunction* and *dancing lights* all at once. They have also been known to cause other upheavals of nature that are just as dramatic and deadly.

Wild spells may be even more deadly attacks than the standard spells they started out as. They are not deliberately caused by priests simply because they can be as deadly to friend as to foe, having unpredictable side-effects. Moreover, most dwarven deities think such behavior reckless and disrespectful of their grace (in granting the spells in the first place) and of the safety of the dwarven people.

A dwarven cleric will cast spells without a stone holy symbol only unwittingly, or when desperate.

An attack that damages or removes a holy symbol during casting does not ruin the spellcasting, but always causes the

spell to go wild. Most dwarven clerics carry spare holy symbols with them at all times, to prevent their magic from becoming ungovernable due to loss (or theft) of a holy symbol.

Known Spells of The Folk

Spells used by dwarven priests identified to date are detailed here in the new *ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS*®, 2nd Edition game format. Material components are consumed in spellcasting unless otherwise noted. Holy symbols are never consumed by spells.

Second-Level Spells

Hurl Rock

(Alteration)

Reversible

Sphere: Combat

Range: 10 yards/level

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: One rock (see below)

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows a dwarf to suddenly and violently use *telekinesis* on a loose rock, using it as a missile. Only stone can be used, either natural stone or petrified objects. The stone must be loose; it cannot be a block that is part of a wall, or a piece of a rock face or ceiling. The rocky projectile leaps from its resting position to attack with the caster's THAC0. The "range" of this spell refers to the distance between the priest and the potential stone missile. The projectile can leap up to 45 feet vertically and up to 45 feet horizontally. Determine where misses land using the "Grenade-Like Missile Effects" table in the *DMG*.

The caster can move up to 2 cubic feet/level. Rocks that are too large will be felt as such; the priest can choose another rock in the same round, but if it is also too large, the spell is wasted.

At times it will be important to know what damage the missile itself sustains after being hurled; for instance, if it is a fragile, valuable object, or, say, a petrified companion. The missile itself suffers 2d4

points of damage from its use in this spell and double that damage if it falls more than 50 feet in the process. This shatters the missile if it is brought to zero hit points. Assume rocky missiles to have an average hp total of 6 per 2 cubic feet, so that a rock of the maximum size that a 3rd level priest can move (6 cubic feet) will have 18 hp.

Rocky missiles that shatter spray shrapnel; all creatures within 10 feet of the landing site of a missile must save vs. spell or suffer 1d4 + 1 points of damage.

Any item struck by the missile or its shrapnel (see above) must save against "crushing blow." A being struck by the missile is hurt as follows:

Rock volume (in cubic feet)	Damage
1-2	2d4
3-4	2d8
5-6	2d10
7-8	3d8
9-10	3d10
more than 10	4d12

The reverse of this spell, *rock shield*, allows the caster to deflect rocky missiles of all types and from all sources. The shield remains in effect for one round/level, infallible against all missiles whose edges contain or are made of stone. Once cast, it does not require continued concentration or further action. The deflections are in directions uncontrollable by the user of the shield. Use the "Grenade-Like Missile Effects" table, noting that deflections may hit companions of the *shield*-user or his companions.

The material components of this spell are a suitable rock to serve as the projectile, and a tiny pebble, held in the priest's hand and not consumed during casting. The reverse of the spell requires two small pebbles and a translucent piece of glass, mica, ice, crystal, or a gem.

MaskStone (Illusion/Phantasm) Reversible

Sphere: Guardian

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 year/level



Casting Time: 2
 Area of Effect: 1 square foot of surface area/level
 Saving Throw: None

This spell alters the appearance of stone to hide seams, openings, traps, runes, doors, and so on. The priest touches the central point of the area to be masked, and visualizes what appearance is desired (i.e. hue, fissures, shape and general appearance). The spell cloaks the stone with the visualized, long-term illusion.

Features of the stone under the maskstone spell remain physically unchanged and traceable. A known door can be felt for and located in 1d3 rounds. Unless it has been used by the searcher before, determining how it opens, in what direction, and the location of locks or catches will be impossible without a *dispel magic* to end the cloaking effect.

A dwarf, duergar, gnome, xorn, or other subterranean dweller encountering the spell effect can tell the stone's surface has been magically masked, but not what the true surface appearance is. Features affixed to the stone's surface (such as maps or inscriptions) are hidden by this magic.

The reverse of this spell, *reveal stone*, will clearly outline (momentarily illuminating) secret or hidden doors, panels, cavities, storage niches, catches, locks, and other deliberately-hidden features. These features will be revealed if the stone has a *maskstone* spell on it or if it is simply in poorly-lit or confusing natural conditions.

The material components are an eyelash (from any creature) and a pinch of dust or sand. The reverse of the spell requires a scrap of gauze and a piece of phosphorous or a handful of iron filings.

Rockburst (Alteration)

Sphere: Combat
 Range: 10 yards/level
 Components: V, S
 Duration: 1 round
 Casting Time: 2
 Area of Effect: 1 cubic foot/level
 Saving Throw: Special

This spell allows the caster to cause a boulder or rockpile to suddenly explode,

propelling jagged shards in all directions. If the desired spell focus is larger than the volume the priest can affect, only part of it will fly about.

Shrapnel endangers all beings within 20 feet of the spell focus. Beings within 10 feet must save vs. spell for half damage. Beings between 10 and 20 feet distant who save successfully are allowed a second saving throw. If both rolls are successful, they avoid all damage (due to luck, dodging, and cover). If only one roll is successful, they take half damage. The presence of cover or armor does not automatically lessen damage due to the unpredictability of ricochets, bounces, and the like.

The shrapnel does a base damage of 1d4 + 1 points per level of the caster (i.e. 1d4 + 1 points per cubic foot of rock). In rare cases, the explosion will remove enough rock to cause an avalanche or cave-in, but such results can rarely be deliberately caused with this spell.

Third-Level Spells

Glowglory (Alteration, Evocation)

Sphere: Combat
 Range: Touch
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Special
 Casting Time: 3
 Area of Effect: Special
 Saving Throw: None

This spell allows priests to unleash *beams of power* from *glowstones*, or make normal stone (in a surface area of up to 1 square foot per level of the caster) radiate a *continual light* radiance, for 1 turn/level. If the priest desires, the radiance of normal stone can be accompanied by a gentle release of heat, enough to warm chilled beings to prevent frostbite, death from exposure, and ensure comfortable sleeping and activity in exposed or icy-cold conditions.

When used on a *glowstone* touched by the caster, this magic unleashes a *beam of power*. For more details of *glowstones*, refer to the chapter on magical items in this sourcebook. A *beam of power* is a cutting beam of radiant force that rends stone, wood, and flesh alike. It is typically used as a weapon or a tool, to quarry stone or

open passages in solid rock.

A *beam of power* does an automatic six points of structural damage (see the *DMG*, p. 76) per round to wood or stone objects or surfaces. It deals 6d6 hp of damage per contact to living things. In either case, a *beam of power* is mentally aimed with the same THAC0 as if the priest were attacking directly. It lashes out to its furthest extent (30 yards) in a single round, and can be directed as a continuous stream or pulsed (interrupted and resumed). In either case, other spellcasting, death, or unconsciousness on the part of the caster ends the *beam of power* and the spell instantly. *Beams of power* can be tracked in any direction while cutting or to follow a moving target (at MV 15). A *beam of power* lasts for 1 round/level of the caster, or until ended by deliberate will of the caster (whichever occurs first).

The material components of this spell are the *glowstone* or normal stone to be used (which is not itself altered by the spell) and a pinch of gold- or gem-dust.

Lesser Guardian Hammer (Invocation)

Sphere: Guardian
 Range: Touch (of area to be guarded)
 Components: V, S, M
 Duration: Special
 Casting Time: 3
 Area of Effect: Special
 Saving Throw: None

A *lesser guardian hammer*, is an invisible, hammer-shaped field of force that appears when a guarded door, lock, threshold, or area is disturbed (even years after the spell was cast). When activated, it charges through the air to strike the living thing nearest to the disturbed guardian area, or any being in the area (if there is more than one, determine target randomly). A guardian hammer strikes only once, but does not miss. When it hits, it appears momentarily as a glowing, translucent hammer, and then fades away into nothingness. Its unavoidable strike does 2d12 damage. Beings struck must make a strength check to avoid being knocked down.

Lesser guardian hammers can be destroyed before activation by casting a *dispel magic* on the guarded area, or by



totally destroying (e.g. by *disintegration*) the guarded area without entering it. Once activated, a *lesser guardian hammer* can dodge all magical and physical barriers, phasing in and out of the ethereal plane if necessary, and cannot be destroyed or diverted to another target.

The material components for this spell are a drop of sweat or spittle or a tear from the caster, a hair (from any creature), and a pebble or lump of ice.

Fourth-Level Spells

Fire Eyes (Evocation)

Sphere: Combat
Range: 10 yards/level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: 1 round/level
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: ½

This spell allows the priest to emit a fiery beam from either one or both of his eyes. This thin, ruby-red beam can strike up to two opponents per round, attacking with the priest's normal THAC0. Its use does not stop the priest from engaging in physical activities (including combat) in the same round.

The beam deals 2d8 fire damage to all creatures struck by it (1d8 if a save vs. spells is successful). Creatures immune to flame damage are unharmed.

The beam acts as an instant ("searing" level) *heat metal* on all metal it touches. A second beam striking the same piece or area of metal will *melt* the metal, unless it saves vs. lightning (magical items gain saving throw bonuses equal to any bonuses they possess).

Note that an armored character struck by the beam would suffer both direct beam damage and the "searing" damage as from a *heat metal* spell. If the beam strikes again, both types of damage would be suffered again, and armor that does not save would collapse into liquid metal blobs, falling from its wearer's body!

The material component of this spell is the priest's holy symbol, which must be touched during casting. It is not harmed, and need not be continuously touched as the spell continues.

Guardian Hammer (Invocation)

Sphere: Guardian
Range: Touch (of area to be guarded)
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Special
Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: Special
Saving Throw: None

This spell creates a *guardian hammer*: an invisible, hammer-shaped field of force activated when a guarded door or other area is disturbed (even years after the spell was cast).

When activated, it charges through the air to strike the living thing nearest to the disturbed guardian area, or any being in the area (if there is more than one, determine target randomly). A *guardian hammer* strikes only once, but does not miss. When it hits, it appears momentarily as a glowing, translucent hammer, and then fades away into nothingness. Its strike does 4d12 damage, and stuns (no voluntary actions possible) its victim for 1d4 + 1 rounds. Struck beings must make a strength check to avoid being knocked down, forcing possible "fall" saving throws for fragile carried items.

Guardian hammers can be destroyed before activation by casting a *dispel magic* on the guarded area, or by totally destroying (e.g. by *disintegration*) the guarded area without entering it. The latter method destroys all *guardian hammers* attached to an area; the former method destroys only one *guardian hammer* per *dispel magic*, if multiple spells exist. Once activated, a *guardian hammer* can dodge all magical and physical barriers, by way of the ethereal plane (phasing in and out) if necessary, and cannot be destroyed or diverted to another target by such means.

The material components for this spell are a drop of sweat or spittle or a tear from the caster, a hair from a dwarven stone mason, and a pebble or lump of ice.

Stone Trap (Alteration)

Sphere: Combat
Range: 10 yards/level
Components: V, S, M
Duration: Permanent until discharged

Casting Time: 4
Area of Effect: 1 cubic foot/level
Saving Throw: Special

This spell renders stone invisible and moves it to a mid-air location (within range) chosen by the caster. It levitates in place, sometimes for years, until the spell is released, either by will of the caster, or by the caster's death. Release is accomplished by the utterance of a word or phrase, which may be any nonsense or catch-phrase spoken in the original spellcasting, or by fulfillment of specific conditions (i.e. "when the lock on the door is broken or picked"), in the same way as a wizard's *magic mouth* spell (q.v.) can 'go off' when specific conditions are met.

When the spell is triggered, gravity takes over and the stone turns visible as it falls. This spell is often used to devise a trap, holding boulders as deadfalls above archways (including castle or delve entrances), vault doors, thrones, bathtubs, beds, or other strategic areas.

Creatures in the area are allowed a save vs. spell. If it fails, they take full damage. If it is successful, they are also allowed a dexterity check. If the check succeeds, they escape without any damage. If the check fails, they suffer half damage.

The base damage done by this spell is 2d4 points per level of the caster (i.e. per cubic foot of suspended rock).

Note that skilled dwarves often fashion false stone ceilings of smooth-finished stones, and raise them overhead to serve as *stone traps*. *True seeing* will reveal the levitating stone clearly, but if the caster has prepared it with enough skill (using shaped stone blocks, or carved ornaments such as gargoyle-heads or vault arches), the viewer may not recognize the viewed stone as any sort of trap. The levitating stone does radiate magic, faintly—but then, many dwarven delves radiate magic from most of their stone surfaces, if spells have been used in their shaping or subsequent use.

The material components of this spell are a speck of dust or grit, a tear or drop of water or blood, the sleep from a dwarfs eye, and a pebble.



Stonefall

(Alteration)

Sphere: Elemental (Earth)

Range: 120 yards

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 3 cubic feet/level

Saving Throw: Special

This spell causes rocky materials to attack at the priest's direction. If cast underground, it causes stalactites to fall or causes a cave-in. If cast indoors, it causes a ceiling collapse. If cast in open air, it causes one fist-sized stone to fall rapidly out of the sky and strike the intended target, causing 3d4 points of damage (the target is allowed a saving throw vs. spell to avoid the missile and all damage).

A fall of stalactites forces the intended target to make 1d6 dexterity checks, depending on how many fall. Each failed Check equals one hit, for 2d6 damage. Fragile items may well have to make saving throws. This sort of attack is relatively unlikely (roll 1 on 1d61 to cause a more general cave-in).

A deliberate cave-in causes 4d8 damage to all below it (save vs. petrification for half damage). If the situation makes it possible for a cave-in to miss intended targets, the priest must make a successful attack roll (at +5 to hit), as if attacking directly. A miss means that the target scrambled adroitly enough to avoid all damage.

An indoor ceiling collapse causes only 3d8 damage (save for half, as above), but damage to breakable items in the room and the space above the ceiling must be considered, as well as 3d6 or more falling damage to beings coming down with the ceiling (a save vs. spell will lower this damage to 2d+ + 11).

If this spell is cast within 3 rounds after a *stonefire* spell has been cast, the fiery damage of the falling stone will be added to its striking damage.

The material component of this spell is a handful (at least three) of fingerjoint-sized or larger stones or pebbles.

Stonefire

(Alteration)

Sphere: Elemental (Earth, Fire)

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 4

Area of Effect: 1 cubic foot/level

Saving Throw: None

This spell allows the caster to ignite stone into roaring flames. The stone blackens, stretches to reveal holes, burns away from the edges of these holes in ever-widening cavities until large amounts of stone have actually been burnt away, and then smoulders into quiescence again, creaking as it cools.

The *stonefire* gives off an acrid, billowing white smoke, an earthy, metallic stink, and flames that do 2d6 points of fire and heat damage (per round) to creatures within 10 feet. Actual contact with *stonefire* causes 4d4 points of damage, and forces a system shock roll to avoid collapsing, unconscious, from the pain.

Creatures especially susceptible to fire damage may suffer as much as double these effects, while creatures resistant to fire may suffer as little as 1-2 hp damage from contact with *stonefire* (they suffer some damage due to the corrosive effects of the burning). Stone burned away by this spell is consumed, forever gone.

If key areas of stonework (such as pillars) or natural stone walls, ceilings, or supporting floors are burned away, collapses and cave-ins may occur. The effects of cave-ins are detailed in the spell description for *stonefall*, above. Collapses entail the same damage, plus falling damage (and item saving throws) for beings and things that fall as a result of the spell. It should be noted that this spell cannot be precisely controlled, even with long practice; it is not recommended for stone-carving or decorating uses.

The material components of this spell are a chunk of any type of stone and a small piece of saltpeter, which are rubbed together.

Fifth-Level Spells

Flowstone

(Alteration)

Sphere: Elemental (Earth)

Range: 10 yards

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: 3 cubic feet/level

Saving Throw: Special

This spell makes stone flow like syrup, and then rehardens. The stone flows in response to gravity, but may be directed by beings (such as skilled dwarves) wielding wooden paddles or erecting temporary dams. The flowing stone is not heated or altered in hue.

Dwarves often use this spell to shape stone conduits, by flowing stone around logs that are later burnt away, and to sculpt stone into smooth door surrounds, covering or shielding embedded locks and the like.

The spell can also allow escape from stone prisons, by using wooden poles to open holes in the molten stone of walls, and to uproot manacle-bolts or other entrapments. Its most deadly use is to trap beings by entombing them or encasing their feet or other body parts in the hardening stone.

Allow any being in contact with "flowing" stone a saving throw vs. poison. If successful, the being entirely avoids having stone cling or envelop any part of them. They are completely free of the affected area without harm (but must save again if they re-enter it).

A being who fails this save is partially encrusted with stone, and will be slowed in movement rate and suffer a two point dexterity penalty until the stone is washed off (within 2 rounds) or shattered and scraped off (thereafter).

If an encrusted being is immobile, or is in the center of an affected area more than 10 feet across when the round of flowing ends, a saving throw vs. spell is also necessary. If it fails, the being is stuck. A strength check is allowed beings struggling against the hardening stone. If successful, they will reach the edge of the flow area, and emerge with one or more limbs encased in immobilizing blobs of stone.

If failed, they are trapped in the hardening stone. If stone covers breathing organs (in most beings, the head), death will occur in 1d4 + 1 rounds. If stone merely prevents movement, the being will die of starvation in 1d10 + 10 days, or whenever overcome by rising water, attacking beasts, or the like.



Attacks on the stone transmit half damage directly to the trapped person; an encased limb can typically be freed by either amputating it (loss of one-quarter hit points, plus a forced, immediate system shock roll), or doing the stone 20 points of crushing or piercing damage (10 points to the trapped being). A second *flowstone* spell can free trapped beings without harm.

The material components of this spell are a drop of water, a daub of mud, a grain of sand, and a pebble.

Spells Usable by Most Dwarven Faiths

Fifth-Level Spells

Circle of Stone

(Evocation)

Sphere: Protection

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level of lowest dwarven caster

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell can be cast in any location in which there are pieces of stone larger than the caster surrounding him on at least three sides. The spell involves a short chant and the physical linkage (touching) of all the beings to be encircled, and creates an invisible magical field around them.

The field is spherical, with a 10 foot radius per caster involved. While it lasts, it confers a bonus of +4 to the saving throws of all beings in the circle (friendly or hostile), and a 5 in 6 chance (per attack) of a spell or magical item effect being reflected back at full power on its caster or source, even if outside the circle.

Dwarves within a *circle of stone* gain a +3 bonus to attack (not damage) rolls, and can hit all opponents, even those normally struck only by magical weapons of certain bonuses.

Doom Curse

(Alteration)

Reversible

Sphere: Necromantic

Range: Touch

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 day/level of caster

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: One being

Saving Throw: Neg.

The effects of this harmful spell can be brought down on any being touched by the caster, even by means of a hurled axe or other missile weapon. The spell has no effect if the target saves vs. spell, and can be ended by a *remove curse* or this spell's reverse, *lift doom*.

The exact effect of the spell varies with the curse chosen; some typical dwarven curses are given here. The DM should feel free to devise new effects, in keeping with the ethos of the casting priest, and generally of the same level of power as those given. Typical *doom curses* include:

- temporary loss of 3 levels, including hp, THACO, spell wielding, etc.
- *slow* effects, as the third-level wizard spell.
- 4 point penalty on all saving throws and ability checks.
- inability to speak clearly (i.e. spellcasting impossible, messages are garbled and communication difficult, possibly causing misunderstandings with, and hostility in, encountered creatures).
- recurring blurred vision or blindness, lasting one round, and occurring in a 1 in 6 chance, rolled each round. AC and attack penalties apply, and certain activities will be endangered (e.g. walking along narrow paths without falling or bumping into surroundings) or rendered impossible (e.g. catching things).

Passage

(Alteration)

Sphere: Elemental (Earth)

Range: 0

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round/level

Casting Time: 5

Area of Effect: Priest (caster) only

Saving Throw: None

This spell enables the caster (only) to pass through solid stone or metal, as a xorn does. Movement rate through metal or solid stone is 6, rising to 9 through earth, loose stone, or mud. During such *passage*, breathing is unnecessary, but navigation is difficult (intelligence check

each round or inadvertently turn astray 45 degrees to one side or other, at random). If the spell expires while the priest is still entirely within stone, the priest is trapped (as in the *imprisonment* wizard spell), and can be freed only by digging or by a *free action* spell.

If any part of the priest has reached out of the stone, the entire body can be made to follow, in 1d4 + 1 rounds. On the second round and each round thereafter, the character is allowed a strength check. If successful, the character frees himself. On the first round, and on any round thereafter that freedom is not gained, the priest suffers 2d4 points of constriction, suffocation, and friction heat damage.

The priest cannot carry any items through the stone with him—clothing and all will be left behind. Living creatures cannot accompany the priest, and there is no known way that a priest can confer this spell effect on another being.

Rune of Power

(Abjuration, Evocation)

Sphere: Guardian

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: Permanent until discharged

Casting Time: 1 round

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

This special type of magical inscription, more powerful than a *glyph of warding* but less powerful than most *symbols*, was once the heart of all dwarven magic, usable by all dwarves (with differing degrees of power and reliability—note that modern dwarves do not have this power). Adventurers who have explored some of the remotest northern and southern depths and mountain-caverns report that either there are dwarven monasteries (clerical communities) or that a few dwarven clans or bands retain the use of rune magic.

Runes of power as used by dwarven clerics throughout the Realms are described here. They increase in power according to the level of the dwarf casting them. A successful saving throw vs. spell enables a creature violating a *rune of power* to escape its effects.

The priest casting the rune sets the exemption conditions; that is, the situations



or creatures that will not cause the *rune of power* to operate. Otherwise, any being passing, entering, or opening the surface on which the *rune of power* is inscribed will suffer its harmful effects. Touching or attacking the *rune of power* itself will also certainly activate it.

A *rune of power* can be set to avoid discharging when creatures of certain races, alignments, faiths, and sizes try to pass it. It cannot be set to avoid specific levels, hit dice, or classes of creatures, and cannot be combined with other *runes*, *glyphs*, or *symbols*.

Runes of power can be drawn to any size larger than the caster's hand, and their trigger lines can be extended to encompass any size of protected area on a single surface. *Dispel magic* spells will remove *runes of power*. Find and remove traps by thieves will locate *runes of power*, but not identify or foil them.

Most *runes of power* duplicate or resemble the effects of wizard spells. The most widely-known of these "killing" *runes of power* are:

Alhalbrin: This *rune of power* melts metal on all metal items that contact or pass it, within 3 rounds of its activation. The metal receives a saving throw vs. magical fire (with a penalty of -3 if not elven chain or magical in nature). Whether the metal melts or not, it grows hot, doing any being in contact with it 1d4 points of damage.

Faerindyl: This *rune of power* causes a *flaming sphere* to come into being out of the protected surface. The *flaming sphere* rolls directly away from the protected surface with a movement of 18. It will pass around all immovable objects in its path, bursting only when it contacts a wall or other surface larger than its own 10 foot radius. Creatures within 5 feet of the sphere must save vs. spell or suffer 1d4 points of heat damage. Beings struck by the spell must save or take 2d4 points of fire damage. Objects in contact with the sphere must save vs. magical fire. When the sphere bursts, all creatures within 10 feet must save vs. spell or take 3d6 fire damage. Note that this sphere is quite different in behavior and effects from the wizard spell of the same name. The only known way to stop a *flaming sphere* is with a *wall of fire* (which it will

merge with), a *wall of force* (which will cause it to burst), or a *dispel magic*. Otherwise, it will flow around and through all obstacles, including creatures in its path.

Sabras: This *rune of power* creates a miniature *blade barrier* effect, across (and in line with) the protected surface on which the *rune of power* was inscribed. It lasts for only one round, but does 4d6 damage to all creatures within 10 feet of the protected surface (a successful save vs. spells allows a dexterity check; if successful, the being escapes with no damage; if failed, the creature takes only 2d6 damage).

Thundaril: This forceful *rune of power* acts as a *polymorph other* spell on creatures activating it. Unlike the wizard spell of the same name, intelligence retention and system shock survival are automatic. Otherwise (equipment, class skills, and the like) the change functions as the wizard spell. The priest casting the *rune* sets the form to be changed into; Elminster reports that dwarven priests seem to like populating guarded areas with snails, slugs, and toads.

Velurdyn: This *rune of power* acts as a *reverse gravity* spell, flinging all beings within 20 feet of it (when activated) upward for 30 feet, and then immediately back downward. Creatures unable to fly suffer 3d6 falling damage, plus 3d6 (or less, if the ceiling is lower) impact damage for striking the ceiling, provided the ceiling is within 30 feet of the floor. In some cases, stalactites, piercer monsters, or even artificial spikes have been set into ceilings to augment such a trap.

Some *runes of power* are named by the caster as they are inscribed, and take immediate effect.

The most widely-known of these 'fast' *runes* are:

Bhelaerak: Acts as the 8th level wizard spell *glassteel*, affecting 10 pounds of weight per level of the priest.

Corsimmyr: Acts as the 5th level wizard spell *passwall*.

Delhaubrin: Acts as the 2nd level wizard spell *shatter*

Elemysr: Acts as the 2nd level wizard spell *invisibility*, affecting a single living or nonliving body or object. If an *invisible* creature launches a successful attack, it immediately becomes visible.

The material component to create any *rune of power* is the priest's holy symbol, which is used to trace the *rune*. Unlike similar priest spells, no other material components are necessary.

The Lost Runes of Power: Legends persist of *runes* once known to the dwarves that were far more powerful than the existing ones. A single *rune of power* was used to level the ancient city of Dhar-maghongh in Murghom, long ago. Elminster warns that although such *runes* definitely existed, no dwarven clan controls such power now—or recent dwarven history would be far different.

Seventh-Level Spells

Rune Chant

(Abjuration, Evocation)

Sphere: Guardian

Range: 10 yards/level (of caster's class)

Components: V, S

Duration: Instantaneous

Casting Time: 2 rounds

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: Special

Since dwarves cannot normally progress beyond 10th level as priests, this spell is beyond the normal capabilities of dwarven clerics. It is sometimes granted to High Old Ones, clan leaders, or great dwarven heroes in times of need, by manifestation of a dwarven deity. It is not otherwise usable by dwarves.

It causes a *rune of power* (see above) to form anywhere in range, in midair, without the caster inscribing it. The *rune of power* takes immediate offensive action against a target or area selected by the will of the caster. A successful save vs. spell on the target's part will cause the *rune of power* to affect an area adjacent to the one intended (perhaps endangering another friendly or hostile creature, which does not receive a saving throw).



DWARVEN MAGIC: NEW MAGICAL ITEMS

Olimbis “the Old,” greatest sage of the dwarves, whose clear memory spans six centuries, tells us that dwarves learned the secret of forging steel before the time of his grandfather, Ohrlin “Orckiller” Talanath—in other words, well over three thousand years ago. Elminster suspects that it was far earlier than that; old elven legends hold that dwarves were the first to work magic, but so greedily and wildly that it twisted their very nature, which rebelled against magical forces.

Whatever the truth of those legends, dwarves have always had trouble working with magic, for some reason inherent in their nature, and have instead concentrated on technology: the mastery of engineering feats such as elaborate pumps, sluices, elevators, taps, bridges, locks, and other feats of mechanical skill.

The great artisans among the dwarves have always envied other races, notably elves, humans, and halflings, for their ability to handle magic. The dwarven artisans have worked with individuals of these races on occasion to wield their magic to common advantage.

One such joint development, “*glowstones*” (artificially-created gemstones that entrap magical energies and serve as power sources), were devised by dwarven master smiths in the workshops of Myth Drannor. The secrets of making glowstones are now thought to be lost, but they remain one of the most highly-prized dwarven magical items, known to all races across the Realms.

A few of the most common and famous magical items devised and used by dwarves appear here for DM reference. Experience point ratings provided are for making a single item, not finding or using it. An asterisk denotes an item whose making is no longer known; these tend to be rarer and more valuable. The XP values of such lost magical items are bracketed, to denote the small likelihood that they will be attained.

Air Hammer:

These nondescript stone hammers are marked with a certain dwarven rune: two circles, one inside the other. They are found throughout dwarven delves, lying on ledges and wedged in rock fissures, as though discarded.

They are actually emergency aids. If an *air hammer* is broken, or the rune upon it struck sharply (i.e. if it is used to strike a blow), it activates. A loud, repetitive knocking noise is heard, and the *air hammer* (or its shards) begins to vibrate rapidly, swinging back and forth, as it diminishes in size. The stone hammer is actually the stopper or portal valve to an extra-dimensional space, filled with pressurized oxygen from the Elemental Plane of Air. When it is activated, the extra-dimensional space rapidly collapses, pumping its contents into the surrounding atmosphere.

Dwarves use this to escape underground smoke, poisonous gases (including *cloudkill* effects), or floods (an *air hammer* will create a bubble of air). The oxygen will forcibly drive out existing atmosphere, providing clean air in a 30-foot radius globe around the activation point. There is enough air to last eight man-sized creatures (or twelve dwarves) for 1 turn, given normal exertion (the air will last half that time if combat occurs).

This clean air cannot be moved as an intact globe, once released, and is highly dangerous if brought into contact with open flames, typically creating an instant 30'-radius, 5d6 ball of fire. Magical *fireballs* that contact an *air hammer's* oxygen globe will instantly double in radius, and gain 6d6 additional damage power.

XP Value: 600

Blast Spike:

These dwarven mining tools are used to split or shatter rock in specific, dangerous situations, such as removing blockages from underground cascades or rivers. They can also serve as weapons. *Blast spikes* are simple metal spikes, about as long as an adult human's hand. They are three-sided, pointed wedges of fine steel, with wide, circular heads for hammering, like giant tacks.

They can be dropped any distance, used as weapons (1d4 damage), or hammered into rocks, stone walls, or even trees or wooden walls without incident. Many have served as climbing holds in deep dwarven caverns for years.

A *blast spike* can only be activated by striking it with another *blast spike*. Upon contact, both spikes explode violently,

causing a total of 5d4 shrapnel damage to all within 30 feet (save vs. spell allowed for half damage, except for any creatures touching either spike at the time of explosion). Obviously, if one wishes to avoid damage, the second spike must be thrown or rammed with a very long pole; a successful attack roll (with nonproficiency penalties) is required.

Anyone holding onto a spike when it is struck, or attached to it via a line or other means, must make a successful dexterity check *and* a successful strength check to avoid falling (with attendant damage). If both checks fail, the unfortunate being does not merely fall: he or she is flung violently away from the location of the two spikes, possibly striking other beings or obstacles, and in any case incurring an extra 1d8 impact damage in the process.

XP Value: 1,000

***Fist:**

These prized items are traditionally used only by dwarven priests without regard to faith. Dwarves frown on beings of other races using them, and will seek any excuse to challenge or attack the owners to gain them. Fists magically alter in size to fit any hand brought into contact with them, and can even be worn and used by dragons, giants, and other gargantuan creatures!

A *fist* is an adamantine chain mail glove with pointed knuckles of solid metal. They are used like brass knuckles, but augment the power of the wearer's blows.

A *fist* adds one point of damage to the wearer's barehanded damage in normal use, and also protects the hand against weapon attacks. It can be commanded to deliver a pile driving blow.

Each such blow drains the wearer of 1d2 hit points—it is the user's life energy that powers the extra impact. A pile driving blow can be used, as the name suggests, to drive piles, or shatter doors, armor, weapons, shields, and the like.

If the target is mobile, a successful attack roll is required. If a blow occurs, the target must save vs. crushing blow at - 6. (If directed against walls and the like, consider the *fist* a “giant fist” on the Structural Saving Throws table in the DMG, to which the -6 penalty to the save applies.)



Against creatures, a pile driving blow does 2d12 points of damage, automatically stuns for the following round, and knocks the target down.

To avoid being knocked down, allow a strength check at - 3 penalty (- 2 if the target is large, - 1 if huge, no penalty if gargantuan). A saving throw vs. spell will avoid stunning; otherwise, the struck being can make no voluntary action on the following round.

Fists are unaffected by heat metal and similar attacks directed at them. If struck by any spell effect of 7th level or higher, or any magical item effect dealing more than seven dice of damage, they fly off, landing at random. Damaging a *fist* requires concentrated, deliberate magical attacks, or disintegration-normal combat attacks, even severe ones, simply won't affect a *fist*. A *fist* neither has nor uses charges.

(XP Value: 900)

*Glowstone:

These famous "gems" are synthetic crystals. Clear, faceted, and oval, as long as a man's hand, *glowstones* glow with a continuous, heatless white radiance equal to a continual light spell.

This radiance cannot be dimmed by magical darkness, dispel magic, or other means, with the exception of draining the stone of all power. When power is being drained from a *glowstone*, it pulses and flickers.

Glowstones are used to power all magical items requiring charges. A glowstone that is brought into contact with an item sticks to it. This is an attraction akin to magnetism, which can be broken by a strong pull, but not by an accidental contact. Once attached to another magical item, the *glowstone* begins to recharge the item, restoring one charge per full turn of continuous contact. If the item is used during this time, it loses no charges, the required magical energy being drawn from the *glowstone* in addition to the recharging energy being released.

Magical items which do not use charges but which can normally be used only a limited number of times in a set period gain one additional use (of each power or function) after they are exhausted. They must be touched to a *glowstone* for five

continuous rounds. This boost cannot be fed into an item before a given power is exhausted, storing the energy for later use.

In addition, dwarven clerics can release the power of a *glowstone* which they are touching by means of a special spell, *glowglory* (presented in the previous chapter, *Dwarven Magic: Spells*). This potent magic allows them to unleash *beams of power* from a *glowstone*, as weapons or tools. A *beam of power* is a cutting beam of radiant force that cuts stone, wood, and flesh alike—doing an automatic six points of structural damage per round to the former two objects (see the *DMG*, p. 76), and does 6d6 points of damage per contact to living things. For more information on *beams of power*; please refer to the spell *glowglory*.

Unleashing a *beam of power* from a glowstone drains it of 20 charges per round. Charging an item from a *glowstone* drains however many charges are transferred to the item, at the rate given above. Boosts for chargeless items cost 7 charges each.

Glowstones have 1,000 charges when made, and can never be recharged, but charges can be transferred from one *glowstone* to another. A little-known side benefit of this last practice: any being holding two *glowstones* together and willing one to give the other energy experiences the energy flow through his or her body. It does not heal hit point damage, but does burn away poisons, diseases, parasitic infestations, and embedded foreign materials, purifying the body.

To destroy a *glowstone*, one must strike it with a *disintegration* spell or magical effect, or deal it physical or magical damage (or a combination of the two types) totaling more than 66 hit points in one round (cumulative totals are ignored). Even when *disintegrated*, a *glowstone* explodes in a violent blast dealing 1d10 points of damage per charge it had left, to all creatures within 70 feet (save for half damage, allowed only if at least 25 feet distant from the stone). *Glowstones* that are entirely drained do not explode. Their light simply fades silently, and then they crumble away to worthless dust.

(XP Value: 1,400)

Ironstar Mace:

These all-metal weapons are fashioned by the fabled Ironstar dwarven clan, and are both rare and costly. Always of the "footman's" variety, and always made of a single piece of darksteel, *Ironstar maces* are said to be able to shatter armor at a blow.

What they actually do is deal double damage (2d6 + 2 versus small and man-sized, 2d6 versus large), seem almost weightless (weighing less than one pound) and unbreakable (see "darksteel" in the chapter *Dwarven Craft*), and have a special power: the shattering strike.

A shattering strike can only be called upon successfully once in every 2 turn-period. If an intended strike misses, the power is not wasted, and can be used on a subsequent attack. A shattering strike causes a dull, rolling booming, like distant thunder.

A struck target suffers 2d12 damage and must save vs. spell or be stunned (unable to make any voluntary action) for 2d8 rounds. Even if the save is successful, the struck being is stunned for the round following the strike.

If a target is wearing field or full plate (rigid) armor, the damage taken by the target is halved, but the armor must save (metal vs. crushing blow with a -4 penalty) or shatter and fall off. If armor has resisted an earlier shattering strike successfully, its penalty is - 5. If multiple strikes have been saved against (note that this requires a passage of considerable time), the armor's saving throw penalty is cumulative.

XP Value: 800.

Pickaxe of Piercing:

This rare item is simply an enchanted adamantite pickaxe, used in mining. It does 1d6 + 2 damage (2d6 against larger than man-sized creatures), and has a special property: it can pierce magical defenses.

A creature with a high (20% or more) natural magic resistance (such as a dragon of advanced age) suffers a temporary 10% loss of personal magic resistance, lasting for one full turn, after suffering a blow from a *pickaxe of piercing*. Such losses are cumulative: three



blows of a *pickaxe of piercing* robs a creature of 30% magic resistance. This loss is always temporary, even if the creature's resistance drops to zero. (A *pickaxe of piercing* will not cause negative magic resistance.)

Besides shattering dragonscales, armor, or solid rock, and sundering magic resistance, the pointed, double-ended head of a *pickaxe of piercing* is also effective against magical barriers of all sorts—walls, shells, spheres and mantles. Each contact between the head of the *pickaxe* and a barrier has a 10 percent chance (not cumulative) of causing the magical field to instantly collapse, *dispelled*. If the field survives, it is unharmed, and has normal effects. A single field can only be tested once per round by a single *pickaxe of piercing*, but multiple *pickaxe of piercing* blows will force multiple checks.

XP Blue: 2,000.

*Runehammer:

These rare darksteel warhammers do normal damage in combat. Each bears a *rune of power*, inscribed upon its head. If the elder dwarven name of the *rune of power* on the hammer is spoken aloud as the hammer is hurled or swung, the effect of the *rune* is delivered on any target struck in the same round.

The various *rune of power* effects are detailed under the description of the spell (in the chapter *Dwarven Magic: Spells*). A *runehammer* will only unleash the power of its *rune* six times in a day. However, they may be used in six consecutive rounds. *Runehammers* neither have nor use charges, but each time the *rune* power is used, there is a 7 percent chance (not cumulative) that the *runehammer* will vanish, shifted away to another plane by the will of Moradin. (Beings wielding a hammer at the time may or may not be carried along with it; the DM should decide, either randomly, or based on the situation and the willingness of the being to accompany the weapon.)

XP Value: 2,500

Stun Bolt:

This special crossbow quarrel, which can be fired from any size crossbow from hand to heavy, looks like a stone door-

knob on a short, thin shaft.

When fired, a *stun bolt* behaves in all cases (ranges, ROF, etc.) as if fired from a hand crossbow. However, on impact, it shatters into dust-sized motes, releasing a stunning magical shock of force that does 2d4 damage to any being struck. Victims of a *stun bolt* strike are unable to think or act coherently for the round following the hit (no saving throw). Only living things are affected—undead and objects suffer no shock effects. Such weapons are often used by dwarven guards.

XP Value: 200.

Whip of Amatar:

Named for the famous dwarven smith who first devised them, these rare weapons are long, coiled, flexible whips of lovingly-crafted metal, usually adamantine. They look like giant metallic centipedes, with ringlike segments. In battle, they do damage as a normal drover's whip (1d4 + 1 plus the victim must make a strength check or be knocked down, dropping held items or weapons), but they have several additional useful properties.

The metal whip resists being cut or broken (it will suffer up to 17 points of damage on a single segment before parting, and, if it does, its magic is lost).

Moreover, its touch can act as a *stone to flesh* spell by utterance of a secret command word, affecting both petrified things and natural stone (creating a fleshy cylinder, as the spell) as though the whip was a 12th level wizard. Thus, 108 cubic feet of stone can be affected per touch. This special power can only be called upon once a turn, and only three times in all per day (any continuous 144-turn period, even underground).

Some 10 percent of these whips can function as a *flesh to stone* as well, if the command word is known. Their XP Value appears in brackets, below.

XP Value: 650 (950).

*Winged Hammer:

This double-ended stone *warhammer* is heard of more often in tales than it is actually seen today. Once a favorite weapon of northern dwarves, its use has dwindled with the passing of the Lost Kingdoms.

A *winged hammer* functions as a normal warhammer. However, if thrown, it follows a moving target with its wings (MV 21, Class A), striking at +2 to hit and then returning to the hand of the being who launched it. If grasped or prevented from returning by barriers, it simply *blinks* in an extra-dimensional space for three rounds, and then appears in the hand of the one who launched it at the end of that time.

Upon verbal command (by use of a secret word, which must be uttered by a being touching the hammer), a *winged hammer* will dart away to fight by itself, selecting victims according to the will of the being who sent it. If its sender is slain or rendered unconscious, the hammer simply attacks the nearest living creature until that creature falls, and then returns to the sender, even if the sender is in no condition to do anything with it thereafter. If the hammer is grasped by one other than its owner, it *blinks* as described earlier.

A *winged hammer* can fight by itself, switching opponents as often as its sender wills, for up to one turn. It will then automatically return to the sender, and cannot be sent away to fight again (or thrown, for a flying return) for one full turn. A *winged hammer* cannot be sent off to fight by itself more than three times a day.

Its sender can be bound or otherwise helpless, or can be casting other spells or wielding other weapons, without harming the *winged hammer's* activity. A returning *winged hammer* never spoils spellcasting, but floats just out of the way until the casting is complete, and then (if possible) smacks neatly into the sender's hand. A *winged hammer* cannot follow a sender onto another plane, unless carried there directly; if abandoned, it will simply fall to the floor until reactivated later, by the same or another being. The "wings" of a *winged hammer* are self-regenerating magical constructs; it cannot be grounded by destroying them, even for a round.

A *winged hammer* is AC 4 when stationary, AC - 1 when in flight, and will suffer 45 hp of damage before shattering. When destroyed, its magic is forever lost, but there is no harmful explosion or magical side-effect.

XP Value: 2,400.



THE GREAT RIFT

The center of the Eastern Shaar is cut open as if by a gigantic sword, in a curving, southeast-to-northwest canyon: the Great Rift. The Rift plunges to almost a thousand feet below sea level at its deepest point, the southernmost basin of the Riftlake. Including the lands around it claimed and patrolled by the dwarves, the Rift just outstrips the realm of Sembia in size. Its rolling plains are a day's ride in all directions from the edges the Riftlake.

Quarried by dwarves for centuries, enlarged from an impressive natural canyon to its present awesome size in the process, the Rift is the most powerful surface kingdom held by dwarves today.

The Great Rift is known as "The Crack" in everyday speech. Among themselves, dwarves refer to it as "Aglandar." In the elder tongue of dwarves, this means "sword-slash" or "sword-cut," from 'agland,' the word for sword, and 'ar,' to cut, slash, or lay open; please refer to the chapter "Dwarven Language."

The Stout Folk rule the Rift's depths, walls, and heights alike, and the land all around for a day's ride (by a dwarf, on a mule or pony). They enforce their claim from 60 massive stone guard-towers sited along the edges of the Rift. These Riftingedgers are entered only by tunnels from beneath, and house all manner of catapults and ballistae. In an emergency, frantic supplicants can be lassoed and drawn up on lines to sliding stone ports high on the walls, normally used for aerial steeds. Each tower has a standing garrison of at least 60 dwarven warriors of 3rd to 7th level. Elminster adds that each also has enough line in its strongrooms to let idio—er, intrepid adventurers down from the battlements to the floor of the Rift, far below.

The Gates

The Rift provides entrance to the Deep Realms by means of the Gates, a huge stone arch as tall as 16 men, filled by two titanic metal doors. These gates, by tradition, open only when the dwarves go to war. They are sealed with a rare white metal, hizagkuur, which reflects back all magic cast at the doors with 100 percent accuracy, and deals 2d12 electrical damage per touch (or round of continued contact) to all beings touching the Gates. The two massive doors are locked and barred

from within, the hinges, panels, and bars reinforced by alternating wedge-beams of metal and stone. They have withstood direct hits made by suicidally-ramming great dragons and squid ships (see the SPELLJAMMER™ boxed set) in the past, without apparent damage. Some whisper that the Gates themselves are alive, holding the spirits of dwarven heroes who sacrificed themselves to give the Gates eternal vigilance and resiliency.

Each Gate contains a smaller door within it, a sally port that enables individual dwarves or laden pack-mules in or out. Beyond the Gates opens the gigantic Guardcavern, where dwarven caravans muster for their trips into the surface Realms. It is also in the Guardcavern where, upon returning, the caravans are checked for the presence of spies and other undesirables.

Underhome

Underhome, also known as "Underholme," its name in all old accounts, is guarded by many traps and engines of war. Potent magical detection fields and barriers bartered from the Sun Elves in the days of Myth Drannor guard its walls, and no nondwarf allowed into it has been allowed out again within living memory, the sole exceptions being Elminster the Sage and Harpers of power who do not talk loosely.

Hopeful visitors to the lands of the Gold Dwarves are directed to the chapter "Dwarven Races." The Southern Dwarves are very unwelcoming. They tolerate the entry of nondwarves into the Rift, and their business within, but closely watch them, often searching and confiscating weapons or suspicious materials. The dwarves fear the loss of gems and ore from the exposed walls of the Rift itself, and damage to the great herds of sheep, goats, and hogs that the dwarves herd on the shores of the Riftlake.

For more details of Underhome, see the chapter "The Deeps."

The Riftlake

The Riftlake's icy-cold waters are clear, though often shrouded in morning mists, and drinkable, though dissolved minerals lend them a metallic aftertaste. Dwarves

do not permit exploration of the Riftlake's depths (the penalty is death), for it is said to have connections to drinking-water supplies in the Deep Realms, and to drowned dwarven tombs that still hold magical weapons and other treasures. They will usually turn a blind eye to a little bathing, however.

Adventurers are warned that any who approach the Riftlake's waters will receive swift and sure punishment. Those who ignore such warnings will discover that it is inhabited by a family of four water nagas (three of 8 hit dice, one of 7). These creatures have been deliberately tormented and starved by the dwarves until they will attack any living creature that enters the lake. If strongly resisted, they will fight with spells, and then flee into several of the flooded dwarven tomb-tunnels, where they will use magical items (of the DM's choice) buried with the dwarves there long ago to defend themselves.

The water nagas (see *Monstrous Compendium* Volume 2) wield magic as 5th level wizards, commanding the following spells: 4,2,1: *chill touch*, *magic missile* x3/*blindness*, *ESP/lightning bolt* (acts as a *fireball* in terms of area affected, when cast underwater).

Dwarven shepherds (typically 16 to 20 per herd, fully armed and armored at all times, by order) attend the sheep, goats, and hogs in the Rift bottom night and day. They keep a close eye on nondwarves in the Rift, and their horns can rapidly summon a 'peacehammer' force from the Gates or the Riftingedgers Towers. If a dripping band of adventurers crawled out of the Riftlake carrying things, for example, horns would ring out in the Rift immediately.

Such police forces are typically 1d4 + 13 dwarven fighters of 3rd to 5th level, in chain mail and armed with multiple throwing axes, a battle axe each, and a few blades. Each also carries a horseman's lance, and is mounted on a hippogriff.

The hippogriffs are trained with skill and iron discipline, and the dwarves have harness-clips on their armor that enable the dwarves to fight when flying upside-down, cartwheeling across the sky in an aerial battle, and so on.

Each dwarven "sky rider" has a pleated cloak strapped to his or her back. If the



dwarf has to bail out of the saddle of a falling mount, the cloak spreads into a gliding batlike wing. Like a drogue parachute, the wing slows the rider's descent from a killing thing into a merely bruising, bone-snapping affair (assuming, that is, that the drogue wing has time to operate).

There always seems to be a shortage of volunteers to be trained as replacement skyriders. However, the dwarves who are skyriders are a Haela-praying, hearty, reckless lot who like nothing better than a fight. They particularly delight in swooping down to pinion ground targets with their lances. To pvermit this, each skyrider's saddle has a high, rigid back which also cuts down on deaths from enemy archery. At least three skyriders use magical lances that fire *magic missiles* or flame upon command.

Hammer and Anvil

The Gold Dwarves prefer that non-dwarves come no closer to the Rift than the trading-village of Hammer and Anvil. The village is a place of tents, moveable huts, and watchful dwarven guards armed with *stun bolt*-loaded crossbows, against the western wall of the city of Eartheart. Hammer and Anvil is the trading-moot established by the dwarves, in which they meet with surface-dwellers, trading their metal goods (most often weaponry) and work (especially armor-fitting and refitting, and on-the-spot gemcutting and setting) for fruit, vegetables, cheeses, fine textiles, paper, lamp oils, livestock, and other goods the dwarves need or prize.

Among Wanderers, Hammer and Anvil is often known as "Scutterbotch." The name stems from a famous prank in which a Gold Dwarf tried to publicly discredit the honesty of a Shield Dwarf there, but did it so poorly that he brought ridicule upon himself, not his target. This name is often used when Shield Dwarves do not want a bystander to recognize where they're talking about.

The population of Hammer and Anvil varies wildly. It is governed, loosely, by the Shield Ring, a council of about 40 clan elders: every dwarven clan that can get an elder to "the Hammer" and support him, gets representation on the Shield Ring. Every clan may have only one dwarf

on council. In cases of rival claimants for the same clan seat, the Ring votes to decide which one to accept. Clans have the authority to remove and replace their representatives, but in practice, a High Old One or clan leader must come before the Shield Ring in person to do this.

The Shield Ring hires about 70 dwarves (fighters of 3rd or higher level) to function as watchguards. If larger troubles develop, they merely call on the forces of Eartheart, or the Deep Realm.

It is rumored that at least one secret tunnel links backways of the Deep Realm with the heart of "the Hammer." However, such a route has been sought by human adventurers and thieving guilds of Amn many times, and never found.

Eartheart

Population: 39,000 (average)

Government: The Lord Scepter of Eartheart, a dwarf elected annually by The Deep Lords (governing council of Gold Dwarf clans, who administer the affairs of the Deep Realm). For the past dozen years, the post has been held by Mariochar "Bladebeard," a clanless dwarf of high, wrinkled forehead, jet-black pointed beard, mincingly polite manners, and a shrewd, steel-trap mind. Mariochar governs Eartheart in the name of the Gathered Clans of the Dwarves (that really means the Gold Dwarf clans), and is aided by Eartheart's standing army, "The Steel Shields."

The city of Eartheart gives the dwarves a secure place to stash their trade goods, a defensive base to defend their trading and the borders of the Great Rift, and a place for all non-Gold Dwarves to come, who have dealings with the Dwarves of the Deep Realm. This combination refuge and diplomatic residence function has given the city its informal name, "Dwarfhome." Here can be found many dwarven adventurers, whom the Gold Dwarves do not trust in their cities in the Deep Realms, but whom they find useful as hirelings to carry out missions in the surface world away from "the reach of the Rift."

Aerial steeds (hippogriffs are especially favored by the dwarves) often fly to and from the thousand-foot-high towers of the city walls. On the Rift side of the city

walls, these towers descend (by means of interminable corkscrew staircases) from their lofty heights straight down the Rift side, almost 2,000 feet. A small pile of bones along their bases attests to the numbers of folk who have accidentally—carelessly, despairingly, or with undesired help—fallen from Eartheart to their deaths, over the years.

Eartheart is an impressive city of soaring stone towers, flying bridges, minarets and needle-spires, raked overbalconies, and ramp-linked, many-leveled streets; a place where dwarves have set out to impress the Realms with their stonework—and succeeded. It is said to have secret doors and spy-tunnels everywhere, and to be stealthily policed continuously, to prevent thefts and violence. Troublemakers, it is whispered, are helped by the dwarven police to try their arms at flying-out a chute or window, straight down to join the bones at the bottom of the Rift.

Economy: Eartheart's economy is driven by trade. Its inhabitants specialize in forged iron goods, wagons, caravan services, cattle, and all manner of stonework.

Militia: The Steel Shields, 14,000 dwarven fighters who police the city on foot, man its walls continuously as though at war, check all who enter or leave by air, and patrol the surrounding farmlands for a day's ride out.

In BATTLESYSTEM™ game terms, the Shields will take the field to counter any large attack with the following troops (divide them into units as the referee or players see fit, according to the scenario):

Dwarven Axemen: 9,200 in all, these are the wall-guards, "in the wall" spies and guards, defensive engineers, and trainee warriors. AD 8, AR 7, Hits 1, ML 13, MV 6.

Dwarven Heavy Crossbowmen: 2,000 total, they customarily patrol the outlands, mounted. AD 8, AR 6, Hits 1, ML 13, MV 6, Range 8/16/24.

Elite Dwarves: 2,800 in all, the skilled and well-equipped city police. AD 8, AR 6, Hits 2, ML 14, MV 6.

(These numbers do not include the skyriders and garrisons of the nearby Riftedge Towers.)



THE DEEPS

“The Deeps” is a vast underground region underlying the lands east of the Shining Sea and south of the Sea of Fallen Stars. It has always been heavily-populated and dangerous, with many races vying for supremacy in the Lands that Never See the Sun.

Drow kingdoms have risen and fallen several times, and duergar have made steady advances, the latter at the expense of illithids and svirfneblin, whose numbers have dwindled. Cloakers and aboleth lurk on the fringes of the Deeps, scheming to control key rivers, lakes, and mines. Intelligent fungi are plentiful, and this ready source of food has made the Deeps sought by many.

The term “The Deeps” refers to the Deep Lands, which are areas not ruled by the dwarves, and the Deep Realm, the rich land of Gold Dwarves under the Great Rift and the Shaar east and north of it.

The Deep Lands

These dangerous regions are not fully detailed here. DMs interested in expanding these notes to create their own Deep Lands are directed to the AD&D® *Dungeoneer's Survival Guide* for useful background material. A creature native to the Deeps, the Deepspawn, appears in this chapter. Notable Deep Lands features include:

The Deepfall: The Deepfall is a waterfall that takes the River Raurogh to great depths, to levels haunted by cloakers, aboleth, and worse.

Helmstar: This is an independent, fortified trade-center, home to gnomes, halflings, humans, and outcast dwarves as well as more enterprising, generally poorer dwarves of the Deep Realm.

Blackrock Anvil: The Blackrock Anvil is a natural lava cascade, used by dwarven smiths willing to brave the dangers of getting there. They insist its age-old forges yield the best temper and refinement of steel. It is said to be haunted by salamanders.

Velm's Brace: This is a ghost-haunted, ruined dwarven stronghold frequented by monsters. Of course, it also draws bands of adventuring dwarves, searching for weapons of mighty magic said to lie in

the lost tomb of the dwarven hero Velm Dragonslayer.

Bluesky Cavern: This is a landmark cavern adorned with a small rainwater lake. The Bluesky Cavern is lit by a shaft to the surface that is thankfully too small for dragons to fly down, so to date none have made the cavern a lair.

The Wyrmcaves: The Wyrmcaves are a series of linked dragon lairs reached by surface shafts from the heart of Shara-wood (the Drakewood) in the Eastern Shaar. Home to a powerful family of black dragons who for years feasted on the most noble bones of Anther, the caves are where the dragons have slept on gold and riches of all the rich human empires around the eastern Alambar Sea. They have roasted many greedy dwarves who came seeking their wealth; few try, anymore.

Wildstar: This small hold is named for the now-vanished clan who carved it out of a drow kingdom long ago. It is home to some brotherhoods, independent-minded dwarven craftsmen and freethinkers who dislike the haughty ways and prejudices of the Deep Realm. It is also home to many half-breeds of the demi-human races. Wildstar is infamous for strong, fiery mushroom wine and wild dancing-parties that are fuelled by the burning amber-hued vintage. “As wild as a night in Wildstar” is a common saying among dwarves anywhere in the south.

The Whistlecavern: Fissures leading to the surface here let the winds that lash the grasslands of the Eastern Shaar howl and keen down into the depths. They bring much-needed fresh air and allow lost dwarves to ‘follow the winds’ to this place. The Whistlecavern is a frequent destination for Deep Realm army patrols and traders.

Needle Leap: This is a narrow, natural stone spar that almost spans a deep chasm. In the depths below, cloakers and ‘night slugs’ (giant black subterranean slugs) dine on the shattered bodies of dwarves who thought they could leap the gap, rather than journeying two days’ travel around the chasm. Giant spiders lair nearby, preying on the trade passing this strategic location.

The Deep Realm

The Deep Realm is a rich and proud land, the home of the Gold Dwarves. It abounds in hanging spiral staircases, pumped waterfalls and cascades, glowing, ever-shifting sculptures of magically-radiant metal, and similar marvels. It is much too large to be explored in the pages of this book, but the map supplied in this sourcebook gives the locations of its largest features.

The affairs of the Deep Realm are administered by the Deep Lords. The Lords are the governing council of Gold Dwarf clan elders. Each clan may place four representatives among the Lords. They dispense justice, command the dwarven armies, and decide matters of policy. This government-by-council is made necessary because the Deep Realm is a land awash in royalty—petty, decadent royalty—from whom all real power has been taken away. Their endless feuds, bickering, and private wars prompted the creation of the Lords, since such activity threatened the survival of all the dwarves, as the drow and duergar of the Deeps grew in power, some seven hundred years ago.

Kings, Queens, Princes, Princesses, and Dukes can be found everywhere, resplendent in mithril and golden finery, fanciful costumes and barbed, curlicued armor more ridiculous and ornate than the wildest dreams of human smiths. The Princes include High Princes, Princes Royal, Axe Princes, and still others. Princesses encompass Princesses Royal, War Princesses, and more. Dukes rank above the ardukes of the clans, and act as field generals of the dwarven armies and garrisons. Among the most powerful of all these nobles are King Gnarlgar “Half-Gnome” of Glitterdelve, and King Anthon Sunderaxe of Tarnhall.

Gold Dwarves are well-fed, well-indulged, largely happy (except for their never-satiated grasping after ever-more riches) folk of haughty pride. They have a strong faith in their own superiority to “lesser dwarves” and “non-Folk” (other races). Other dwarves may be in a decline; the Folk of the Deep Realm certainly are not. To this, Elminster merely smiles sadly, and murmurs, “They were this fool-



ish in Ardeep, and Myth Drannor, and Delzoun, too – and those are just the ones I was around to see. Dwarves learn some things very slowly, it seems.”

The dwarves of the Deep Realm are at peace these days, save for occasional skirmishes with the drow and duergar of the depths. They have not waged war in earnest against surface lands for two hundred years, but they never forget foes of their forefathers, and to this day will not trade with the humans of Unther. “A dwarf never forgets his grudges,” as the old saying goes.

The Armies of The Deeps

Much of this peace the Deep Realms have enjoyed has been bought by the sheer military might of the dwarves. Their shrapnel grenades, metal rams, and siege-engines beyond number, “attack spider” mechanical climbing-shields and levitating armored battle-barges to name but a couple, have terrorized many a foe.

The four armies of the Deep Realm are known as “Serpents,” and are named for the cardinal compass-points (of the borders of the Realm they are stationed in); thus, “The Northserpent,” “The Southserpent,” and so on. Each has a duke as a general, and at full strength, the following troops, given in BATTLESYSTEM™ miniature rules terms:

Elite Dwarves: A Ducal Bodyguard of 600, and two Hammers (strike forces) of 2,000 troops each. AD 8, AR 6, Hits 2, ML 14, MV 6.

Dwarven Axemen: The “troops of the line,” some 29,000 strong. AD 8, AR 7, Hits 1, ML 13, MV 6.

Dwarven Light Crossbowmen: The patrols and skirmishers of the army, some 16,000 strong. AD 6, AR 8, Hits 1, ML 12, MV 6, Range 6/12/18.

Dwarven Heavy Crossbowmen: Some 6,000 strong, these are the garrisons and ‘shock troops’ of the army. AD 8, AR 6, Hits 1, ML 13, MV 6, Range 8/16/24.

Dwarves: The militia and trainees; within the Realm, the army can typically muster up 4,000-5,000 of these, as needed. AD 6, AR 7, Hits 1, ML 12, MV 6.

Important Settlements of The Realm

Underhome

Population: 44,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: The Deep Lords (council of elders)

The heavily-fortified Great City of the Dwarves is home to the greatest treasure vaults, most powerful arsenals, and the busiest, richest trading families of the Deep Realm. It consists of three great caverns, crowded with spired, turreted buildings like those found in surface cities, overhung by flying bridges, multi-levelled walkways, and elevators.

Clan seats in The Great City include Belindorn, Ghalkin, Gordriver, and Malthin.

Economy: The trading-center of the Deep Realm, Underhome is home to moneylenders, caravan-owners, armorers, weaponsmiths, jewelers, clothiers (who set dwarven fashions throughout the Realm), butchers and boar-breeders (whose herds are out in The Rift), and cheese-makers.

Daunting

Population: 12,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: Queen Haraura Shimmerhand (LG dwarven female, F13)

This prosperous, clean, well-built and rather quiet town is known for the carefully-tended trees and shrubs that rise in its cavern galleries. Its stone houses, similar to surface dwellings, crowd some caverns, rather than the usual ‘caves with ornate stone front porches’ dwarven homes

Daunting is the seat of the clans Crownshield and Gemscepter, and is thought of as a stable, sensible place.

Economy: Daunting is a prosperous center of stonemasons and farmers – mushroom farmers, fungi farmers, lichen farmers, snail farmers, and puff-lizard farmers. More than any other place, “Daunting feeds the Deep Realm.”

Incidentally, puff lizards are named for their speed in putting on meat as they devour wild lichens and cave insects; as suc-

culent white meat, puff-lizard is highly prized on dwarven tables.

Firecaverns, The

Population: 39,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: High Princess Royal Rathauna Forgesilver (LN dwarven female, P9 of Berronar)

This long, narrow rift stretches for miles in the depths, linking many side caverns. Warmed by nearby lava-flows, the Firecaverns are lit by (and named for) a distinctive fungus that grows thickly on the rift’s walls and floor, and gives off a strong, steady amber hue. The inedible fungus feeds on the rock itself, on dwarven wastes, and on airborne moisture, spores, and insects. It is unlawful to destroy any of this ‘fire-fungus.’

The Firecaverns are home to many craftsmen and musicians who dwell in cave-homes opening off the side caverns. The clans Bladebite and Mastemyr have their seats here.

Economy: This rather easy-going, tolerant settlement has little heavy industry. It is home, however, to the forging of the many small, independently-sprung metal wheels used by dwarven deep-wagons and mining-carts. Lots of dwarves keep ‘second caves’ here, or retire here from surface life. It is perhaps the most welcoming community of the Deep Realm to outsiders and nondwarves, and therefore a place of wealth and quiet trade-dealings that affect commercial activities in the surface lands, and elsewhere in the Realm.

GLITTERDELVE

Population: 26,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: King Gnarlgar “Half-Gnome” Flamebeard (LN dwarven male F15)

This bustling, dirty cluster of caverns is a smoky, noisy, always-busy place of ringing hammers and hot forges. The richest metal-mines of the Deep Realm are here – iron, silver, copper, and lead are plentiful, and gold is also found.

Home to the clans Undurr and Zord, Glitterdelve is a wealthy but hard-nosed place, full of pushy dwarves. Scenes of many drunken fights between miners are not uncommon.



Economy: Glitterdelve is a wealthy, grasping place, its prosperity founded on the abundant, unusually-pure metallic ore-veins that meet here. Dwarven miners have enlarged the delve six times over in the last 400 years, and still the metal shows no sign of running out. Metal is mined, smelted, and forged into trade-bars, shields, and swords here. The work is not considered first rate: most dwarves prize its good metal, but rework what they get from Glitterdelve into their own blades and armor, with better temper and shaping. It's commonly held that the dwarves of Glitterdelve are always in a hurry-too much of a hurry to do the best work.

Hall of Echoes, The

Population: 9,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: War Princess Uranda Rythyn (LE dwarven female T12)

A place with a 'haunted' reputation. Once far more populous, the Hall of Echoes has been decimated by recurring monster attacks. It is home to the clan Talnoth. It is also, whispers say, home to evil human, half-elven, and even drow wizards. Its name comes from the eerie echoes caused by sounds made in the central cavern of "The Hall"

Economy: Miners and weaponsmiths call the Hall's many labyrinthine crawl-passages home. Their output is beautifully adorned and of the best quality. "Echo Blades" are eagerly sought by human warriors in the south.

Harlending

Population: 11,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: Deep King Hauroch "Swordbeard" Deathhammer (LN dwarven male F13)

A reclusive, suspicious community of smiths and potters, Harlending is home to the clan Breakadder. It faces constant attacks from duergar, drow, and less intelligent monsters of the Deeps. These come up nearby long, reaching mines and rifts that open into deeper, darker levels.

Harlending is a Serpent base, and often seems a city at war. Soldiers and armories are everywhere, and much of the everyday, serviceable-but-unspectacular output of dwarven arms, armor, and tools

comes out of Harlending's ever-busy smelting-furnaces and forges.

Economy: The smiths and potters of Harlending live well but see little extra coin, and never cease to grumble about it. Harlending is therefore seen as "poor" by the rest of the Realm, but also as a "cutting-edge" frontier city where all must be heroes, and young dwarves at loose ends could prove themselves worthy warriors of the Folk.

Rimmator

Population: 10,500 (average)

Titular Ruler: High Duke Dunderlau Bloodaxe (LG dwarven male F14)

The fat, rollicking ruler of Rimmator sets the tone for his folk: they party and jest their lives away, delighting in jokes, pranks, and general merriment. Dwarves of Rimmator enjoy their work, are always eager for news from all over Faerun, and take a lively (betting) interest in surface politics and adventuring-careers. They are known for laying odds on the Zhen-tarim managing to control this or that place, or the Harpers foiling this or that Shadow Thief plot in Amn.

Home to the clan Sorndar, Rimmator welcomes all races of folk, and is famous for its hospitable inns and taverns.

Economy: Rimmator is an easy-going, prosperous town of traders, miners, and 'river-hunters' (fisher-dwarves; a dangerous trade thanks to water-monsters). Its mines have yielded only copper, tin, and iron, thus far.

Rimmator's major exports are its fiery red wine and thick, "rooty"-flavored brown ale. Both are prized by dwarves, but are acquired tastes for humans.

Sundasz

Population: 8,000 (average)

Titular Ruler: Axe Prince Ansal Thundermace (LN dwarven male F12)

This rather unfriendly, aloof city is home to clan Velm. It is a place of private jokes, cliques, and secrets, and, some say, trades with duergar and even drow on the sly. Certainly Sundasz dwarves seem to find odd magical items up their sleeves when trouble erupts.

Economy: Sundasz is home to a few tireless caravan-masters who ply a steady

trade to and from Underhome. Most locals sell their wares to these enterprising Velm drovers, and stay at home, keeping to themselves. The smiths of Sundasz are known for their well-made tools, which are sold even in surface lands. The farmers of Sundasz grow fungi "greens" that are part of the staple diet of Realm dwarves (but taste a little nutty and salty to most human palates). The community is merely well-to-do, except for the hints of great wealth that must have bought its magic. There is a mystery about Sundasz that certain Folk are coming to believe needs investigating. Perhaps a few hired (and expendable) adventurers could serve...

Thuulurn

Population: 5,600

Titular Ruler: First Hammer of Moradin Thungalos Truetemper (LG dwarven male P10)

This is a small, fortified monastic enclave of priests dedicated to Moradin. Keeping aloof from most Gold Dwarves, they work continuously to influence events in the Deeps and surface lands, to better the lot of all dwarves.

They have been known to hire or make deals with adventurers of all races to carry out their aims. A common payment for healing badly-beaten adventurers, or raising one or more slain party members, is to undertake a mission. Typical missions include a strike against the duergar, freeing dwarves from drow slavery in the Depths Below, slaying an aboleth at a certain underground lake, or finding and slaying the latest cloaker overlord with designs on the Deep Realm.

Economy: Thuulurn is self-sufficient. What it lacks, its priests go out and get, or worshippers bring from elsewhere. Dwarven offerings have made the temple-city very rich, but wealth is seen only as a means to bringing about the Soul Forger's ends.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any/any
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Any
DIET:	Omnivorous
INTELLIGENCE:	Genius (17-18)
TREASURE:	K, L, M, Q x2, V x2, X
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic evil
<hr/>	
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	6, Sw 8
HIT DICE:	14
THACO:	7
NO. OF ATTACKS:	6
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	3-12 x3 (bites)/2-5 (slap) or by weapon type x3
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	See below
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	See below
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	77%
SIZE:	H (14' diam., tentacles to 20' long)
MORALE:	Elite (15-16)
XP VALUE:	12,000

Deepspawn are infamous horrors who give birth to many other types of monsters, so a single Deepspawn can make a large area perilous to even alert, well-armed adventurers.

Deepspawn look like large, rubbery spheres of mottled grey and brown. Six arms project from their bodies; three are tentacle-arms, and three are jaw-arms, ending in many-toothed mouths. A Deepspawn also has over forty long, retractable, flexible eyestalks (only extending three or four at a time, well away from harm).

Combat: When found, Deepspawn are usually half-buried in a pile of slippery, shifting coins and other treasure. This may conceal their arms, so that tentacles and mouths erupting from the treasure may seem at first to be the attacks of separate creatures. The treasure may hamper opponents and even shield the Deepspawn from some damage (as determined by the DM).

A Deepspawn attacks by casting hold spells at intruders, casting such spells once every three rounds. Victims under a hold spell are grasped by tentacle-arms and constricted, as other tentacles fight off other intruders by wielding weapons (including any magical items usable by fighters accumulated from earlier victims). Deepspawn love to engage prey with weapons, and then bite them from behind with a jaw-arm.

A tentacle-arm can slap for 1d4 + 1 points of damage, grasp items or beings and move them about (with 17 Strength), wield delicate keys or weapons, or constrict.

Constriction requires a successful attack roll (automatic if the victim is under a *hold* spell), and does 1d4 points of damage, plus 1d4 + 1 points per round thereafter. In any round in which a being gets free, it takes only one point of constriction damage. Constricted victims can be swung about by the Deepspawn as bludgeons (doing others struck 1d2 damage, ruining spellcasting, and forcing saving throws for fragile carried items). This causes the constricted being no extra damage unless driven onto points or blades (determine damage on a case-by-case basis).

Victims may only escape constriction by severing the tentacle-arm or tearing free. Tentacle-arms let go if severed. Each arm has 2 HD; severing occurs if damage equal to half a tentacle-arm's hit points is dealt in a concentrated area by edged or pointed weapons. To tear free, roll a d20 for both victim and Deepspawn on each round of constriction, adding their respective strengths (17



for the Deepspawn). If the victim has the higher total, it wins its freedom.

Deepspawn can also cast *ESP* and *water breathing* at will, and may employ a heal spell (self only), once a day. If a Deepspawn's life is threatened, it hurls caches of seized weapons as missiles, unleashes any magical items it has, and tries to escape by a planned route. Deepspawn seem immune to all known venoms (perhaps because they are able to create many poisons in their offspring), and regenerate lost arms and stalks, though slowly, healing 2 hp/day.

Habitat/Society: Deepspawn prefer to let their offspring fight for them, lairing in caverns, dungeons, or ruins amply protected by traps and guardian monsters (their 'spawn'). If these defenses are penetrated, the Deepspawn is usually found in a readily-defended room or area, always with at least one or more escape routes.

Deepspawn are native to the Deeps, and have successfully resisted the attempts of dwarves, drow, duergar, cloaklers, illithids, and aboleth to exterminate them. Deepspawn seldom lair within 30 miles of each other, but individuals may be much closer together underground (e.g. on different levels).

Ecology: Deepspawn eat anything organic, but prefer fresh meat. By some as-yet-unexplained natural means, a Deepspawn can 'grow' and give birth to any creature native to the Prime Material Plane it has ever devoured (but not undead or other duo-dimensional creatures). The 'spawn' have the natural attacks, including spell-like powers, alignment, and intelligence of their forebears, but class abilities and other learned skills are not gained. A spawn 'grows' in 1d4 days (varying with size and complexity) in a Deepspawn, which must ingest meat, vegetable matter, and water or blood to fuel the birthing. The Deepspawn then splits open to emit a fully-active spawn. Spawn are never hostile towards their parent, and cannot be made to attack them, even by magical means. Spawn can attack or defend themselves within one round of emerging. At the DM's option, they may use certain powers or abilities clumsily for a few rounds.



THE LOST KINGDOMS

In the northlands of Faerun, humans with little interest in dwarves, who have seldom even seen one, have heard about the Lost Kingdoms.

In taverns and inns, on nights around crackling fires when the hour is late and the tankards seem to leak constantly, many mouths down the years have told and retold the tales of the slow eradication of the once-proud dwarven kingdoms of the north, fallen before tireless orc hordes, the depredations of magic-using men, and worse.

All that is left today are crumbling ruins, the names and tales, and the whispers of still-waiting treasure. The tales tell of shining achievements, bright treasure, and fell curses—the tales can go on for several straight nights, if travelers are snowed in together at an isolated inn or hold.

The Lost Lands

A survey of what is known and what remains today of the vanished northern realms of the dwarves is helpful to adventurers seeking treasure, and to all who want to learn something of the ‘feel’ of things dwarvish. Landmarks that remain are listed under the kingdoms that they were once part of. If this seems a lot of space to spend on yesterdays, bear in mind that the glorious past of the dwarves is the key to the surviving Stout Folk of today.

Access to maps of the Realms will be helpful in understanding just what dwarven lands lay where. Maps of particular importance are TM4 *The City of Waterdeep Trail Map* and the maps in FR5 *The Savage Frontier* and FR9 *The Bloodstone Lands*. Those without maps can still follow the text just as most travelers in the Realms, who may only have glimpsed a map from afar in a temple, or clutched in an officer’s gauntlet. Others must listen in a tavern, learning borders from landmark to landmark.

Here, then, is a traveler’s introduction to The Lost Kingdoms.

Ammarindar

This weak dwarven realm was centered in the Greypeak Mountains, and flourished when the human land of Netheril was strong, supplying many needed metals to that land. Much of dwarven knowledge and techniques of enchanting items and combating hostile magic date from observations and the teachings of Netherese sorcerers at this time.

Ammarindar’s greatest rulers were haughty King Azkuldar and the much later King Olaurin, a great warrior. Also, Queen Helmma, who skillfully saved most of her subjects and saw them safe to southern deeps as her realm crumbled about her, ruled this land.

Ammarindar fell when Ascalhorn became Hellgate Keep, and evil creatures overran the surface lands and the underways all down the valley of the Delimbiyr. Most of its folk escaped to Oghrann, only to be scattered when that realm fell soon after. Many died in the savage fighting, especially the valiant rearguard led by Queen Helmma, who perished to the last dwarf, their queen among them. They bought with their lives time for the less warlike of their people to flee south from raiding orcs in the Vale of Naurogloth, known today as Bleached Bones Pass.

Ammarindar was abandoned in such haste that cartloads of treasure were left behind. Among the riches were coins and gems, metal-work of all sorts, and armor and weaponry of beauty and the highest quality. Cartloads of it were soon brought to Hellgate Keep.

Human scavengers brought more out via Loudwater in the years after the kingdom’s fall. However, more is thought to lie, yet undiscovered, in caverns and caches all over the Greypeak Mountains (now a dangerous region of roaming monsters, desperate outlaws, and Hellgate Keep patrols).

In particular, the dwarves of Ammarindar were known for their everbright adamantine armor. They fashioned suits of full plate worked into horns, ridges, barbs, and crests of a shining blue-silver hue. The undead riders of Hellgate Keep are known to wear pieces of some of this armor, when they hunt humans for sport around the Shining Falls. However, most

of this armor has gone missing, not in the hands of dwarves, nor of any other known plunderers of fallen Ammarindar since. Several fortunes in adamantine must still lie waiting to be found. The greedy are warned that the adventuring companies of the Black Band, the Company of the Horse, and the Company of the Scaled Tail have all perished in the search for Ammarindar’s lost riches.

The Harpers have sent a general warning to adventurers of the North. It states that the Royal Caverns of Splendarmornn have been stripped of all treasure, probably by those of Hellgate Keep, and are now home to undead and fell creatures of even greater evil.

The borders of Ammarindar were always less clear than those of more northerly and westerly dwarven realms, but at its height, the Throne of Ammarindar’s rule extended over much of the upper Delimbiyr valley. The King’s seat was at Splendarmornn, the Shining Mountain, westernmost peak of the pair that stands west of the Shining Falls.

The borders of the realm were the tree’s edge all along the High Forest (then part of the elven realm of Eaerlann) south to Dahaurock, a hook-shaped bare rock crag just upriver of present-day Loudwater. From there, the border crossed the river and followed the present-day trade road from Loudwater to Llorck, turning south at the eastern edge of what is now known as South Wood, to take in the mountains.

Naurogloth (Bleached Bones Pass) then marked the southern edge of the realm, which took in all the Greypeak Mountains, east almost to Dekanter, and then north as far as Horindon Lhar (High Gap). The realm then took in the eastern bank of the Delimbiyr (and the lands up to the mountains, to the east) as far south as the confluence of the Delimbiyr and the Heartsblood, a place known as Karscrag to the dwarves. There of old, two leaping stone bridges spanned the Delimbiyr, and the realm of the dwarves crossed the river with them, to command the western shore as far as tree’s edge, past the Shining Mountain to Dahaurock.

The Sign of the Realm of Ammarindar of old was a side-on, three-horned crown, points uppermost, a four-pointed star



floating above each point of the crown. This can be found carved on some trails high in the Greypeak Mountains, and in tunnel-passages in the dark hearts of those mountains, but the dwarves of Ammarindar seem not to have marked their borders with it, or with anything else.

Besilmer

This dwarven realm's name and history is forgotten even by most dwarves, although two of its proudest works remain as landmarks known throughout the Sword Coast North today: the Stone Bridge and the Halls of the Hunting Axe.

Besilmer was founded almost as long ago as Gharraghaur, by dwarves under Torhild Flametongue. Torhild and his followers believed that the dwarves would always be a beleaguered race, so long as they mined in the mountains and fought the other creatures who dwelt there, most notably giants and orcs.

The future of the dwarves, Torhild believed, lay in learning to farm, reshaping the downlands, not the mountains, to form beautiful, pastoral, stable communities, living in peace with neighboring men and elves. In his vision, they would use the native innovations and craft-of-hands of dwarves to prosper as inventors, builders, and repairers.

Accordingly, Torhild founded his realm in the troll-infested hills of the fertile Dessarin valley, where no elf or other civilized folk laid claim, and set to work. The trolls were eradicated, though they continued to raid, each year, from the Evermoors to the north. Irrigation was begun, and livestock herds accumulated and bred.

Unfortunately, the unfortified realm made a tempting target to all hungry predators of the north, from wolves in winter to giants in summer. The land also suffered from being a dream held most strongly by one dwarf, Torhild the Far-Sighted. When he fell, slaying a hill giant in single combat at the Stone Bridge, the realm soon crumbled and was overrun. Its farm-buildings were plundered and burned, its two great stone structures, the Bridge and the Halls, battered and abandoned. Torhild's people fled south, to join in another realm doomed to fail: the

Fallen Kingdom. Dwarves fleeing from Delzoun (see below) occupied the Halls for 40 winters more, but succumbed to harsh winters, wolves, and orcs in the end.

Persistent rumors tell of great riches buried hastily by the fleeing dwarves, and of magical treasures hidden somewhere beneath the earth near or under the Halls, but no such treasure has yet been found. Besilmer is today forgotten, although its sign, a wheel over a plow, can be found on rocks at Ironford and on the pylons of the Stone Bridge, as well as here and there around the Sember Hills (the modern name for the hills bisected by the Dessarin, which lie just south of the Stone Bridge).

Its borders extended from tree's edge of the Westwood, east to Ironford, and from there due east to the edge of the High Forest. At that time, the High Forest extended further westwards than it does today. From there its borders went north along that tree's edge to the short-lived lumbering town of Caddarak, now marked only by the stone hall of its lord, Darthurn, called by humans the Hall of Four Ghosts.

From there, the realm's borders ran due west, skirting the hills that lie south of present-day Yartar, to Tsordvuudd (known today as Kryptgarden Forest).

The Stone Bridge: This massive stone arch spans the River Dessarin without ceremony or accompanying settlement, rising lonely and weathered in the midst of rolling grasslands without a road or building to be seen as far as the eye can scan.

Built long ago to link the two halves of Besilmer, it was fashioned to span the broadest imaginable spring flood of the Dessarin. It rises in a great arc, without supporting pillars, some two miles in length. It reaches a height of some 400 hundred feet above the waters of the Dessarin.

The dwarves explain the awesome size and continued survival of the Bridge to the fact that it is also a temple to Moradin. Lawful good dwarves still make pilgrimages to the Bridge, said to be one of the Soul Forger's favorite spots on Faerun. On at least one famous occasion, the god appeared on the Bridge to aid dwarves in need.

It occurred in the waning days of the Ironstar clan. Driven out of their holds by orcs, the pitifully few surviving dwarves fled south from their kingdom, down the west bank of the Dessarin, harried by trolls and orcs. They were led by their King, Daurvos Frostbeard, an old and wounded warrior-lord who had lost his sons in the savage fighting when Ironstar Mountain was taken by the orcs.

Daurvos continually led the young dwarven youths, his great-grandchildren among them, in rearguard skirmishes to protect his people. His daughter Tammas Forkbeard led the dwarven wives and infants on to the south.

On the Stone Bridge Daurvos fell to orcbldes, and was ridden over as the orcs routed his shocked companions and swept south after his kin. After they had gone, the mortally-wounded King crawled to the very top of the Bridge, and cried aloud to Moradin to protect the Ironstar people out of his mercy, as there were none now left in the Realms to do so. And with that plea the old King fell from the Bridge, dead, into the waters below.

There was a flash of red light, and a clang as of metal struck, that smote the ears and reverberated like the tolling of a great bell for some minutes. Looking back, orcs and fleeing dwarves alike saw a great dwarflike figure, fully 20 feet high, standing upon the height of the arch outlined in red flames.

The dwarf upon the bridge had eyes like leaping red flames and a sweeping beard, and bore a red-glowing hammer in one bare hand. He swung the hammer in a circle above his head, faster and faster, and then hurled himself down from the Bridge like a meteor, to land hissing in the water below.

There his light faded, and he rose from the waters bearing the limp body of Daurvos like a doll in one hand. Cradling it carefully against him, the armored dwarf wept, silent tears streaming down his face, and as he wept, he ran towards the orcs. Muttering in fear, they turned to meet him as one, and he charged into their midst without a word.

At that, Tammas Forkbeard rallied her people to fight, and led a charge back at the band of orcs, to aid the newcomer. But even as she reached them, she saw that



the lone dwarf among them was smiting right and left tirelessly, ignoring the blades of the orcs, and they were falling like rain around him. Soon the last of them fell at the feet of Tammias, from a blow of that awful hammer.

As Tammias looked at the dwarf, the sign of a hammer and anvil appeared in outlines of fire upon the breastplate of his armor, and she knelt in the midst of her thanks, recognizing that this was indeed Moradin.

But the Soul Forger merely held over her his hammer, sternly pointing south. She scrambled up, and led her people on. And all that day, as orcs rode after them, Moradin strode at their back. The dwarf who towered 20 feet tall smote down all who threatened the last of the Ironstars, slaying orcs as a farmer threshes wheat, until no more came, and the dwarves came to Ironford at sunset, and could go no further.

Then a flash and clangor came once more, and the survivors of the Ironstar clan were alone again. On the turf where the god had stood they found the hammer and crown of Daurvos, but his body was gone. It was this crown that the first of the dwarven Kings of the Fallen Kingdom wore, and it was to the Fallen Kingdom that the last of the Ironstars went.

Dwarves revere the Bridge for this reason, and will not suffer anyone to settle near it nor control who may cross it. The bridge is of weathered granite, so skillfully fitted that it seems almost of one

piece, and is six paces broad. It has no parapet or railing on either side.

The Halls of the Hunting Axe: The rubble-strewn Halls of today rise out of thick brush that cloaks the moat and gardens that surround the stone walls of this sprawling building. Roofless and windowless, the arched walls of the Halls reach into the sky like dead fingers, pillars here and there rising out of the brush.

Colored glass can be found amid the rubble, suggesting that the huge arched windows piercing the walls of the labyrinthine Halls were once mosaics of colored light, like the rich temples of Waterdeep and more southerly lands. Today this glass is gathered and sold by peddlers, and is popular in the north for use in making bottles.

The Halls themselves are said to be stripped of any valuables reachable without digging. Tons of stone have collapsed atop the cellars in several places, and fantastic wealth may lie buried below. Monsters—particularly leucrotta and doppelgangers—haunt the ruins, and make searches perilous indeed. These inhabitants both seem to prefer to attack by night.

The Hall of Four Ghosts: The Hall is a high, slate-roofed, leaking structure with a beautiful vaulted ceiling, and several rail-less spiral stone stairs ascending to galleries and hanging apartments. It is haunted by the ghosts of four lovers (two dwarves, an elf, and a human), whose mounting mistrust of each other led to

murder. It is known as The Hall of Four Ghosts today, the presence of the dwarven lumbering town forgotten.

From the vast storage cellars of the Hall, tunnels run eastwards beneath the High Forest, under lands then settled by elves, to interior areas inhabited then only by monsters and a few dryads and korred.

The dwarves built several fortress-holds to retreat to, for protection if attacked while working in the woods. Most are lost and overgrown, but those known to men include the Stronghold of the Nine and Hammer Hall.

Dareth

This vanished realm of the dwarves lay north of Rashemen, in the mountains that divide the Great Glacier from the Great Ice Sea. Settled by dwarves who first came to the Bloodstone Lands from the south (from worked-out, individual clan holds in the mountains south and west of Unther and Mulhorand), and reinforced by later arrivals who fled from eastern Delzoun, Dareth was a briefly prosperous land.

Dareth was founded almost 4,000 summers ago as a realm of linked caverns under the rule of its first King, Orloebar Snowbeard, who renounced his clan membership to found the ruling house of Dareth. The mountains held few gems, but rich veins of metal-bearing ores, and the forges of the dwarves worked tirelessly.

Men came to what is now Hoarbridge to trade with the dwarves of Dareth, "The Ice Kingdom." The dwarves tunnelled ever further into the mountains, and even cut into the depths of the Great Glacier, following rich ore-veins.

One spring, no dwarves came to trade with the men—without word or explanation. The Stout Folk simply "came no more." Their work, mainly armor and weaponry, was still avidly bought and sold around the lawless, fledgling human settlements in the area, and word of their sudden silence was slow to get around.

When Delzoun began to crumble, dwarves who lived and mined the easternmost reaches found themselves cut off from their brethren by the fall of Felbarr. Some fled south down the De-



sertsedge, but others made a titanic trek across frozen Anauroch to the Moonsea North, and thence through the Bloodstone Lands to reach the Mountains of Dareth.

They soon learned why little had recently been heard of the dwarves from the Inner Sea South who'd first founded the kingdom. A realm of white dragons (and bestial servant creatures) was located at the northern end of the mountains. Once the dwarves had broken through into their caverns, brutal war had begun. In the end, the dwarves of Dareth had been driven into a few deep caverns.

The Mountains of Dareth had become "the Peaks of Cold Death" to human traders, who sought the besieged dwarves in vain, but found white dragons on the wing all too often.

The dwarves from Delzoun rescued the surviving folk of Dareth with a vicious attack upon the dragons' besieging servant creatures. The dwarves fled to a lone mountain that stood apart from the rest, which they named Mount Sundabar in honor of a city in the Northkingdom that they'd left behind. There they founded a new citadel, electing as King one Embryn Shattered-shield, who left his clan to take the name of Dareth.

The white dragons soon attacked Mount Sundabar, employing magical items of great force and unknown, elder origin. In the end, the Mountain was shattered, the dwarven hold laid waste. The dwarves fought on, however, slaying dragons whenever they could reach them. They became skulking attackers who swarmed all over the Mountains of Dareth, until no dragon was safe in its lair, and the bones of both dwarves and dragons littered the mountain range.

In the end, the dwarves and dragons destroyed each other, in a final confrontation on the broad mountaintop now known as Heroes' Height. This opened the way for humans to hunt and cut lumber in the rich lands that became Armridge and Sossal. The caverns of Dareth were explored and plundered of all valuables left by the dwarves, but recurring monster attacks made the mines too dangerous to work. And so they remain today, home to dangerous creatures who feed

on the occasional humans or dwarves desperate or reckless enough to try mining the riches of lost Dareth again.

Dareth's borders lay within the mountain range named for it, plus Mount Sundabar, Heroes' Height, and the high valleys between.

The Sign of the Realm, almost unknown today, was a row of three peaks with a stone hammer, head to the right, horizontal above them.

Delzoun

The famous Northkingdom of the dwarves, named for its heroic founder, Delzoun is only a shining memory today. Once it stretched from the Ice Mountains in the Utter North to the Nether Mountains in the south. It was bordered on the east by the Narrow Sea (now vanished; the Great Desert lies there today), and on the west by Silver Moon Pass (just east of present-day Silvermoon) and the Dharnvudd (the Moonwood). The world was 2,000 years younger then.

Delzoun was a rich and proud land, perhaps the pinnacle of dwarven power. Its smiths crafted intricate and beautiful mechanisms to ease every task, the great dwarven families grew rich and famous, dabbling in poetry and even fashion, and gold shone everywhere about the persons and homes of the dwarves of Delzoun. The dwarves ranged across the North, building holds for themselves and (for hire) for men, such as recently rediscovered Gauntulgrym. Their work endures still. They were a happy and hearty people, but that is all gone now.

Today, Delzoun is largely wilderlands, fought over by dwarven patrols and orc raiders. Citadel Adbar guards the richest mines still known to the Longbeards (the dwarven elders of Adbar), and the orcs harry and menace dwarves and men alike on all sides. The ancient trade-road of fitted stone blocks, built by King Adbarruns so long ago, still runs from the Citadel to the Fork. There it splits, running east and west.

One road runs east to ruined Ascore, once a port on the Narrow Sea. It is still rumored to contain treasure, and some fell evil that keeps even orcs away from it. Its stone towers are a landmark for ad-

venturers doing "The Long Run" up or down the edge of Anauroch, seeking to avoid the worst predators (human and otherwise) that infest the lawless eastern Sword Coast Northlands.

The other road runs west to Sundabar, now a city of men. The Fork itself was once marked by the grand mansion of the dwarven hero Gaurin, but today every stone of that place is gone, and the land hides its cellar-caverns, so that the roads remain. They simply meet, without marker or sign of any habitation, in the wilderness.

The old western Delzounian hold of Felbarr is now held by orcs, and known as "The Citadel of Many Arrows," and the central dwarven villages of Osstkar and Meruindelve have utterly vanished, even their locations known only to a few of the oldest Longbeards. Save for many forgotten dwarven tombs tunnelled into the mountains all about, nothing else remains of the once-mighty Northkingdom.

The Sign of the Realm was a double-headed, horizontal hammer, in a triangle of three cut, gleaming gems. It can be found on mutilated way-markers here and there within the old borders of the land. No human explorers have yet found a marker that someone-probably an orc, in most cases-hasn't pried the gems out of.

CITADEL ADBAR

This mighty fortress is named for the ancient dwarven king Adbar (actually "Adbarruns" in full, though only dwarves and sages know that), who built it over 1,000 years ago when the lands about were Delzoun, the Northkingdom of the dwarves.

Quarried of granite, the Citadel can house up to 60,000 dwarves in comfort; men will find its defensive tunnels and wall-ways too dark and too cramped. Beneath its towers lie miles upon miles of linked rooms, on many levels: the storehouses and living quarters of Adbarrim.

The Citadel is ruled today by King Harbromm, whose ceaseless patrols keep the nearby mines and this last large hold of the dwarves in the North from being overrun by the everpresent, numberless orcs. Perhaps another 2,000 dwarves in



the mines and mountainside holds submit to his rule, and their numbers dwindle every year (births simply do not keep pace with battle losses).

Citadel Adbar still produces the finest metals in the North, shipping out axe- and pick-heads, 'forge-bars' of unworked metal, and sword-blades by caravan to Sundabar. Orc attacks on the dwarven miners and the caravans have cut down on the Citadel's output in recent years, raising market prices for its top-quality goods throughout Faerun.

The banner of Citadel Adbar bears the Forge-Mark of the King in red upon a silver field: an upright single-bladed hand-axe enclosed by a circle of flames.

The Fallen Kingdom

This now-vanished realm was a short-lived effort to stem the demi-human decline in the North by uniting elves and dwarves and humans in a commonly-held land. The kingdom was smashed by the repeated attacks of vast orc hordes, although the slaughter done to the orcs drove them back north for generations.

The Fallen Kingdom had many names; the 'real one' has been lost with the passage of time, mixed up with the names of the Kingdom's various districts (such as Ardeep, Delimbiyran, and Thaltekhth). The term 'Fallen Kingdom' today refers to the rolling wilderlands due east of Waterdeep, although this was only the north-western end of the long-ago united realm.

When founded (at the famous Council of Axe and Arrow in The Laughing Hollow), the Kingdom had Three Kings at once: an elven King, Ruardh Lightshiver; a dwarven King, Torghatar blood of Bharauin; and a human King, Javilarhh "the Dark" Snowsword. It also had two Dukes, a gnome and a halfling: Ulbrent Handstone and Corcytar Huntinghorn, respectively.

All three of the original Kings perished in battle, as did two elven successors. Finally, at the collapse, the dwarven replacement, Oskilar son of Fauril died, as well. The two Dukes survived the collapse of the kingdom, and led their peoples in battle in the area for many more years.

The Fallen Kingdom collapsed when most of the elves gave up the endless warring (which sickened them), and took ship

westwards to the realm established ages before by the most farsighted of the elves, Evermeet. There were too few dwarves left to continue open warfare with the endless orcs; they retreated to more southerly holds, or to human cities.

The humans had grown ever more numerous over time. They had outgrown, in fact, any need for an alliance with other peoples. When their demi-human partners left, the humans continued to hold the land, inviting displaced halflings from the Calishite lands to settle (particularly in the lands about Secomber), and bolster the weakened strength of commerce and settled civilization in the area.

In this, the humans of Waterdeep were aided by a small group of moon elves, who lingered on for another age in Ardeepforest. These elves believed in working with humans—particularly adventurers—to respect and guard the land together. It is thought that the Harpers began under their guidance.

The borders of the Fallen Kingdom, when it was first formed, are known to have been as follows: from Mount Helimbrar at the sea northeast to what is now Ironford, an area known of old as Rarg's Hold, due to an old bandit-keep located there, one of the first human habitations in the Sword Coast North. From there the border ran southeast to the Dark Hills, the stony, broken hills that lie between Waterdeep and Secomber, and to Secomber, where the riders of the Kingdom commanded the lands perhaps a day's ride around the fledgling settlement. From there, the Kingdom's borders followed the southernmost tributary of the Delimbiyr, the Ulbanlur (Highmoorflow), south and east along the edge of the High Moor, up to Evendusk Lake (The Mirror of the Moor, the lake due south of South Wood). The border then ran southwards with the edge of the Moor, taking in the Serpent Hills before turning back north around the western edge of the Moor, which it followed, along a string of now-vanished human castles, north to about where the Way Inn now stands. There it turned westwards to the sea, to the Seatower of Ilinyth.

Before this fortress was blasted to rubble by fell magic, it served as a watchtower seawards, and as a base for

mounted patrols defending the Kingdom against troll and bugbear attacks in the area. It also allowed elves to quietly take ship there by night, flying by magical means down the rugged cliff to board vessels that then slipped away towards Evermeet. It is thought that over 7,000 elves slipped away from the faltering Kingdom before its fall in this way, leaving the bloodshed and tumult of Faerun behind.

There is one old legend attached to the Kingdom that still seems active today: the tale of the Ghost Dwarves. The ghosts of its first dwarven king and his bodyguard are said to still roam the lands. They were ambushed and slain by hired duergar in the heart of the kingdom while on their way to answer a (false) call for aid. The dwarves are said to still ride to aid those in need near the River Dessarin, from its mouth as far north as Ironford.

The Ghost Dwarves appear as shining white translucent figures in plate armor, on horseback and armed with great two-handed war axes as long as spears. They strike silently but viciously at orc-kin and other evil creatures only, and the bite of their phantom weapons visits the effects of magical *fear* and *repulsion* on their targets. Many travelers swear that the Ghost Dwarves have come to their aid, when they were attacked by ghouls, brigands, or goblin-kin raiders near the Dessarin.

The Sign of the Realm was a circle, usually inlaid with white quartz or marble chips, around three side-on spired crowns. It can still be found on toppled, overgrown way-markers around the edges of the High Moor, but only by those who seek them out; bugbears and goblin-kin raiders seem to hate the Sign, and always tear down markers that bear it.

The House of Stone: East of Ardeepforest, near Waterdeep in the Sword Coast midlands, rises a huge square tower. It has come to be known as 'The House of Stone' after an old (human) children's rhyme:

*An elf calls the deepest wood his own
A human everywhere may roam
But a dwarf just wants a house of stone.*

The fortress was built a thousand years ago by dwarves under Turgo Ironfist, a huge citadel to help defend the shared hu-



man, dwarven, and elven kingdom against attacking tribes of orcs, hobgoblins, bugbears, and trolls. The dwarves excavated huge, many-levelled storage granaries out of the rock, and over them built a fortress cunningly crafted of fitted stone.

In old tales, the House of Stone is said to have many hidden doors, sliding rooms, and chambers that rise or fall in shafts like buckets in a well. It also is said to have dangerous traps designed to capture intruders. Rumors persist of rich treasures, such as entire rooms full of gleaming gold coins, and closets crammed with gems mined by dwarves who were dust long ago, all over the north when the mountains were still young. Most importantly, an armory for the defense of the kingdom is said to have been collected here, including weapons of powerful magic crafted by the elves and by the mighty smiths of the dwarves of long ago.

Until they vanished recently (presumably gone to Evermeet), the moon elves of Ardeepforest guarded the House of Stone closely, letting no one near it. Several adventuring groups have set out from Waterdeep to explore it in the last three summers, but none have yet returned.

The famous bard Mintiper Moonsilver was allowed to see the House of Stone some years ago by Eroan, archmage of the elves of Ardeepforest. He reported to the Lords of Waterdeep that its gates were open.

"A hill giant had forced them apart some months before my visit," he said, "for its huge corpse hung just beyond, impaled on a massive, ram-like stone claw the length of a warship that had sprung out into the space beyond the doors. The elves just smiled when I asked if the place was full of such traps, and said it was best to assume so from safely without its walls."

It seems unlikely that later visitors will bear Mintiper's report in mind; even now, talk in Waterdeep holds that several bands of adventurers are equipping themselves in the city for assaults on the citadel's fabled defenses, despite others' recent failures.

Illefarn Mountain: East and north of Daggerford on the Sword Coast, up the river Delimbiyr, stands Illefarn Mountain.

Once it was an important metal-mine and stone quarry for the dwarves of the Fallen Kingdom. It was the seat of King Devin in those long-ago days, but is presently a dangerous place.

Gharraghaur

This small but prosperous dwarven land was named for its principal city, which stood where Mirabar is now. It in turn was named for its founder, a mighty dwarven warrior.

Enriched by the most accessible of the rich mines developed by the dwarves, this dwarven realm was centered around the Tanlur (the dwarven name for the River Mirar), and ruled by the Royal House of the Helm, a now-extinct dwarven family whose greatest kings were Anarok (whose name is echoed in Anauroch; it is not known if the two names have any connection) and his son Relavir. Their seat was the Iron Tower in the center of Gharraghaur, which has utterly vanished. Its great storage-caverns, however, still serve as the granaries and safe-caverns of rich Mirabar.

Gharraghaur was the first of the great dwarven kingdoms to fall to orc attacks; its people were too busy mining to arm themselves in numbers enough to withstand the orcs before it was too late.

At its height, the borders of this realm were as follows (using the old dwarven names wherever possible): east from the sea at Lyntara, a blue-veined, uninhabited rocky headland north of present-day Port Llast, to Glaurimm, the lofty volcanic peak known today as Mount Hotenow. Thence east down the Nethlur (Neverwinter River) to Nethultok (its forks), and from there northeast to Anaurdahyn, now known as Twilight Tor, the northernmost hill of the range of knolls that ends in the south at Berun's Hill. From there, the border ran east to the meeting of Shardylnur (Shining Creek) and Gaurlynlur (the Goblintide River). North from there, the land of Gharraghaur continued up the western bank of Shardylnur, into the depths of Vurykvudd (the Lurkwood), tending northwest to the isolated drumlins of Marak's Tor and Havyltor, whose bare rock heights rise out of the green depths of the great wood. From

there, the border ran north to the open Vale of Khedrun, named for the legendary dwarven hero whose warriors first secured a foothold on the surface of the Northlands for the dwarves. The valley runs northeast to a high meadow, Khedvallahir, deep in the mountains of Barakmornolor. Barakmornolor, incidentally, means the Spine of the World, a translation preserved as the formal modern-day human name for the mighty range, also known colloquially as "The Wall." The realm encompassed it and the many mines reached by it.

These were the earliest of the rich dwarven mines of the Sword Coast North. Many, particularly in the upper Vale, are now worked out or strongly held by orcs and worse. However, those to the west, along the Wall, provide much of the riches of Mirabar to this very day. A summer seldom passes without another find being made, somewhere along the western half of the Wall. All races in the north generally refer to the Wall as being divided into eastern and western halves by the Mirar, and the Vale that flanks it. The borders of Gharraghaur followed the Wall west, claiming on average two peaks northwards from the edge in all places, until the border reached Velaunlur (Blackraven River).

The Ice Lakes region served of old, as they do now, as mating and nesting grounds for many beasts. They were also home to many kobolds then. The little terrors, coupled with the many monsters, made the region too dangerous for busy dwarven miners interested in gems and metal, not in downing tools every third breath or so to fight off some new attacker.

Gharraghaur's borders accordingly followed the eastern bank of the Velaunlur down to the Tanlur, and the south bank of that river down to the sea. Gharraghaur had no port, trading instead with Haunghdannar to the south, and underland with more southerly realms.

It did have two large surface fortresses. The first were the keeps of Orglaunt, which stood where the Blackraven joins the Mirar, in the northeastern angle of the confluence. The other was Halanaskarr, which stood just south of the Lurkwood, at the headwaters of Shining Creek. Both



have been robbed of their stones by later builders, and are marked now only by overgrown, water-filled cellars carved out of solid bedrock.

The few adventurers who have probed these watery ruins and lived to tell of it report that the dwarves may have forgotten to leave any treasure behind, but more evil creatures have found the flooded depths to make admirable lairs.

The Sign of the Realm can be seen on markers that still flank the Mirar trade-road: four vertical, diamond-shaped gems, in a triangle with the largest gem in its center.

Haunghdannar

This small and little-known realm was centered on the mountains east of Leilon, and home to the only known dwarven seafarers.

The sea is thought to have driven the dwarves of Haunghdannar mad; the realm rapidly dwindled, as ship after ship that put out did not return, except for small fishing-boats that never left the sight of land. The land was overrun by bugbears, trolls, ogres, and orcs.

The remnants of the Haungh Dwarves are thought to be the Madbeards of today (see the chapter *Current Clack*). The stone keeps of the realm are long gone, their stones used by later humans to build cruder, lesser houses. The names of the three most important keeps survive: Alogh, Mnerim, and Olphrintar. The names of all of the land's kings, however, have been forgotten.

Haunghdannar's port now lies beneath the sea, off Leilon; it was known as Barhindhun. Some intrepid adventurers have searched the depths for it, but if any found it and survived, they've made no sound about it in the Northlands.

The remnant of the realm most important to the folk of today is Southkrypt, an underground hold that once defended the eastern border of the realm. The dwarves of Haunghdannar are thought to have come from some larger, wealthier kingdom, for they used a vast array of magical weapons in fighting off the orcs, bugbears, leucrotta and trolls numerous in the region. Legend whispers that Southkrypt still contains many of these

magical weapons—adventurers add that it is also home to many fearsome creatures that have taken up residence in recent times.

Haunghdannar's borders are somewhat uncertain; it is thought that the dwarves never marked or fortified them. Elminster believes that they curved in an egg-shaped arc inward from the sea just south of Leilon, inland to take in the mountains in which Southkrypt can be found, known as the Maruutdin to the dwarves. From here the border turned sharply west at the end of the mountains, though excluding the troll-infested hills that continue northwards, to seek the sea again, south of Neverwinter Wood.

The Sign of the Realm is found on the doors of Southkrypt, and can be found by the observant on some of the stones used by men to build Leilon's walls: it is a seven-pointed star, over a fish facing to the left, floating above a mountain peak.

Ironstar

This short-lived realm grew around the holds of only one clan—the Ironstar clan. They became very rich from their delvings, and mastered the art of instilling magic in items better than any previous dwarven smiths.

The Ironstar Masters were famous in their day, as they worked under Ironstar Mountain and its sister peaks of Northlook and Wyrmtongue. Together these are the three most southerly peaks of the range of mountains north of the River Surbrin, just above its confluence with the Rauvin. It was here that gnomes and halflings came regularly with barges to trade with the busy dwarves, taking the famous armor and weapons away south for sale to humans up and down the Sword Coast.

These mountains, and the land south from them to the river, were all the land that the Throne of Ironstar ever commanded. Yet Ironstar is regarded today as the most mighty of the dwarven kingdoms, after Delzoun.

Its smith-craft was matchless, and its people industrious. Yet in the end, the throne failed to hire mercenaries enough to hold their caverns against the ever-attacking orcs, and they were routed.

The last remnants of the Ironstars were rallied by their aging king, and led south, to eventually join The Fallen Kingdom. That sad story is better related by The Stone Bridge, under the entry for Besilmer, above. Also, please refer to the chapter *Clans* for their eventual fate.

The Sign of the Realm was the Ironstar clan sign: a four-pointed white star gleaming atop a rugged black iron anvil.

Oghrann

This realm lay in what is now the Plain of Tun and the surrounding mountain ranges. It claimed the Helbryn as its own, a hunting-range north of the Laurvinlur, the River Reaching, east of present-day Hill's Edge. The Helbryn was a great open area of rolling plains, extending north to the elven lands of Evereska.

Oghrann was founded by the mighty warrior Thorbard Firebeard, who was its first and greatest king. Over the years that followed, beset on all sides by enemies—lizard men, nomadic human tribes, wemics, and the usual bugbears, trolls, and goblin-kin races—the kingdom declined. The realm was swept away by disease and war even before the more northerly kingdoms of the Stout Folk fell.

Oghrann encompassed all of the great circle of Tunland and the mountain ranges that surrounded it: the Stormhorns on the east, and the Sunset Mountains, Far Hills, and Easting Peaks on the west. These mountains were known to the dwarves of the time collectively as 'ol Araubarak: the Great Shield.

Thorbard established regular mounted patrols into the Helbryn, although he forbade settlement there. It was to be the hunting-preserve of the kingdom, whereas Tun Plain was to be its livestock farm. The Helbryn ran northwest from Wind Peak to The Winding Water, taking in Skull Wood, the woodland northwest of present-day Hill's Edge. The Wind Peak is the westernmost peak of the Sunset Mountains, just north of present-day Corm Orp; it is named for a hole in its spire through which the wind howls and whistles. However, the border skirted Boareskyr's Forest, the large woodland further northwest, known to the dwarves as Wurgymvudd, or Ugly-Wood



because of the large numbers of evil and rapacious creatures that roamed there.

The Helbryn's border followed the Winding Water northeast as far as the Tor of Swords, which stands just east of the most northerly of the easternmost loops that the ever-twisting river makes, roughly north-northwest of the Hill of Lost Souls. From that tor, the dwarves' hunting preserve ran westwards to the ever-expanding Anauroch, skirting Evereska by a day's ride, and followed the edge of the sands southeast to the mountains of the kingdom proper, encompassing all the rolling plains within an area as large as Oghrann itself.

Such a large territory was impossible to defend, especially for only 26,000 dwarves, at most. It was soon lost. The realm's very existence is forgotten even by most dwarven elders, to say nothing of human sages.

The Sign of the Realm can be found in deep caverns in the Sunset Mountains. It can also be found here and there in the Stormhorns, such as Dark Wind Pass, a high and perilous trail known to few beings alive today, that crosses the Stormhorns by way of old tunnels cut by the dwarves, east of Skull Crag. It is a curved hunting horn, open end to the left, with a six-pointed star above it, and another beneath it.

Hill Of Lost Souls: This isolated, grass-cloaked peak was an armed camp at the time of the Battle of Bones, where the armies of men raised their standards and tended their wounded. That was the Year of Tattered Banners, just over two centuries ago. From here they went down to the plain to make war on the goblin-kind races that had overrun the dwarven Helbryn. It was to here the dying returned, to gasp their last or to be healed if possible. Several haunts are said to linger here still, long after the dead have been buried and the armies are gone.

In more recent times, the Hill of Lost Souls has been used by spellsingers as a meeting-place, and by the Hierophant Druid Phezeltan to work mighty weather magics.

It is a place sacred to Wanderer dwarves, who believe that the gods often walk here. Here the famous dwarven adventurer Thelarn Swifthammer is buried;



he is said to have been entombed with a *hammer of thunderbolts* and a great war axe that can call lightnings when wielded, as well as being buried with a fortune in gold. At least one group of adventurers, the Men of the Blue Blade, has met grief at the hands of orc bands while looking for Thelarn's riches. The Hill is said by some to be an extinct volcano, and to have, deep in its interior, a great shaft with gmelined cavities opening off of it.

The Far Hills: The remnants of the dwarves of Oghrann dwell in subterranean 'wells' beneath the Far Hills, and number some 7,000 in all. There are three large wells, and two smaller ones. The large ones are Thelarn's Fist, Sabrishon, and Iritasker. The smaller ones are Uestingpool and Tunthryn. Each well is dominated by a single clan, and ruled by an elected council, which must have representatives on it from all clans whose members dwell in the wells.

The "wells" are so named because they are gigantic caverns shaped like inverted cones. The walls of the cone are ringed with a spiral road or path, off of which open the dwelling-caverns, halls, and

store-caverns of the dwarven community. The bottom of the cone is filled with water, natural underground lakes, which are prevalent in the area, and whose waters eventually feed two great rivers: the Chionthar and the Tun.

The dwarves fly about the inside of the cones on giant, trained bats and pass cargo across the great bowl slung on cables, and pulled by the recipients. These bats also emerge into the countryside to hunt at night, sometimes with lance-bearing, foolhardy dwarven riders. Fish are carefully raised and bred in the wells, for the dwarven dining-tables. Hanging fungi gardens, enriched by the guano of the bats, who lair on the cavern's high ceiling, both light the well and augment the dwarven diet. Nets hung low above the well catch any falling folk, debris, or carrion, keeping the water clean. Dwarven moving-stone pumps and endless circular bucket-chains bring water up from the well to tap-tanks all around the spiral road.

Fried fungi are a delicacy among the dwarves of the Far Hills, who sell the giant, fleshy mushrooms they grow in Easting. Many subterranean creatures attack



the wells, but thus far the Zhentarim agents active in the area have not bothered the dwarves.

The dwarves of the wells do not openly use the Sign of Oghrann, but each well proudly preserves a way-stone in its Council Hall. These way-stones were once part of a line of boundary-markers that crossed Tun Gap near the present-day Bridge of Fallen Men.

Sarphil

Of old, this realm encompassed the eastern end of the Moonsea, and the mountains running north to what is now Glistar. Beset by orcs and elven resistance to surface expansion, the dwarves of Sarphil tunnelled under what is now Mulmaster, going deep to pass under the Lis. Their delves, sought by adventurers in the Mulmaster region, are called "The Lost Ways."

Dwarves of Sarphil developed special moving-stone pumps to keep the waters of the Lis at bay, as they extended their underways westwards to the rocky heights north of present-day Elventree.

The Scarp sought by the dwarves is today much reduced in height; the dwarves quarried it from the top down for its rich veins of copper. They were perhaps the purest and largest deposits in the known North.

The elves of the Elven Court resented this intrusion, and repeatedly attacked the dwarves. Before their numbers and magic, the dwarves were forced back. In the end they had to abandon all of the southern shore arm of Sarphil, retreating east and north into the mountains.

The only trace they left behind is the name of the city of Hillsfar, after Clan Hillsafar of Sarphil, principal miners of the Scarp. Clan Hillsafar can be found today in the land of Vaasa, on the other side of the Dragonspine Mountains (see the chapter *Clans*).

Sarphil was founded by Nilythra Namarforge, who became its first Queen. Her son, Raulauntar, proved to be an able and astute warrior, and is said to have personally slain over 20,000 ogres, as he defended the fledgling realm against attack.

Sarphil's fall is a story common to most of the other Lost Kingdoms; its warriors

were too few to hold what they had seized, and faced too many enemies. The last king of Sarphil was Dauringogh "the Doomed." He disappeared in deep caverns under Mount Throndor, in the Dragonspine Mountains just south and east of Glistar, as duergar and drow, in a rare alliance of the depths, harried the Sarphilan warriors northwards.

Sarphil never had clear borders. Its hastily-abandoned caverns, the Lost Ways and all of the many linked caves and passages that honeycomb the Dragonspine Mountains, are said to hold enough wealth to buy at least six kingdoms (or so the minstrels say).

The Sign of the Realm was a crossed (double-ended) pick and hammer, above an anvil. It can be seen to this day cut into the westernmost face of the Scarp, facing Hillsfar across the bay.

Many dwarves, perhaps 16,000 in all, still dwell in the Dragonspines today, hidden away in small, isolated caverns and high holds among the peaks. They have no king nor organization beyond clans and families, and do not trust each other enough to do more than trade.

An adventuring brotherhood, the Axe By Night, provides messenger and monster-killing services, and peddles tools, needles, cheese, sausage, beer, and other goods desired by the dwarves. They buy what each hold has to offer, and sell it to other holds. They travel up and down the mountain range, but they operate mainly in summer, and take care not to lead Zhentarim or orc patrols to the hidden holds.

Shanatar

The only known lost realm of the dwarves in the South is Shanatar, a land that flourished over 5,000 years ago.

Dwarves from Shanatar first explored the Sword Coast North, seeking new sources of metal to replace their worked-out mines. To the north most of the Shanataran dwarves fled, when human settlement, duergar, drow, and monster attacks drove them from their land. Particularly troublesome were the dragons and deep worms, both of which the dwarves had disturbed as they delved ever-deeper and climbed ever-higher af-

ter new riches.

Shanatar was a wealthy, prosperous land, where dwarves farmed the surface with hired gnomes and halflings. These dwarves grew taller and stronger than their cousins in the Deeplands to the east.

Ruled by a succession of wise, strong Kings, the Shanatarans kept a strong, vigilant army, a vibrant society with music, fashion, high cuisine, and happiness valued as much as wealth. Their inquiring, philosophical minds were always busy. Shanatar is rightfully regarded by wise dwarves in the north as the pinnacle of dwarven society, whereas Myth Drannor represented the height of their social cooperation with other races, and Dezloun at its zenith was the most populous and wealthiest of their kingdoms.

Most Gold Dwarves see Shanatar somewhat differently. They see it as a frivolous, decadent place where "dwarves grew weak as elves," and eventually paid the price for it. They also discount the glories of Myth Drannor for the same reason, and believe that Delzoun's population and riches have been exaggerated with the passing years.

The last King of Shanatar was Orligrimm Stormbeard, of the ruling house of Stratha. The house of Stratha admitted dwarves of any clan to its ranks, and chose kings by council, to keep the crown in the hands of the most worthy, rather than having the crown pass by blood succession. In Orligrimm's time, fell sorcery given to men by the drow and duergar first made human power in Calimshan great—at the cost of the kingdom of the dwarves.

Where the dwarves had taken over an uninhabited land ravaged by warring elements, the nomadic tribes seized the rich holds of the dwarves. These stretched from present-day Calimport to Volothamp, roughly the entire southern watershed of The Marching Mountains. Thus began a struggle of swords and magic that was to last over 3,000 years, ere the Shoon Empire rose to power, enforcing stability again in the region.

Dwarves flooded north, on a long and often bloody trek to the holds that their most daring merchants and adventurers had built. There they founded new kingdoms: the Lost Kingdoms of the north that we've looked at earlier in this chapter!



DWARVES IN THE NORTH TODAY

In general, dwarves remain in the Sword Coast North today only near the richest delvings in all Faerun, those deep and dangerous metal mines known collectively as 'mithril mines.' These diehards of the Stout Folk usually dwell in heavily-fortified holds on the surface. Their citadels, ready military might, and savage courage keep the orcs at bay from year to year, between the onslaughts of the great orc hordes.

In the Moonsea North and Easting North, dwarves are less threatened by orc attacks, but still tend to live in fortified communities, generally with humans, or in their own well-guarded holds, near mountain mines.

The remaining fortified cities of the north ruled by dwarves include Citadel Adbar, Ironmaster, and Ironspur. These settlements, and others having important dwarven populations, are detailed in previous Realms sourcebooks: the boxed FORGOTTEN REALMS™ game boxed campaign set, FR1 *Waterdeep and the North*, FR5 *The Savage Frontier*, FR7 *Hall of Heroes* (the entry on Bruenor Battlehammer being the chief source of dwarfish information therein) and FR9 *The Bloodstone Lands*.

Very briefly, the latest figures on significant (either large, or a large proportion of a settlement's citizenry) urban dwarven populations in the North are as follows:

Bloodstone Village: 880 dwarves (out of 7,600, almost all human).

Citadel Adbar: Dwarven rule under King Harbromm; 14,360 dwarves.

Fireshear: 7,900 dwarves (out of 15,400, the rest mainly human).

Helioga balus: 5,100 dwarves (out of 26,460, mainly human).

Ironmaster: Dwarven rule under Lord Clanmaster Strogue Sstar (LG F9); 9,200 dwarves.

Ironspur: Dwarven rule under High Iron Duke Murnaros (LN F11); 3,890 dwarves (out of 4,700, the rest human).

Llorkh: 300 dwarves (out of 2,400, almost all humans).

Mirabar: 4,100 dwarves (out of 23,700, the remainder human).

Mulptan: 2,030 dwarves (out of 6,900, the remainder human).

Neverwinter: 4,600 dwarves (out of 17,990, the rest mostly human).

Praka: 2,020 dwarves (out of 11,790, the remainder mainly human).

Silverymoon: 4,200 dwarves (out of 29,990, of all demi-human races and humans).

Sundabar: 6,600 dwarves (out of 36,000, the remainder mainly human).

Tomrav: 210 dwarves (out of 470, the rest humans and half-orcs).

Trailsend: 2,100 dwarves (out of 8,280, the rest mainly human).

Viridin: 360 dwarves (out of 1,520, the remainder mainly human).

Waterdeep: 7,100 dwarves (out of 149,890, of all races, mainly human; permanent residents only-summertime rise to 8,600 out of 509,000 +).

Individual dwarven clan holds can be located wherever a DM desires. They will always be in rough terrain or underground, usually far from coasts, and seldom near marshes or large lakes.

Landmarks

The Stout Folk, the greatest builders of all races in Faerun, have left many traces of their presence in the Realms. Even above the ground, they have left an impressive number of landmarks, not part of any dwarven kingdom past or present, but of interest to dwarves (and adventurers of other races) nonetheless.

Some of these landmarks are detailed below. Others appear in the sourcebook FR9 *The Bloodstone Lands*.

Durlag's Tower: This stout tower rises amid in gently-rolling hills near the southern edge of the Wood of Sharp Beth, in the Sword Coast midlands. It is the keep of a dwarven hero of old, the mighty warrior Durlag 'Trollkiller,' son of Bolhur.

Durlag amassed treasure of legendary proportions during his adventuring career, and stored it here, protected by many magical wards and self-devised mechanical traps.

Durlag took a lone, spired crag for his own, and with the help of dwarves hired with gold and gems, he hollowed it out and raised his tower atop it. Durlag is long dead, and many have come seeking his treasure over the years. However, some fell power (a lich, some say, with undead servant beholders) has recently taken up residence in the tower. Its defenses keep

Durlag's treasure safe.

The Dungeon of Death: This abandoned dwarven gem-mine was developed by intrepid adventurer-dwarves of the Deepdelve clan. They took to this industry after the dwarven kingdom in the area had fallen, and the land was overrun with trolls, orcs, bugbears and worse.

The Deepdelvers were slain and driven away by a small band of medusae, and they in turn fell to a troll invasion. The gem mine got its present welcoming name from this time. A self-styled 'Troll King,' one Glarauuth (a giant two-headed troll) took up residence in the former dwarven living-quarters (uppermost levels), and sent out raiding-parties across the north. They took human slaves, who farmed the land around for their own sustenance, and were imprisoned between shifts in the old gem-mine. The borders of the nameless troll kingdom were great pens, patrolled by captive catoblepi.

Because the sole purpose of the slaves was to produce babies for troll dinner-tables, the grim place became known as "The Dungeon of Death." It was reclaimed by dwarves of the Foehammer clan some 90 years ago, but these brave beards were too few to hold the rich gem-mines, and it has changed hands many times since, acquiring bone-chilling legends of crawling evil down the years.

The Dungeon of the Ruins: This ancient dwarfhold was sited atop three adjacent hills, hills whose rock was rich in gems! Mined by dwarves over the years, the hold fell long ago in a bitter clanwar, and gnomes, halflings, and humans all fought over (and dug away more of) the hills in the years that followed. After that, there were only a few pillars, walls, and stairs remaining of what were once three linked hill-forts atop labyrinthine mining delves.

Legend still whispers that gems galore lie waiting to be found among the ruins, but few have returned from recent explorations. A thessalhydra is said to lair there now, surrounded by its giant, frog-like offspring, and various monsters it has mated with, in a bestial colony of savage, far-ranging predators.

Earthfast: Once a thriving community of 100,000 dwarves, this dwarven city now holds only a tenth of its former



strength. Located in a high mountain valley in the midst of the Earthfast Mountains of Impiltur, Earthfast seems a grim, doomed city.

Few women and children live there today. The bustling trade that once went on is now limited to a few brave peddlers from other cities who slip through the goblin-kin patrols to reach the city, bringing seeds and fruit, cheeses and textiles to trade for the famous war-goods of Earthfast.

The dwarves that remain in the city mine and fight valiantly, beset by orcs and goblins who have recently gathered together in attacks aimed at eradicating the remaining dwarves. The city is a gloomy, silent place, but for the noises of smithy-work and war. The dwarves of Earthfast fight silently, too, though they do utter an eerie low, rumbling roar of victory when a battle is won.

Earthfast is ruled by a single hereditary leader, the ironlord. The current lord, Torg mac Cei, commands the army and keeps law and order in the shrinking city. A black-bearded, foul-tempered dwarf, he is prone to bombast and overstatement, and has recently trained his troops in the use of polearms to augment their traditional crossbows, axes, and swords.

Torg has taken a liking to the canaries used by dwarven miners in the north. In warmer caverns of the south, glowing fungi betrays bad air by a change in hue, but it dies in the chill air of northerly delves, so they have turned to these winged companions. He can often be seen carrying a beautifully-wrought birdcage with him about the city, even in the midst of battles. The ironlord lost both wife and son to orcs some time ago.

Very few creatures of any race earn the trust of the dwarves of Earthfast. This is true even of most other dwarves. There are notable exceptions, including King Azoun of Cormyr, who has a long-standing treaty of alliance with Earthfast. King Azoun is said to have helped the dwarves in the past.

Recently, a mysterious human female warrior of great fighting-skills has been seen fighting alongside the dwarves. Some say that she is a renegade witch of Rashemen, and others that it is one of the Knights of the North, cast out of the Cita-

del of the Raven by the Zhentarim. Other traders who have seen her say that it is a woman of fierce temper and a regal manner, possibly a petty ruler or courtesan of a more southerly land. The pirate “queen” Shandagara recently vanished from the waters of the Vilhon Reach, leaving her abandoned ship wallowing in the waves still laden with treasure—spirited away by magic, obviously. Perhaps she came to Earthfast. Pressed on this point, Elminster merely smiled enigmatically and said that some things were best revealed in good time—and revealed they would be, though the time might not be good.

The dwarves of Earthfast are skilled weaponsmiths, and their axes are especially valued. A full suit of Earthfast plate can fetch a staggering price, for it is said to be the equal of Ironstar-work: the equivalent of *full plate* +2 (conferring an Armor Class of -1), without being magical. Armor from Earthfast is extremely rare, however, and under no circumstances can the city’s dwarves be commissioned to make new armor for outsiders (they are far too busy fighting and repairing their own armor for the ongoing fray). Most of the Earthfast armor in existence fits only dwarves; the few suits that are larger tend to be close-guarded family treasures, in Sembia, Amn, Waterdeep, and other wealthy places (such as the Palace of King Azoun, in Suzail).

The dwarves of Earthfast have been fighters beset by enemies for so long that they all consider their forebears to be heroes. Thus, every dwarf bears the name of his father: “mac” means ‘son of,’ so a typical dwarf of Earthfast will be a silent, moody, usually grim miner named Lleu mat Gwydython, or Pryderi mac Immath.

This city is described here because much of it is abandoned already, and because the rest of it seems doomed to fall from the hands of the dwarves sooner or later. It will then be one more dwarven casualty in the long wars with the orcs.

Gauntulgrym: Recently rediscovered by a Waterdhavian adventuring band, this long-lost underground human city was built by the dwarves of Delzoun long ago. It lies somewhere under the Crags south of Mirar Vale, the valley of the River Mirar. It is just west of the road linking Mirabar with Longsaddle. Gauntulgrym

is known to have an underground river in which troglodytes lurk, at least one dragon-lair accessible on the wing, and a still-functional magical forge.

Halfaxe Trail: The tragic tale of the nail is in the FORGOTTEN REALMS™ Campaign Set; space forbids us to elaborate here. Elminster attests that the withdrawal of the elves from the area has seen immediate dwarven activity here. They try to reclaim the Trail as an overland trade-link from the port of Harrowdale, sponsored by a small but rich dwarven brotherhood there, the Black Helm. He suspects that amid the gnome- and halfling-crewed caravans are more than a few mining-wagons, as the dwarves resume their long-ago-interrupted task of tunnelling into the treasure-filled depths of ruined Myth Drannor. Elminster warns those greedy enough to follow the dwarven tunnels that Myth Drannor’s deeps contain more strange beasts, and powerful undead than any other known underrealm of Faerun.

Settlestone: The ruins of this northern city, in the mountain spurs near the headwaters of the Surbrin, mark the route to the long-lost glories of fabled Mithril Hall. More of the Hall is told in FR7 *Hall of Heroes*, and in *The Icewind Dale Trilogy* of novels.

Even for those not daring the dangers of the mountain caverns in search of the riches left by the fleeing dwarves long ago, the crumbling towers of Settlestone provide a landmark, meeting-place, and temporary shelter for many prospectors, hunters, and adventurers in the north. Orcs seem to avoid the place, and so it provides a refuge for dwarves, humans, halflings, and elves.

It has its own legends, too: somewhere in the walls of one of the deep wellshafts beneath Settlestone’s towers is said to be the hidden entrance to a rich treasure-crypt. The dwarves who knew the way in all perished long ago, and the riches wait there in the dark. They are guarded, it is said, by a mechanical giant of metal and gems, who wields magic but cannot be harmed by magic. Adventurers, Elminster assures us dryly, are still looking.



CURRENT CLACK

Duergar seem to be massing under Turmish, on the southwestern coast of the Sea of Fallen Stars. They gather for a great strike north into the underlands of the Dragonreach, currently held by the drow and studded with isolated dwarven and svirfnbelin enclaves.

The duergar are said to be led by a dark-skinned dwarf of great height—perhaps twelve feet—who has strange magical powers, including the ability to hurl gusts of wind with his gestures. The gusts can pick up and hurl fully-armored duergar into cavern walls with crushing force. This self-styled “WarKing” is called Olorn Ridaugaur, and claims to be the son of Deep Duerra, apparently a demigoddess worshipped by some duergar.

Blihkarr Touchstone, a dwarven smith of Neverwinter, reports that the Madbeards have returned. This crazed band of berserker fighting-dwarves is thought to dwell somewhere on an island near Utersea, in the Trackless Sea north and west of Ruathym. From time to time they successfully raid ships of the Northmen, and sail such ships on to attack Sword Coast shipping and even the smaller harbors up and down it.

Such ‘deathships’ are eerie sights: wallowing, wild-sailed longships, their human crews slumped dead at the oars, while howling, laughing dwarves with beards longer than they are tall caper naked up and down the decks, waving bloodstained weapons and singing strange songs when they see prey nearby.

Madbeards are crazed and fearless, and will attack anything living that they can reach, from shipwrecked men clinging to floating wreckage to fully-manned Waterdhavian warships. They are a menace to all who sail the icy seas of the Sword Coast north of Mintarn. So far this season, according to Blihkarr, they have rammed and sunk three wool-trading boats bound for Mirabar, set fire to a Luskan warship and slaughtered its crew, and battered a merchant caravel racing for the safety of Waterdeep in a rail-to-rail boat race that went on for three days and nights, until the caravel ran onto rocks and had to be abandoned.

Luskan and Waterdeep are said to be readying scouring-fleets, and merchants sailing into Mirabar are hiring escort war-

ships, for, as the saying in Neverwinter goes, “You never know with a Madbeard.”

The adventuress Lurath Thoenabar of Hillsfar returned to that city three rides ago in wild high spirits, making the rounds of the taverns with a boastful tale of finding a lost dwarven hold in the Eastwall, that towering peak of the Dragonspine range that rises above all the rest at the eastern end of the Moonsea, near the mysterious Ironfang Keep. She answered disbelieving comments in *The Flouncing Firedrake* by opening her tunic to reveal a mithril pectoral emblazoned with the sigil of an axe, set out in gleaming rubies each as big as a man’s eye.

In the general lunge for her that followed, she slew three men with steel needles that seemed to leap out of the pectoral like crossbow bolts, at her will. She then battled her way clear of the place with her usual blade and by hurling a shining axe that spun through the air like a striking stirge, darting back to her hand repeatedly despite obstacles and attempts to grab it.

Lurath has sworn to return to Hillsfar with more dwarven treasures, and buy up her favorite parts of the city! Since making that boast, she has vanished. Her present fate and whereabouts are unknown, though there seem to be many newcomers in the city of late, searching the streets after dark. Some have whispered that they recognize agents of Calaunt, Zhentil Keep, Mulmaster, and even certain rich Sembian merchant concerns. However, their arrival in the city may not be connected to Lurath’s revelations. Though as locals of Hillsfar have been heard to say, even the gods probably think otherwise.

Somewhere in the mountains east of Glistar, the dwarf Helarn Hammerblood the Younger, of the Black Peak (which rises near The High Dale, in The Thunder Peaks that separate Sembia and Cormyr), slew a white dragon of monstrous size. Its lair was a deep blue ice cavern carved out of the heart of a living glacier, choked with the bones of eaten prey and the gold and gems they’d carried. Many of the dead seemed to be dwarves of long ago, still clad in gleaming mailshirts and ornate armor of chased metal set with

gems, feeble magic still glowing about it despite the passing of ages. There were also dragon bones to be seen: the remnants of at least three previous owners of the glacier-cave hoard.

Helarn brought out just one treasure: a *glowhammer*, as made by the dwarves in the days when Myth Drannor was being built and peace between the Three Peoples (elves, dwarves, and humans) held sway over the Moonsea North, as together they fought off orc, flind, and ogre attacks.

Helarn plans to go back, but hunters out of Glistar have already reported seeing armored riders on griffonback winging their way north. They have also seen at least one dragon—a large black wyrm, according to the observer—in flight over the glacier; fighting over the hoard freed by Helarn may have begun already.

Helarn’s companions, a small band of dwarves known as the Silent Axe, are thought to still be near the glacier, in hiding. Helarn has met with several respected dwarven craftsmen in Sembia, and whispers have begun the rounds that he has discovered some long-lost magical weapons of the dwarves of the North.

Adventurers returning to Tilverton from explorations in the Desertsouth Mountains report that a full-scale war has broken out between the orcs that have long infested the mountains, and dwarves, presumably those of Tethyamar ruled by Ghellin, seeking to reclaim the ranges and caverns that were once their own.

Despite the vast numerical superiority of the orcs, the human observers (16 Cormyrean men and women, of the Company of the Bald Skull) believe that the dwarves have the upper hand. “Not a valley or gully did we see that didn’t have a dozen or more rotting orcs in it,” said the warrior Guthryn of the Company. “In seven days scrambling in the mountains, we must have seen 6,000 or more dead orcs. I counted only 11 dwarven bodies.”

The Company witnessed two skirmishes, and reports that the dwarves seem to be armed with warhammers that glowed with light, and were often thrown. They were armored in ornate full plate armor, and waded stolidly through howling, stabbing orcs with their



axes, as though cutting firewood, until the surviving 'grunt-goblins' screamed and fled.

Some sages in Cormyr believe that the Iron House may have succeeded in retaking their long-ago realm of Tethyamar, driving out the orcs. Reportedly, the orcs have recently lost much of the fell magical support of the Zhentarim, now that Daggerdale has largely fallen, and Cormyr is consolidating its hold on Tilverton rather than raiding into Daggerdale. Others say that it is far too early to tell what has occurred, and that speculation, while both inevitable and fun, is dangerous and irresponsible, on such slim information.

Adventurers seeking a way around The Great Glacier on the east, from the Bloodstone Lands to Armridge and Sossal beyond, have arrived safely in Sundice. There they told tales of finding dwarves frozen into the Great Glacier, armed and armored with gear of an excellence and design rarely seen in the Realms these days.

The adventurers, the Men of the Red Kestrel, produced a long sword and a warhammer to support their story. These have been purchased by Eldaerim of Sossal, who has also offered to sponsor the Men for another foray into the Glacier, in return for the first three items of worth that they find.

The news has spread from Telflamm, where the wizard Nathlaeris maintains a regular *sending* service to and from the mage Anothaer of Sossal.

Baelakkin of Phelzol, who calls himself "The Easternmost Smith of the Dwarves," reports seeing a flight of dragons low over the city, flying westwards by night. Baelakkin has recently sponsored several expeditions of human adventurers into the eastern mountains of Semphar, where he believes rich dragon-hoards lie. Baelakkin believes that dwarves once lived in great numbers in Semphar, over 10,000 years ago, and some of their wealth and work could well lie in those hoards.

An abandoned dwarven hold has been discovered high up in the Star Mounts, that almost inaccessible mountain range in the heart of the High Forest, in the Sword Coast Northlands. The discover-

ers, an intrepid band of adventurers called the Drawn Dagger, who flew over the forest on griffonback, found the hold only when they landed on a wide mountain ledge to rest their mounts, and found carved door openings into the mountain.

The dwarves evidently used aerial mounts too, as well as elevators and spiral stairs. The extensive hold is being used as a lair by a large band of harpies, and the adventurers had to flee before they could explore it. However, their spokesperson, the female human warrior named Maranthra Shaunsalyn, swears that some of the harpies wore everbright gorgets and strings of gems and metal targes (shaped and decorated metal plates strung amid gems for body adornment, used only by dwarves and barbarian human tribes). They reportedly wielded metal maces and warhammers of fine make, almost certainly plundered from the hold.

No sage of Secomber (where the adventurers landed) or of Waterdeep knows what dwarves made the hold, or when. The entrepreneur Onthiir Athklut of Amn has offered a 3,000-gold piece fee to any member of the Dagger who will guide an expedition mounted by him to the hold.

The elven sorcerer Anlyth of Secomber has warned all interested parties that great dangers—probably far worse than a few harpies—lurk in the area, and it is wise not to disturb them, if one would live.

When the ancient dwarven kingdom of Shanatar fell, the throne of its king was lost in the ruins of Brightaxe Hall. The Hall stood near present-day Keltar, and was razed hundreds of years ago. In the confusion of the fray, no one knows what became of the Wyrmskull Throne.

It was fashioned of smooth-polished black obsidian, its feet impaling the skulls of four elder great wyrms, all blue dragons, sages say. It had magical powers, including the ability to *teleport* on command, but always to a levitating position above the ground, somewhere chosen by the throne's original enchanter, not the person on it!

Sages have long thought that a foolhardy human warrior or shaman sat on the throne while battle still raged in the Hall, only to vanish "elsewhere" after

commanding the seat in ignorance.

Recently a pirate hauled out of the sea off Zazesspur was interrogated as to the whereabouts of treasure by greedy merchant captains employing magical aid. He told a wondrous tale. Somewhere in the Race, near the Sea Tower of Nemessor, is a small, tree-clad island with the shape of a horseshoe, the open end facing towards distant Rilmere.

In the lagoon, guarded by the arms of the isle, a fantastic collection of seawrack has collected over the years, brought in by waves and trapped in the already-choked waters.

Masts, decking, and the broken prows of ships are tumbled together with smaller debris. Gleaming coins and shattered seachests, and barrels galore litter the waters. Underwater in the center of the pool, a black arch-backed throne, with four huge, toothed skulls as feet.

The throne floats at mid-depth, unmoving yet not touching anything, as the waters swirl around it. Seated in it, as though held there by some invisible force, is a human skeleton clad in still-bright robes. He was upright, clutching at the arms of the chair and staring endlessly into nothingness.

There must be some magic to this, the pirate swore. In all the time he was on the island, neither skeleton nor throne was moved by even the fiercest waves. Two tendays passed ere the sea brought the pirate a small skiff, in which he made a perilous run for the coast.

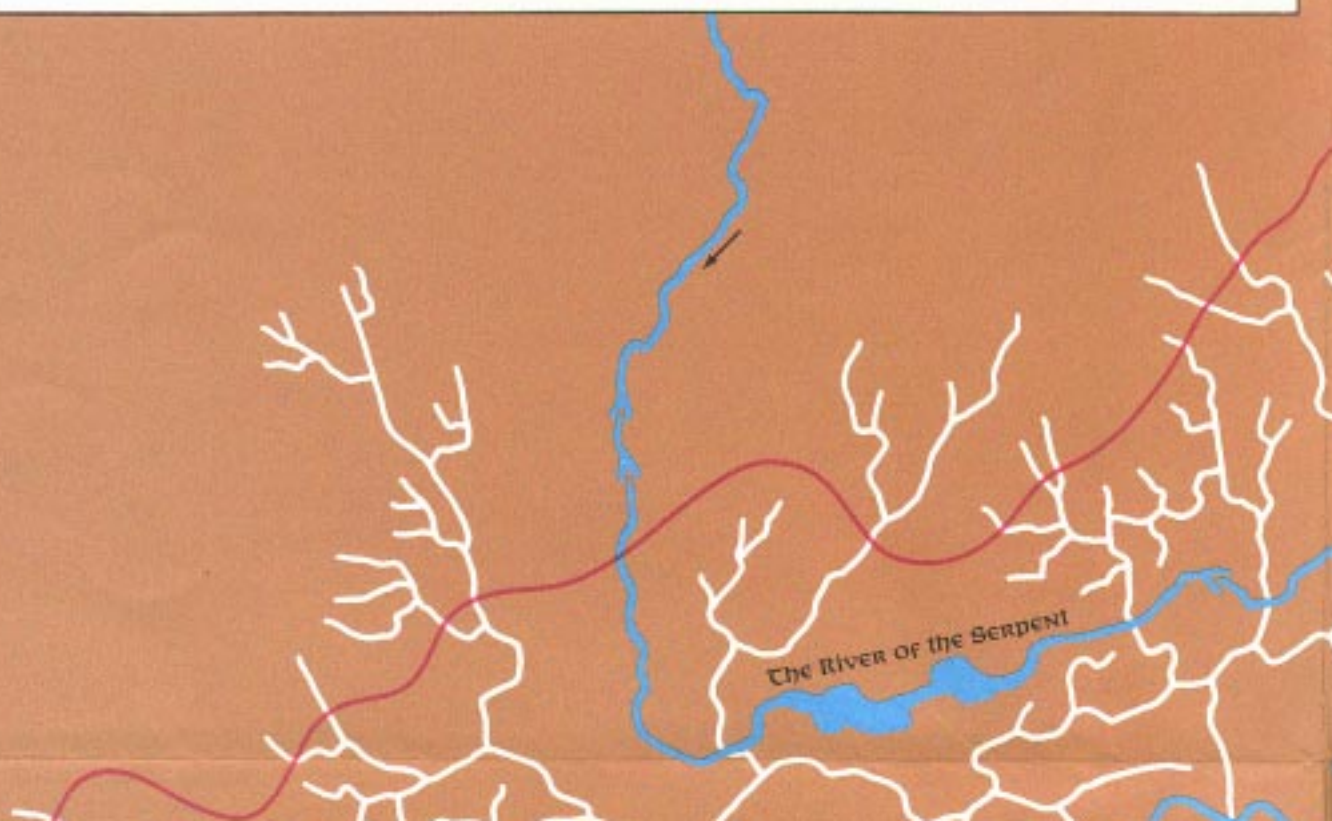
The pirate, one Havilos Thrunn, was promptly jailed, still soaked and more dead than alive. The next morning his jailers found the cell still wet with seawater, but empty, the door locked. The man has not been seen again.

The tale of the throne is all over the Sword Coast. At least one Calishite merchant ship was seen making for the treacherous shoal waters on the southwestern side of the Race, waters usually avoided by all but pirate ships. The Calishite vessel, *Haerno's Hippocampus* successfully slipped between two islets known as the Tusks for their sharp rocks and ran straight into an ambush involving at least three pirate vessels. The vessel's fate is unknown, but it is now six days late at its expected port-of-call.

RUNES of the Northern Clans

Clan Ru

				
ARNSKULL	BATTLEHAMMER	BLACKBANNER	BLACKHAMMER	BUCKLEBAR
				
DARKFELL	DEEPAxe	DEEBELVE	EAGLEcleft	FOEHAMMER
				
GALLOWGLAR	HILLSAFAR	HORN	JUNDETH	NARLAGH
				
OROTHLAR	QUARRYMASTER	ROCKFIST	STONEshoulder	STONEshield
				
TRUEFORGER	WATCHEVER	WORLDTHRONE	WYRMSLAYER	YUND



INES

RUNES OF THE SOUTHERN CLANS

Su


BELINDORN


BLADEBITE


BREAKADDER


CROWNSHIELD


GEMSCEPTER


GHALKIN


GOLDTHUMB


GORDRIVVER


MALTHIN


MASTEMYR

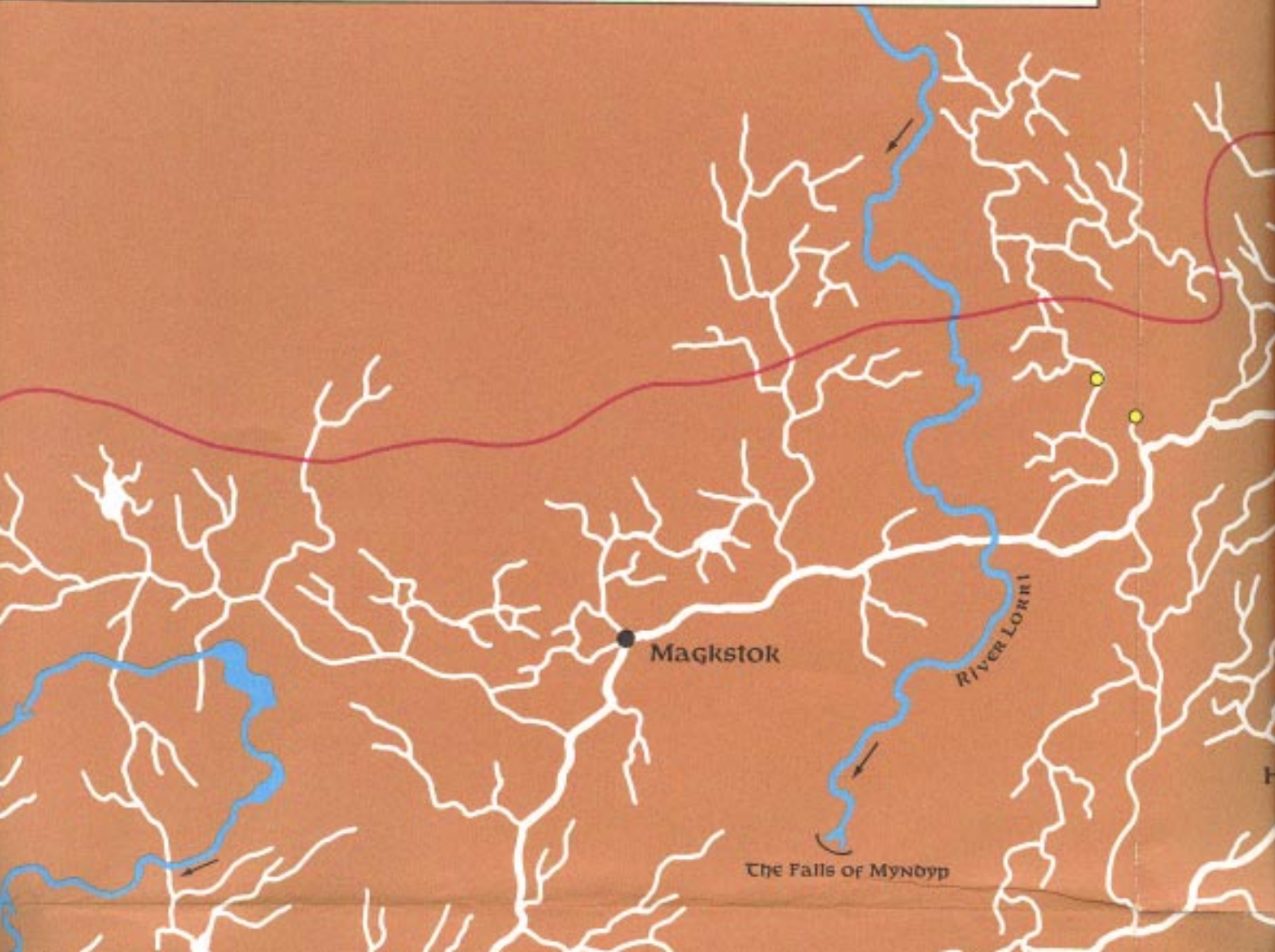

SORNDAR


TALNOTH


UNDURR


VELM

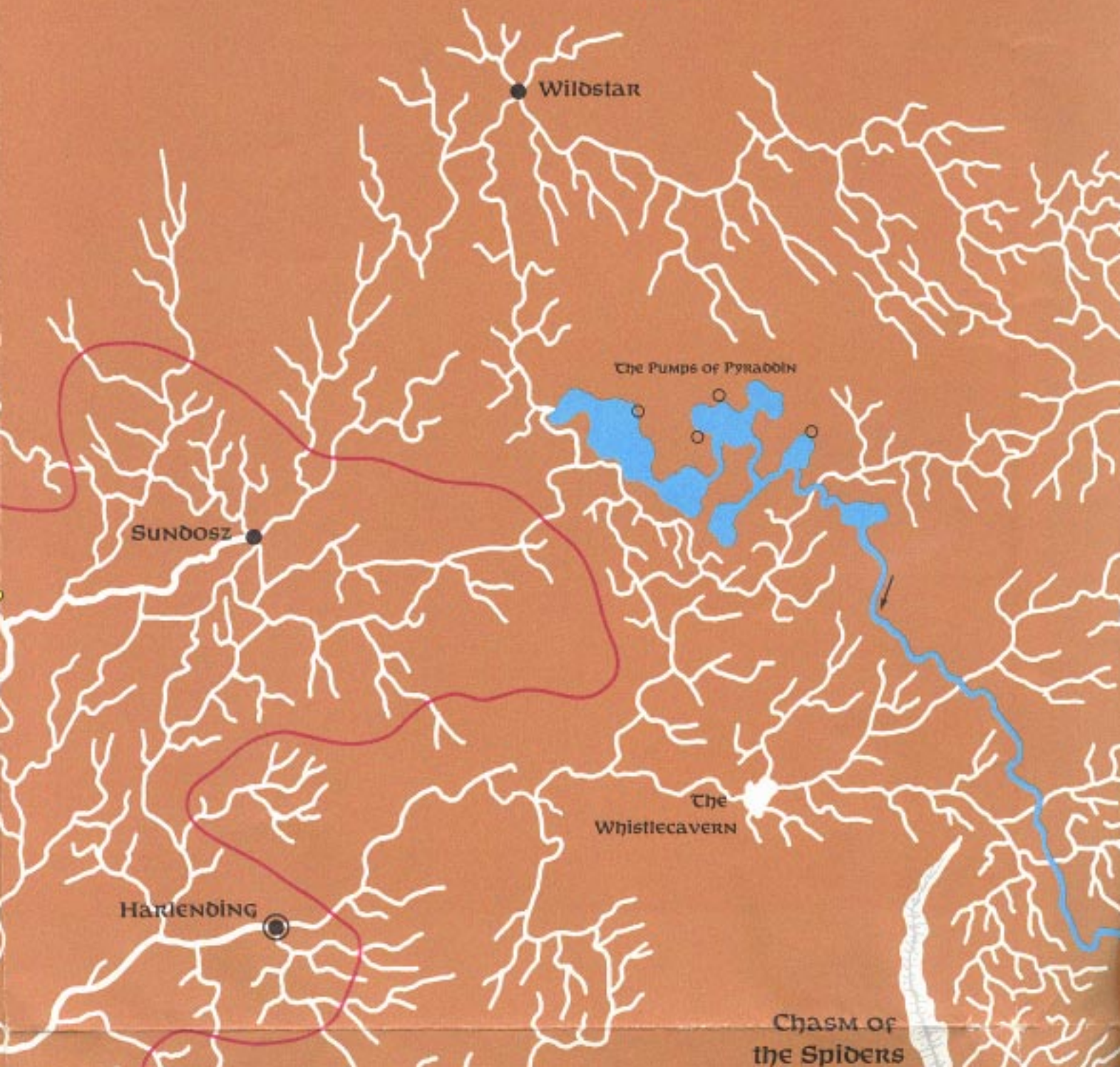

ZORD





Subterranean Map of the Deep

Showing the area and levels ruled by the dwarves

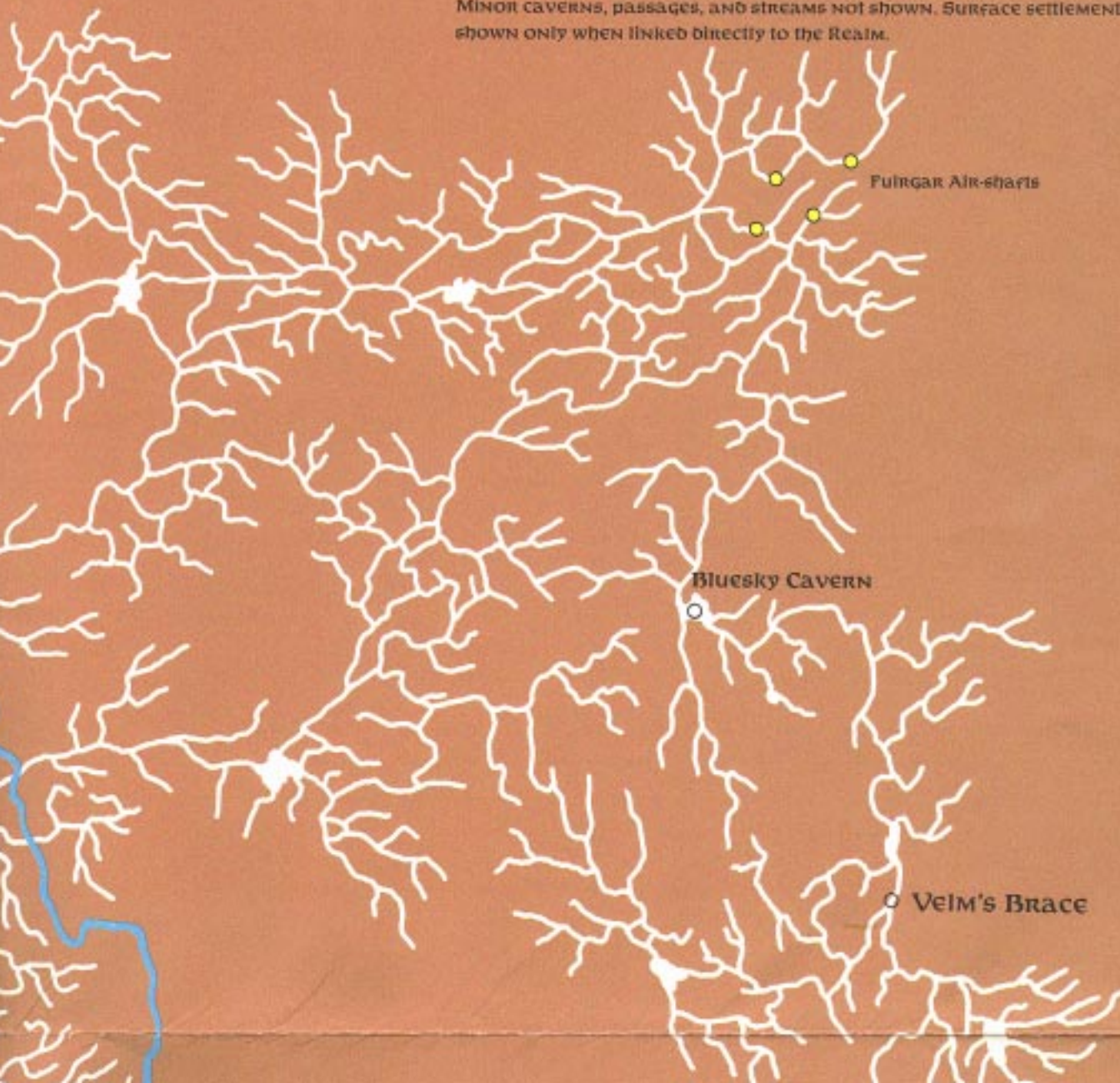


Deep Realm

CAVERNS

- City
- Town
- Village, feature
- Trail
- Underground river (arrow shows direction of flow)
- Waterfall
- Grand Cascade (river disappears into the depths)
- Major Passage (tunnel)
- Major Cavern
- Connection to the surface
- Rift Tower (fortress)
- Approximate borders of the Deep Realm

MINOR CAVERNS, passages, and streams NOT shown. Surface settlements shown only when linked directly to the Realm.





The
Great
Rift

The Riftlake

● Kholtar

● Rimmato

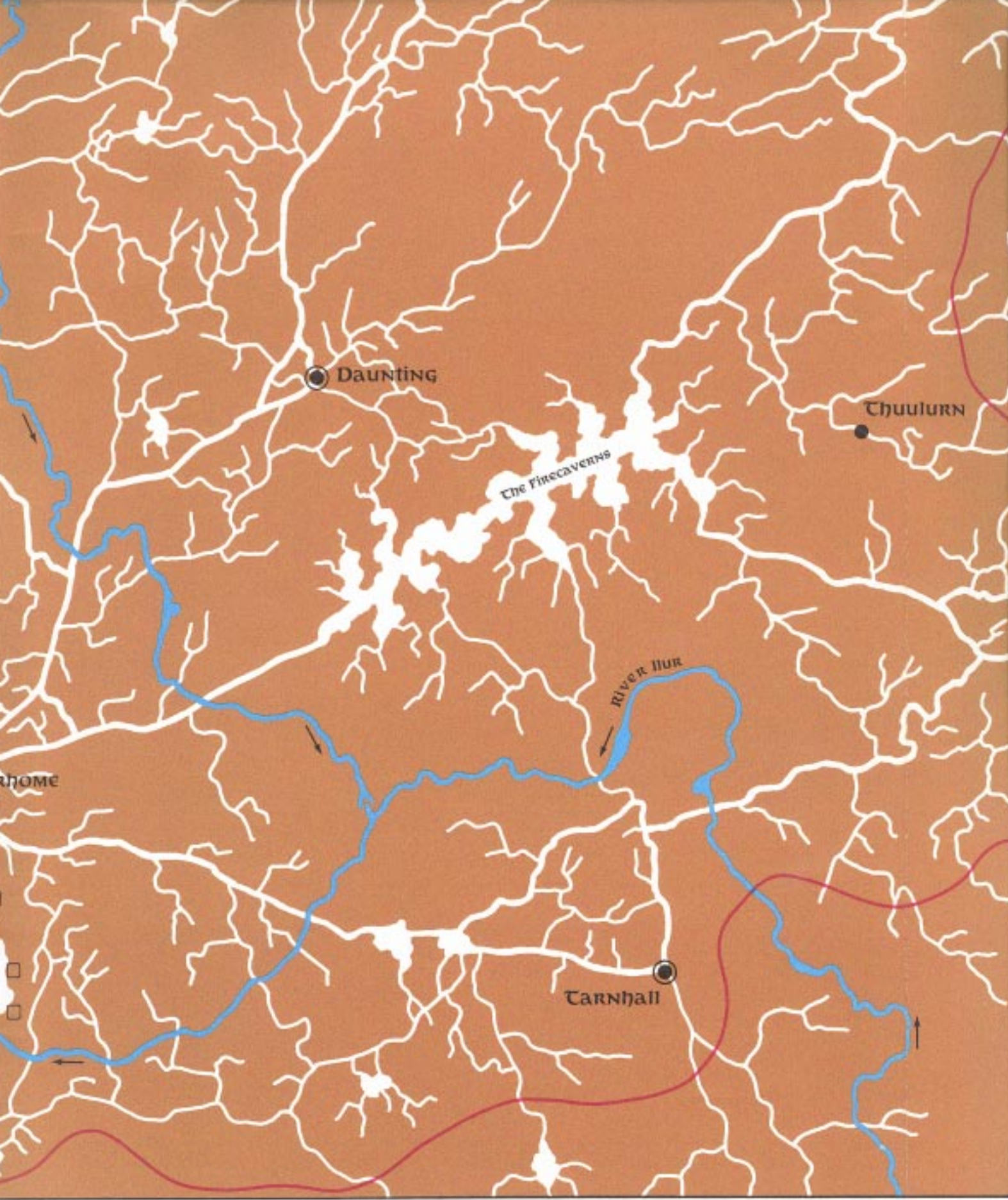
● LINDO

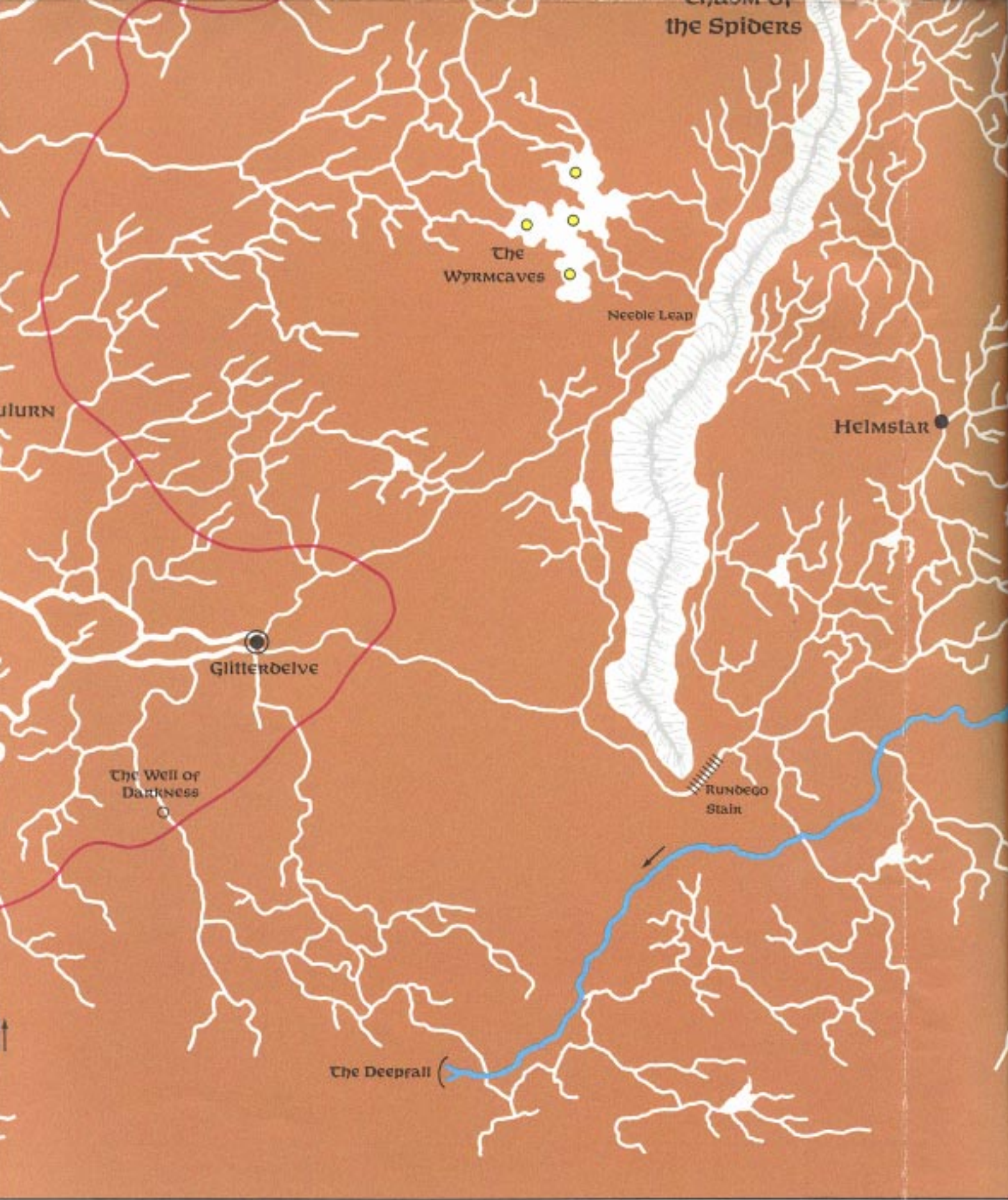
The Gates

Hammer
and Anvil

● Earthheart

● The Hall of Echoes





The
Wyrmcaves

Neeble Leap

Helmstar

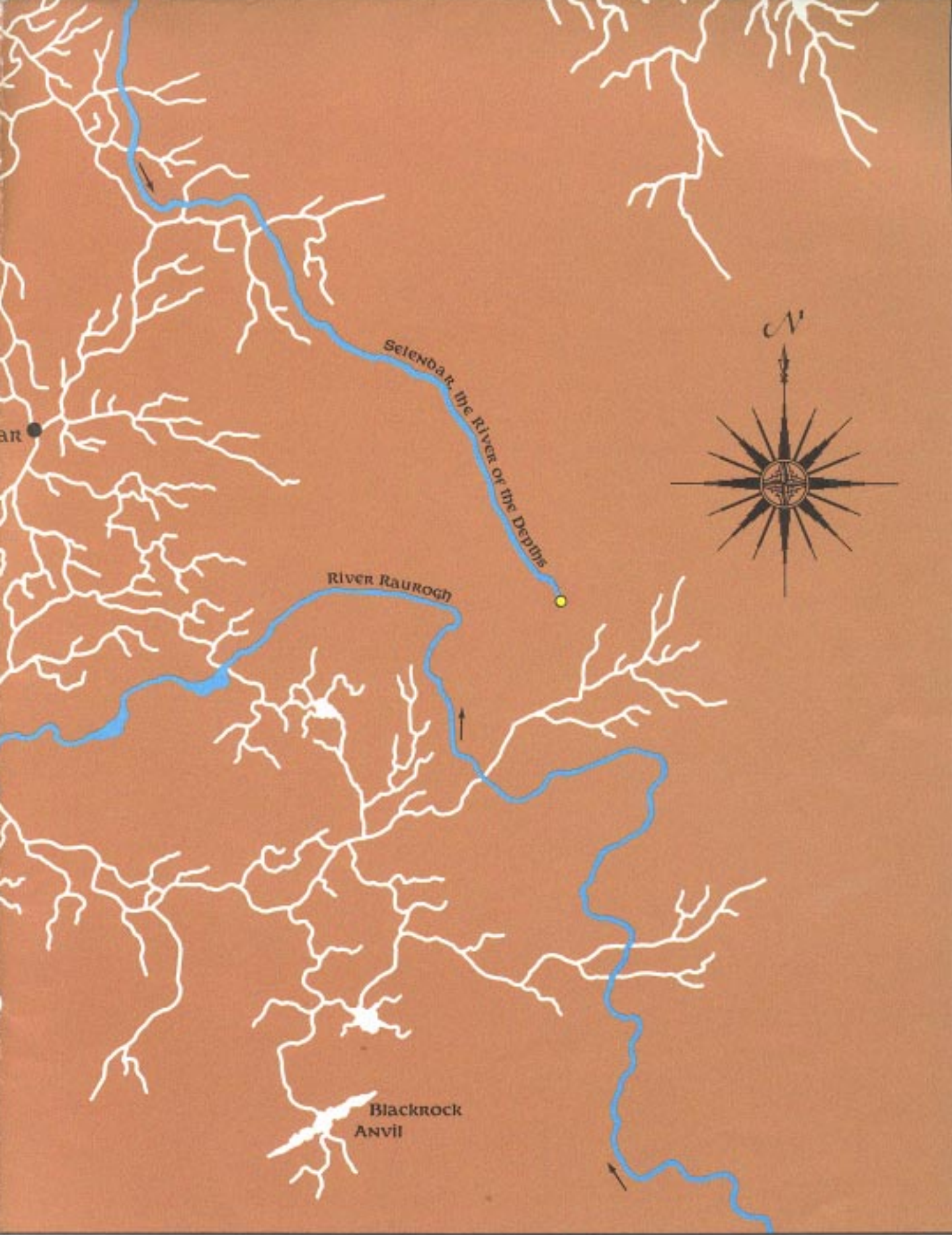
Glitterdelve

The Well of
Darkness

Runbecco
Stair

The Deepfall





an

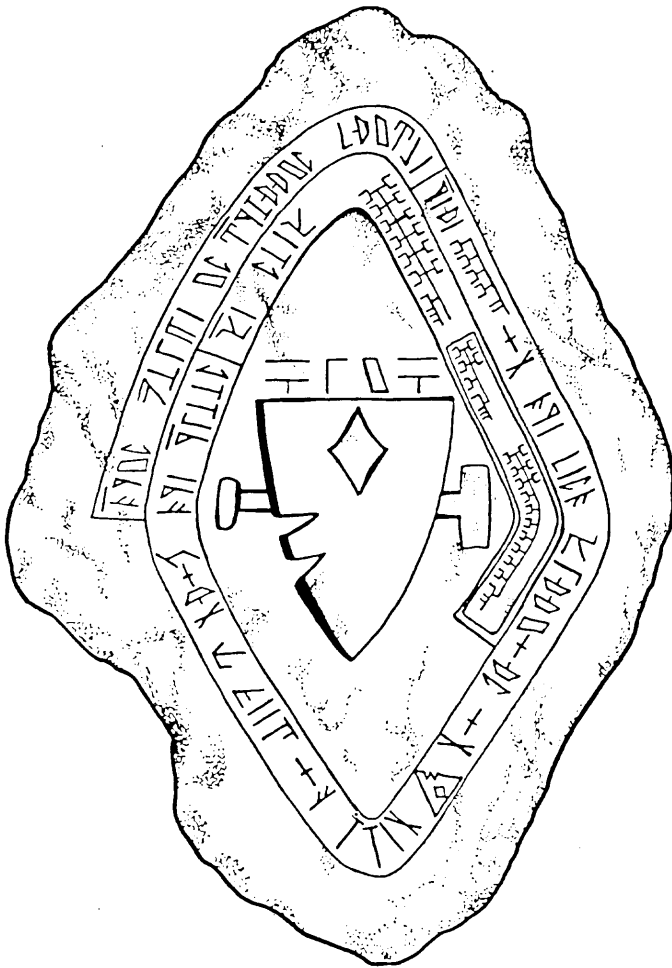
Selendar, the River of the Depths

River Raurogh

Blackrock
ANVII



The Runestone



Here is a drawing of a typical runestone:

This translates as:

"This place is Dhurri's Bridge. Here forty-two of the best warriors of (the House of Helming) fell, to keep orcs from the Halls. We slew six hundred and eight. (Day) 218, (Year since the founding of the House) 377."

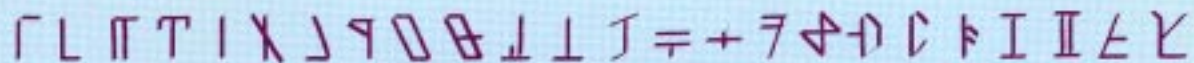
The Dethek alphabet appears on the outside cover of this sourcebook. With it are several sample runic inscriptions, from a variety of runestones.

The script on this stone, written in horizontal lines as most humans of Faerun do, is:

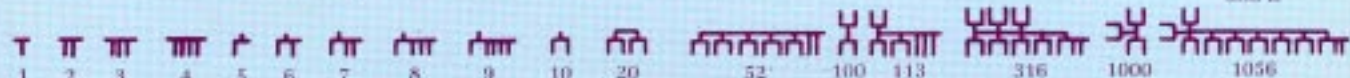
ƒ900 7171100 791-0-000 1-0071
 91-01 +X ƒ91 110ƒ 717-0-0 +-00 +X
 7 111 ƒ+ 1117 7 1-0+7 ƒ91 91110
 71 011 ƒ

UUUUUU
 UUUUUU
 UUUUUU

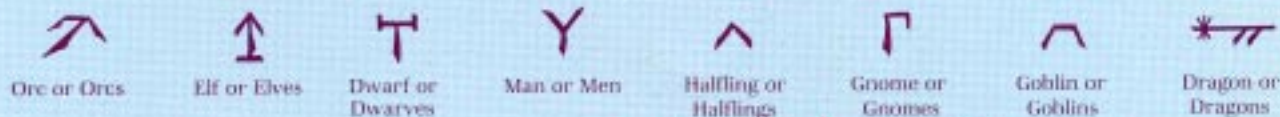
The Dethek Runes



A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W, X, and Z



1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 20 52 100 113 316 1000 1056

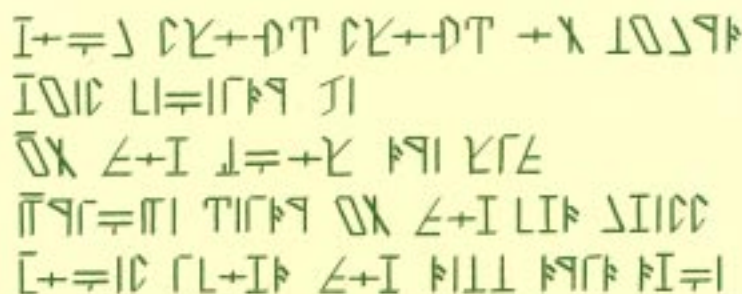


Orc or Orcs Elf or Elves Dwarf or Dwarves Man or Men Halfling or Halflings Gnome or Gnomes Goblin or Goblins Dragon or Dragons

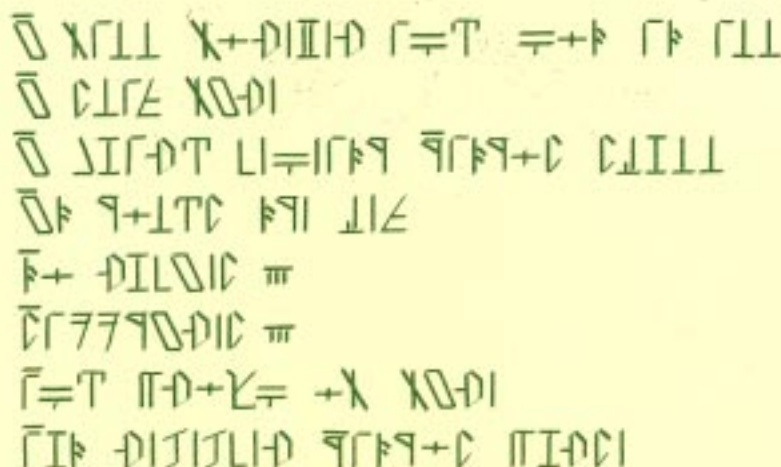


Safe Trail Safe Drinking Water Bad Water Danger: Be Alert Safe Place (Shelter or Refuge) "Marthammor Mark" (Safe Trail) "Marthammor Mark" (Hidden Storage Cache)

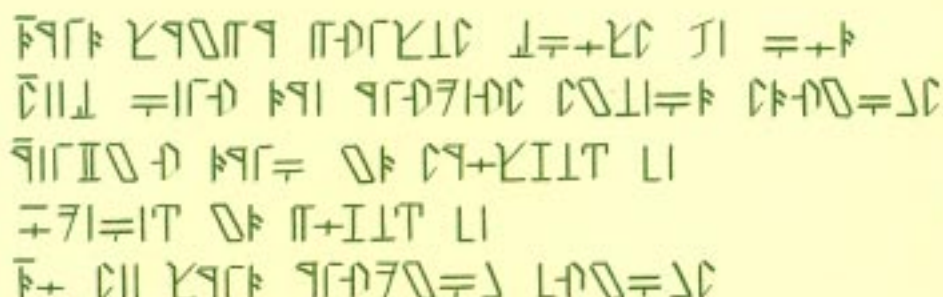
*"Long sword, sword
of light
Lies beneath me
If you know the way
Chance death if you
but guess
Bones about you tell
that tale."*



*"I fall forever and
not at all
I slay fire
I guard, beneath,
Hatho's skull
It holds the key
To rubies three
Sapphires three
And crown of fire.
But remember
Hatho's curse."*



*"That which crawls
knows me not
Seek near, the
harper's silent
strings
Heavier than it
should be
Opened it could be
To see what harping
brings."*



DWARVEN NAME TABLES

Northern (Shida)

Male

Female

Adlon	Abryn
Arace	Arcleea, Arcleia
Arn	Acantha
Agamm	Aglaya
Anthan	Aourne
Arnvald, Arnwold	Arndaera
Babras	Balarba
Baern	Baerna
Barr	Bareena
Barundar	Baruina, Baruinlla
Beldas	Belbrina
Belgin	Belmaera
Besendar	Beressyn
Bettargh	Bethrin, Bethryn
Blaeth, Blunth	Blaeress
Boront	Boryl, Borylla
Bran	Breena, Breenara
Bucklai	Bucklynn
Bryth	Bryara
Cernd	Cliara
Cindarm	Cyrlinn, Cyrlyn
Dagan, Daggan	Daggda, Daglara
Daurant	Dauraela
Delg	Delemara
Dennin	Della, Dellyna
Dobyn	Desmil
Donabar, Dunnabar	Donara
Dorn*	Dorna
Durl	Dyarna
Ebersar	Eberynnil
Elmryn	Elmuthae
Elshar	Elshae, Elshaen
Emerlin	Emerynn
Erden	Everild
Faern	Faernuu
Fyrfar	Fyrlynn
Gadlyn	Gaena
Garn, Garntar	Gareena
Glyir	Gwythiir
Grysygonth	Guthniia
Haeil	Haegara
Hathar	Hathlia
Helmaer	Helmyrra
Idrin	Ilisar
Immar	Ingaret
Iolar	Isant
Isilar	Isdlara
Isinghar	Isleen
Jalabar	Jaclyn
Jangarak	Jessra
Jhaster	Jhannon
Jhoebryn	Jhone
Joyin, Joylin	Joya, Joyuin, Joyune
Keldorn	Keely, Kealae
Maegar	Maegara
Mairin	Marlvae
Mith	Merul

Morinn	Miira
Nor	Nandae
Obryn	Oralinn
Osk	Othyl
Pheldynn	Phaeba
Rindol, Rindolph	Rethusra
Roryn, Rorn	Rorrina
Sharn	Shalagha
Tasster, Teszter	Teshura
Therlarn	Thelarna
Thirig, Thirag	Thrindel
Tinder	Tithmel
Tol	Tolantra, Taulantra
Ttrir	Tuara, Ttrathra
Turbaern	Tuvala
Uldred	Uldredda
Ulnorn	Ulurandra
Valdyr	Varuna
Velm	Veldine
Ygdal	Yanthaera
Zuth	Zarna

Madryk	Maerit
Maelagar, Maergar	Maethe
Maimyr	Mairha
Mondrak	Mondraethe
Mongor, Mongoth	Muliira
Nebir	Nethrys
Obar	Olnaethe
Orablyn	Olosae
Pyradar	Pyrdythil
Rathagos	Rachne
Rhamildar	Ramilda, Ramilde
Rindorn	Rhandace, Rhandys
Rornagh	Runa
Sandor	Sabrenna
Shendar	Shymra
Sobryn	Siolfor
Soren, Sorn	Sorniiril
Starag	Steora
Sunder	Srymsha
Taldor	Tynclen
Tybult	Typhane
Uindolfin	Ulaemae
Vapryn	Vakna
Vorn	Vranta
Yoth	Yaclana, Yakla
Yurdan, Yurdag	Yaunyna
Zindragh	Zintra
Zundrin	Zuthla

* = A famous dwarven warrior-hero of the North; many, many dwarves have been named after him, down the ages.

Southern (Gold)

Male

Female

Adalaer	Abaerl
Adiir	Adriina
Ambert	Alane
Amhaer	Altindos
Anbar	Ambril
Anadarn	Andreena
Ariol	Aselma
Askel	Asrynda
Athryindos, Athrys	Athale
Baergurn, Baervard	Baerla
Balund	Balgarae
Bardulph	Barluski
Belaer	Belaril
Bernndo	Belbara
Blodkuir	Blythrynn
Cael	Caenna
Cathor	Cathlynn
Chund	Chaera
Elgyth	Elwyinde
Ghaern	Guuliira
Haod, Haoddan	Haethe
Gwarr	Huaka
Inder	Ingel
Iprym	Inymbara
Jhyndbruin	Hallasa, Hallasri
Jhorn, Jorn	Juindaere
Karlynn	Karrivva
Khyndri	Keshil
Khondar, Khondarl	Khanosilar
Kieradyn	Kiira
Lambryn	Llorrii

Jungle (Wild)

Male

Female

Abbaer	Angathea
Athlur	Ataiya
Baval	Bardda
Blaes	Blaerinnd
Breshan	Briiss
Cuadaulyn	Chethri
Igilar	Indarina
Irl	Irlinga
Olagondir	Olone, Olauntha
Rahaer	Rhaere
Riblys	Rynna, Rynnyth
Storn*	Tace*
Tagar, Iaghar	Taegann
Ialdyn	Taloma
Rmsiir	Tamath
Tantryn	Tassarli
Telmarg, Thelmarg	Thasslume
Thryth	Thuskra*
Ulric	Ulume*
Urit	Urice, Urith
Wynd	Wyth
Yanin	Yithra
Zond	Zobrora

* = Very popular names. Elminster believes that there are many other, as yet unreported, wild dwarf names.



Official Game Accessory

Dwarves Deep

It takes most adventurers in the Realms a lifetime to learn more than a handful of the secrets of the dwarves.

The seeking costs some their lives.

But Elminster's agreed to change all that.

Welcome to Dwarves Deep.

Welcome to the secrets of the dwarves.

This sourcebook is one of a series that belongs on the bookshelf of any dungeon master exploring the rich lands (and dark under-realms) of the Forgotten Realms. It presents an introduction to the Deep Folk of Faerun, three unique races of dwarves. Virtually all of the famous "dungeons" of the Realms, explored by adventurers seeking treasure, magic, and lore, were built—and in most cases, once occupied—by the dwarves. Learn their ways and unlock their secrets.

In the pages of *Dwarves Deep*, readers will find:

- Dwarven spells of earth and fire,
- Dwarven magical items of rare quality and power,
- Details of the dwarven language, their names and runes,
- Details of dwarven clans, priesthoods, and adventuring brotherhoods,
- Details of dwarven lands and settlements, including the fabled riches, ways, and armies of the Great Rift, the Deeps, and the Lost Kingdoms,
- New monsters and notes on dwarven halfbreeds and the special powers wielded by dwarven High Old Ones,
- Special metals and alloys used by the dwarves to hone the blades that slay their enemies,
- Dwarven beards...and much, much more!

Printed in the U.S.A.

©1990 TSR, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

TSR, Inc.
POB 756
Lake Geneva,
WI 53147 USA

TSR Ltd.
120 Church End, Cherry Hinton
Cambridge CB1 3LB
United Kingdom

ISBN 0-88038-880-3

